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# PUTNAM'S - - MAGAZINE - -

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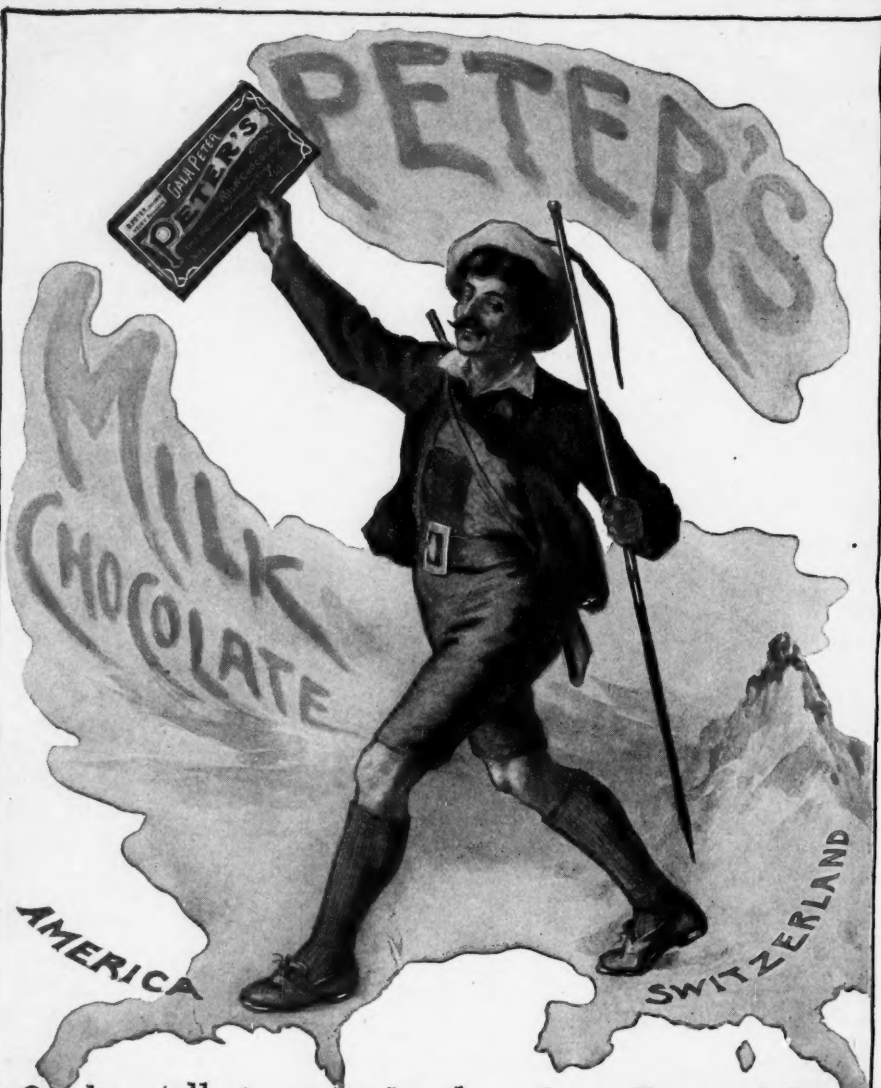


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# PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

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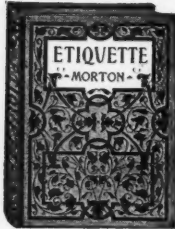
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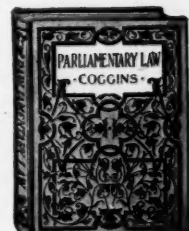
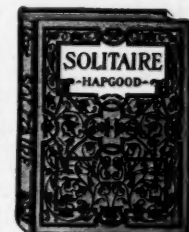
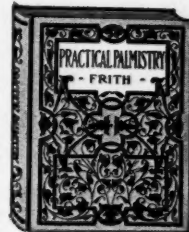
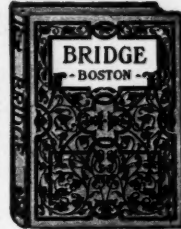
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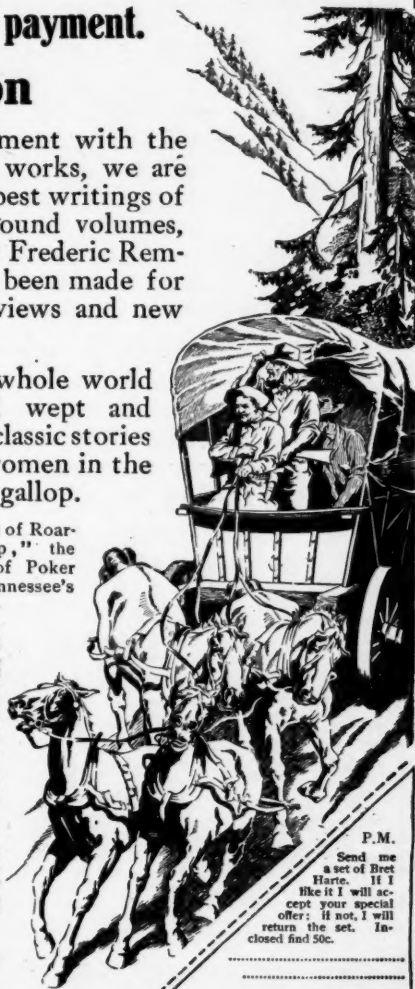
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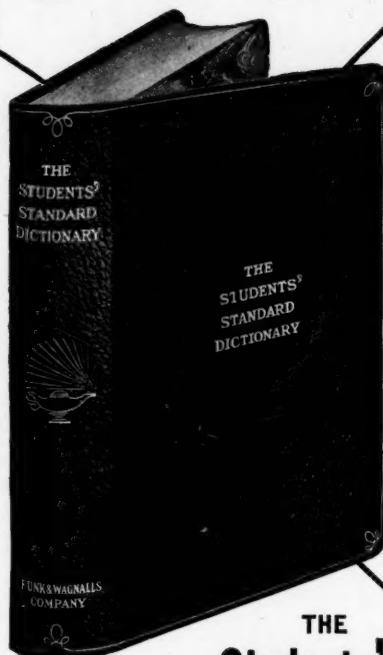
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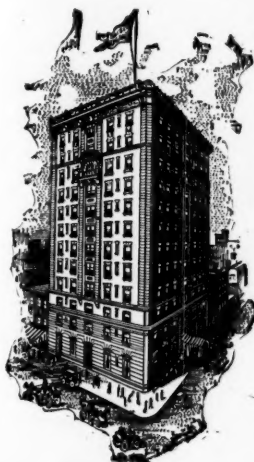
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# PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

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NO. 7



## THE ART OF JOHN LA FARGE

A GREAT CRAFTSMAN WHO IS ALSO A THINKER

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

TO be a great painter is altogether a technical affair. The man who successfully strives for effects only to be gained by the skilful manipulation of the painter's material appears to the public at large a kind of wizard and to his fellow-painters a competent and enviable craftsman. Frequently, they—even more than the bewildered public—marvel at him because they know his difficulties and the effort required to surmount them. The same is true, of course, of workers in other fields of art. The superior technician is honored by his fellow-craftsmen according to his technical achievement; his works not only glorify but explain him. He is simple, easy to talk about, easy to admire.

It is when the great painter or sculptor or glassmaker or engraver is also a profound thinker that he becomes a puzzle to both his fellow-craftsmen and the public. The works of a thinker never do quite explain him. They are like the smile and glance, the word and gesture which tell us in what direction thought is flowing, but not its depth or its force. A thought-laden painter, for example, is truly a man in a serious

plight; for he has on the one hand the problem of expressing himself strictly within the limitations of his craft, lest he dissipate the pleasure to be derived from its technique, and on the other the problem of respecting his intellectual conceptions to the extent of not sacrificing them to a craven deference for craftsmanship. The greatest honor, then, is due to an artist who grapples effectively with technical difficulties and at the same time keeps his mental activity unimpaired.

Among American artists who have managed to drive thought and craftsmanship side by side, without letting either pull ahead or drag behind, Mr. John La Farge is conspicuous. The subject-matter of his art is of the first importance. It has a multitude of subtle connections with history and philosophy, science and the other affairs with which richly cultivated minds busy themselves. He belongs to the limited class of artists interested in other things than art. He says of himself: "No one has struggled more against his destiny than I; nor did I for many years fully acquiesce in being a painter, though I

learned the methods and studied the problems of my art. I had hoped to find some other mode of life, some other way of satisfying the desire for a contemplation of truth, unbiassed, free and detached."

In the very fact of such a struggle there is the suggestion of an horizon broader than that usually swept by the mind of youth, and in the final acceptance of a profession he kept a large measure of freedom by varying his accomplishment and his problems. Although he began as a painter and found the task of managing pigment sufficiently difficult, it turned out that the material in which he was to express himself with greatest originality and force, so far as one may trust contemporary judgment, was not paint but glass.

As it is with most of us, the events that have influenced his destiny as an artist seem to have happened in a rather casual way without the pomp of preliminary planning. Yet if we bring together a few of the incidents he has made public, we see that no Chinese puzzle was ever more neatly fitted into a complete and logical pattern than his development as a glass-maker and mural decorator. He entered upon the study of painting as an accomplishment and argued with his master, Couture,—who liked amateurs no better than most professional painters like them,—the "value of the middle men, who could explain and interpret new variations and expressions to a more outside public." He began, that is, with the self-conscious effort of the critic to understand the why and wherefore of methods, and he was early set to copy the drawings of the old masters in the Louvre, which he did with the reverent fidelity that has continued to mark his attitude toward past greatness. At this time—it was in the early fifties—he stayed for a while in England, and saw some of the paintings and drawings of the Pre-Raphaelites, then in the first fine rapture of youth and theory. He already was interested in architecture in a more or less desultory fashion. In one way or an-

other, mediæval sympathies had sifted into his mind. By 1866 or 1867 he was making the drawings for the woodcuts illustrating Browning's poems and "Enoch Arden." We read in the "Rossetti Papers" William Rossetti's note for 13 April, 1868: "Showed Gabriel the photographs sent me by Scudder after designs ('Piper of Hamelin,' etc.) by La Farge: he was much pleased with them and took them off to show Brown." These drawings, mystical and full of the feeling of wonder, were precisely of the sort to enlist Rossetti's attention and they show a side of the artist's temperament that was to crop out at intervals for many years to come. They were made—some of them, at any rate—during an illness, under the most difficult conditions, and during a subsequent illness he amused himself "by combining various tones of glass by plating." He noticed in his room some little articles made of what is called "opal glass" in imitation of china, and admired the beautiful quality obtained. As soon as he was out of bed he bought some objects in this opal glass and amused himself further by trying experiments.

In the meantime, important things had happened. He had been given the decoration of Trinity Church, Boston, and previously had been again to Europe, this time finding Burne-Jones allied to the Rossetti group. The designs made by Burne-Jones for windows seemed to him to have been made on the wrong principle, being elaborated and finished before the glassmakers took hold of them. It occurred to him, he says, that if he made a design for stained glass in this country, he should follow the entire manufacture, selecting the colors himself, and watching every detail.

Thus, all through the history of his early years as it has been told by Miss Waern, we can trace the little rivulets of chance and opportunity flowing into the general stream of tendency that bore him toward the achievement of his later years. Per-



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haps no artist has lived who could say more honestly:

What morning dreams revealed to me  
The evening makes forever true.

Without attempting to follow the close development of these different interests, we can note here and there the characteristics to which they led in the work of his later years. In his glass work, for example, he has persistently followed the ideal of the mediæval designer, which it "occurred" to him he should adopt—the ideal of which Morris himself never lost sight, but that Burne-Jones seems, curiously enough, not fully to have grasped. He has designed, that is, with the material constantly in his thoughts, fixing his impression by a small first sketch in which his idea appears complete, and adding the details later. He has worked with his workmen and placed responsibilities upon them that have resulted in their arriving at a point of

"capacity and interest in artistic work that makes them artists without their losing the character of the workman." These words of his own precisely describe the position of the mediæval craftsman so far as we can get at it from this distance of time. His personal experiments and inventions in the direction of combining opalescent and non-opalescent glass, starting with the impulse provided by the bits of ornament in his sick-room, have opened a new field of technical achievement in art, of which the brilliant crown is the wonderful and literally inimitable "Peacock Window" recently acquired by the Worcester Museum, a production so original, so eloquent, so fervent and restrained that it seems to embody all the passions and perfections of forty years of struggle with the spirited substance brought finally under his complete control.

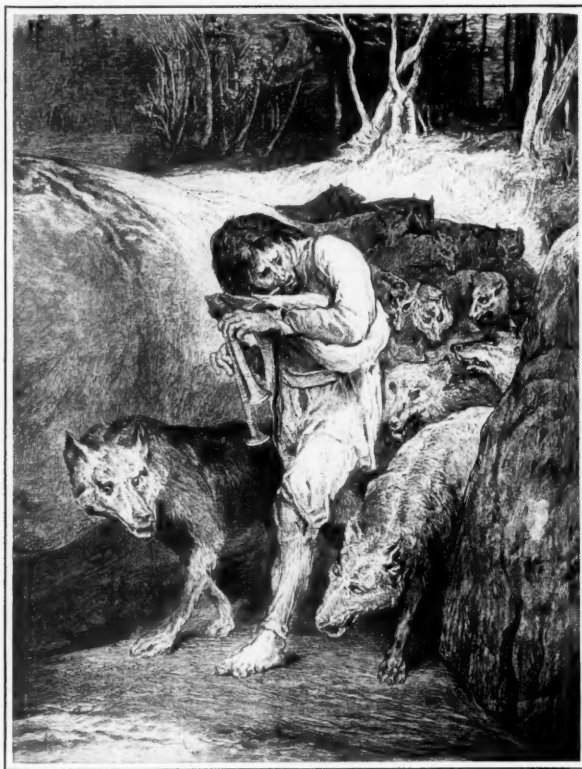
Meanwhile, in his paintings we have not lost the sense of his early-won

familiarity with the old masters. From the first a lover of tradition, no aspiration toward novelty of expression has tempted him to forsake the path which he built for himself on that firm foundation of study of the

personal view of the world and of life."

And elsewhere he dwells upon the absurdity of copying the memories of other painters so as to pass them off as one's own and the profit of copying them so as to learn from them and purify one's own. It was thus, we find it easy to believe, that he himself "melted himself" into the methods of those masters whom he studied at great expense of travel and labor in the foreign galleries, and whose work he copied, not only to learn the hidden secrets of method, but to provide himself with records and memoranda in days before photography made things easier. I have seen some of the drawings made in this way for his own instruction and benefit, and have been impressed by their extraordinary accuracy,—accuracy of feeling no less than of line.

It is this peculiar humility of attitude, this readiness to acknowledge all the good that has come to him from the past,



From the *Riverside Magazine*

#### THE WOLF-CHARMER

masters. Let us note what he says to students of a later generation than his own: "And so, by melting oneself into the methods and the reasons for the methods of masters, one would feel less inclined to have one's own way; which is very different from going in one's way. And we students, we who study together, may see that originality does not consist in looking like no one else, but merely in causing to pass into our own work some

this reverence for the toil and wisdom of the great dead, that stamps his work with subtlety. It is difficult for the observer to understand why anything so full and daring in color, so authoritative in execution, so original in conception, as one of his important decorations, for example, should look so familiar and so natural. The work of the old masters also looks strangely familiar and natural, and the modern and the

ancient seem to have travelled hand in hand toward this nature of which we speak so glibly and know so little.

Civilization, too, is constantly felt at the source of his art. Whatever the process or method, the effect is

always that of a rich and mellow culture, an effect that does not occur in the works of painters not interested in history. It has been said more than once that an artist must be to a greater or less degree a mathematician, but a talent for history is not counted among his necessary gifts. Mr. La Farge's talent in that direction, however, amounts to genius. He feels the past as Du Maurier's Martian felt the north. His sympathies spring promptly to the interpretation of old ceremonies and states of mind, forgotten types and departed races. He is epicurean in his taste for ancient

vintages and the wines that ripen in dusty oblivion. He makes it his pious duty to remove with a reverential hand the dust which attests their value, and pour them redolent and golden into the glass of modernity. And occasionally his pictures reveal in this intense respect for civilization a slightly pagan note—the note of a mind that probes innumerable layers of convention, not for love of them, but in order to reach the very heart of the unconventional. Nearly all of what we are apt to consider unconvention

is an outer garment wrapped about the form of commonplace; but with Mr. La Farge we find nothing in masquerade. We follow him into the classic past until we come with him upon the Samoan Islands, where



CIRCE

he has met something that has touched into life a deeper understanding. Perhaps it is otherwise; but to observe and consider his art as it appears at intervals before the public in the form of recently completed decorations, or little collections of special studies, is to feel that all the early work and all the latest as well converge to that one illumined vision of reality which came to him in the life of the South Sea Islands.

Curiously enough, too, in the paintings and drawings from joyous Samoa and from sad Tahiti we gain



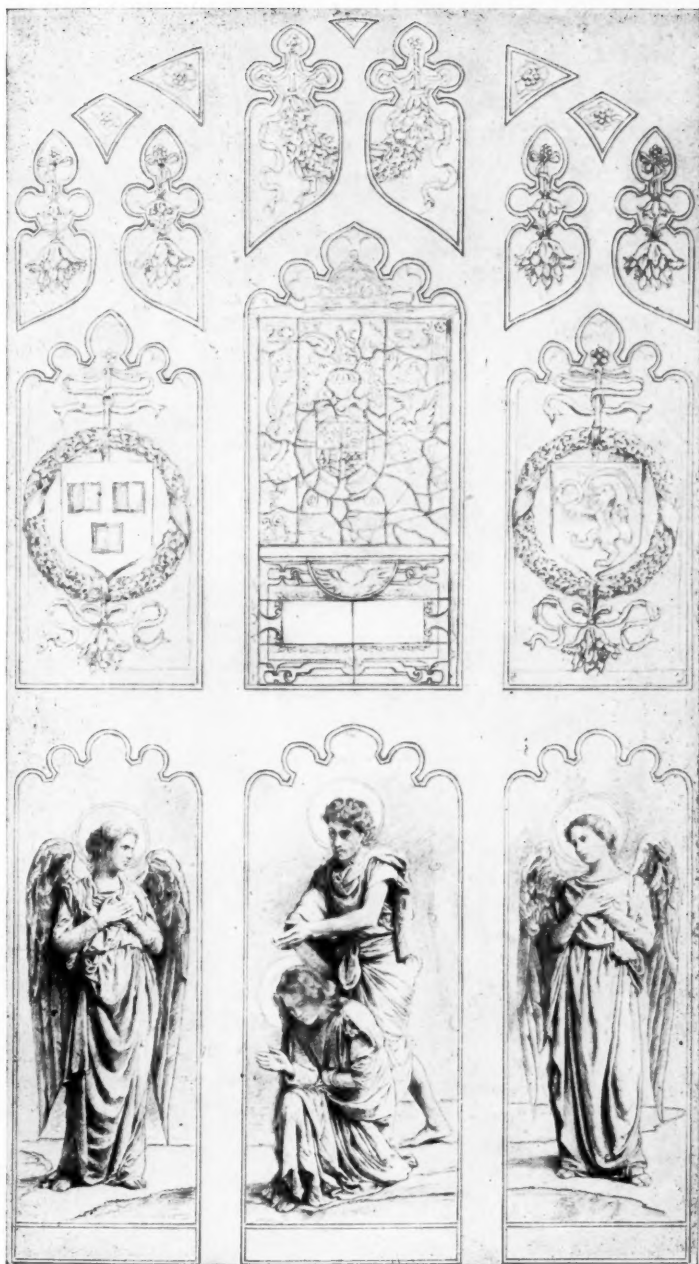
the impression that the artist, always seeking nature, has not yet found it. There is almost the air of triumph in his representations of war-dances and dances of ceremony, processions of those who bring offerings, official receptions and traditional amusements and customs—the air of having demonstrated that this savagery of life, going on in isolation as though kingdoms and republics of the newer world had never been, was after all only another form of the social spectacle, less crude because of greater tenacity and slower growth, but not less elaborate, not less cultivated, not less exacting and precise. The relations of people to each other are observed among these islanders as punctiliously as among the great families of the famous *ancien régime* in France. "The savage"—I quote Mr. La Farge's comment—"is the old-fashioned gentleman, the man of traditions, who does everything according to rule, and who refuses to change anything of his habits." Paul Bourget speaks of this first visit to the Islands—it was by sheer accident Samoa to which the traveller drifted—as having "the delight of renewed youth and of initiation." The initiation, however, was only that of the eye; the mind had long been prepared, or there could have been no such instant recognition of conditions so well disguised to a shallower observation by strange and primitive appearances. It was not of a barbaric world that he was reminded by these dark-skinned men and women, with their scarlet flower-wreaths and their oiled tresses, but of the Hellenic past, the period of high civilization. In his descriptions—half those of a painter, half those of a philosopher—of the island life by which he was enchanted, we seem to hear a soft chuckling undertone, as though he were saying: "You thought to read of my escape from civilization, but this was the gateway of my entrance into it."

The descriptions are peerless in their way; words never have been more closely wedded to thoughts by not merely their meaning but their

sound. The syllables flow with a lovely continuous rhythm that in itself expresses the undulating contours and motions of which he writes. The drawings, many of them water-color studies, reveal with no less subtlety the mental and social types with which he is for the first time confronted. In the gestures and expressions and attitudes we read the story he has told us in words, no less specifically, no less comprehensibly, with an equal notation of significant detail. The drawings and the written notes are like a problem and its proof, so completely do they record the same facts. This flexibility of mind that permits a thinker to express himself in such different mediums as that of the painter and that of the writer, is a quality that belongs peculiarly to those who appreciate the movement of thought, who know that no one form of self-expression is the only one, and who turn from one to another with a kind of ease, at all events with a measure of success, impossible to those for whom thought is stationary and consequently not alive. It is the stopping of thought that kills a man intellectually as the stopping of the heart kills him physically. With many a thinker, and certainly not least with artists, we note the gradual crystallization of thought about some single idea, and know that they approach the end. And when we note instead the fluent adaptation of the method to the idea and the play of the idea itself across the mind, we know that life is there, and force, and the undiminished power of growth.

Many of Mr. La Farge's works, but especially the Samoan studies, bring to my mind the point of view of the greater Chinese painters as I have seen it explained by Oriental critics. Writing of one in particular, Kosaku Hamada says: "Symbolism or Idealism presupposes philosophic observation. Priest Chung Jen was not only a plum-artist but also a plum-philosopher." And describing the imaginative painter's metaphysical attitude toward the tree, he adds: "It is ob-





THE JOHN HARVARD MEMORIAL WINDOW, SOUTHWARK, LONDON  
Presented by Ambassador Joseph H. Choate

vious that to draw a tree regarding which such philosophical and ethical conceptions are held, requires a mode of treatment correspondingly high and dignified." This seems to me also the attitude of the Western master who, making the subjects of his art also the subjects of philosophical and

on the other hand, the subject is essentially a part of the artistic effect. Nearly always in these rich and interesting works the color is so strong as to suffer by being seen at short range and under conditions other than those for which the painting is designed. It is always necessary, therefore, for

the observer to do his part when the mural pictures are shown in exhibition halls; and it is also wise for him to remember that the artist's conscience is busy not only with the past but with the future, and that—like all artists who take their accomplishment seriously—he must work when he works in a substance as alterable as pigment, for the tone of time.

It is not my intention, however, to talk of the technical side of Mr. La Farge's painting, even so far as I understand it. I wish rather to emphasize the power of a trained craftsman to express intellectual ideas of the greatest subtlety, ideas with which we meet in literature, without sacrificing his technical claim.

If we go back to one of those drawings with which Rossetti was delighted, to the "Wolf-Charmer," which appeared as a woodcut in the old *Riverside Magazine*, we see how deeply impregnated was the artist's mind with the romantic spirit. Not otherwise could he have produced a drawing in which suggestions of the supernatural and of the affinities between man and beast are expressed with a clearness of definition worthy of Blake, whose visions are more definite than reality. Al-



Adapted by John La Farge from his Frontispiece for Browning's "Dramatis Personae"

THE EDWIN BOOTH MEMORIAL WINDOW  
Church of the Transfiguration, New York

ethical conceptions, treats them necessarily with dignity and reverence.

In his glass the subject seems least important, no doubt because the technical quality is most imposing in this difficult material. In the glass the artist is supreme and the working of the mind is concealed by its own amazing product. Color and light dominate the observer, and he is conscious only of the resplendent achievement without reflecting upon its source. In the mural decorations,

most forty years later Mr. La Farge painted a large version of the same subject, a picture a replica of which is now the property of the Saint Louis Museum. In the interval the painter's life included continuous study of nature and art and the mastering of an exceedingly difficult technique, the production of works of art filled with memories of history and civilization and with impressions of alien countries and peoples, the solving of problems in decoration, yet we see in the painting the same or almost the same reflection of romantic fire as in the early drawing, the contours possibly somewhat more bland, the

expression of man and beast somewhat less baleful, but the essential sympathy with the strangeness of the legend illustrated and with the credulity of the minds fed upon it is there unimpaired by the disintegrating process of experience. This tenacity of conception and power to hold an idea long buried but not dead and to evoke it at will, is not less a part of the life of the mind than the flexibility to which I have already referred. The two qualities complete the mysterious double character of intellectual art: the sea of emotions and sensations beating against the rock of personality.

## THE PATTERN

*(The "patteran" or "patrin" is a branch laid by a gypsy along the road to indicate, to any of his tribe who may follow, the way that he has taken.)*

You set the patteran for me  
Along the world you wandered through,  
Lest mazed and weary I might be  
And miss the way that led to you.

How oft at open doors aglow  
Have I delayed my roving feet  
And wondered, "Shall I further go?"  
For just a hungry heart's quick beat,

When on the threshold I have seen  
Your woodland signal where it lay  
With onward-pointing finger green  
To warn me that I might not stay.

The gypsy knew the gypsy's call;  
It led my wayward feet aright.  
Together as the shadows fall  
We kneel our roadside fire to light.

The fire we kindle, hand to hand,  
Shall cheer the way for weary men  
Till our Great Chieftain give command  
"Break camp and take the road again."

Then, Love, whoever goes before,  
If it be you, if it be I,  
Shall set the patteran once more  
Across the spaces of the sky.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

# THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT AND THE PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

By LYMAN BEECHER STOWE



WHAT has the Federal Government to do with the public roads? Up to 1893 the answer to this question was simplicity itself. It was,

"Nothing." Between 1893 and 1905 it was, "Something." What it has been since then and now is I shall here seek to show. Up to 1893 the question of good roads was looked upon as a sentimental question. They looked better. They were more agreeable to drive over. Their superiority was obvious. They have always had their zealous advocates. To such pleas, however, the Government at Washington pays little heed. It was not until certain far-sighted men began to point out that the condition of the roads was vitally related to the wealth, the health, the education, the culture and the progress of the whole people that the national lawmakers, to use an apt slang expression, "began to sit up and take notice." It was not till then that they began to realize that the good or the bad condition of local roads was not exclusively a local question. In 1893 a petition was presented to Congress urging that a road department, similar to the Department of Agriculture, be opened at Washington. This department was to construct and maintain roads, to train students as road engineers, to establish a permanent exhibit of sections of road illustrating various methods of construction, the best road-building materials, machinery,

etc. The petition was signed by the Governors of many States, including Governor McKinley of Ohio; the Chambers of Commerce of many cities, including Los Angeles, Seattle, Milwaukee, Jacksonville and Boston; by Universities, including Cornell and the Universities of Georgia and Louisiana. It was indorsed by many of the State legislatures, including that of Massachusetts. As a result of this and other efforts, Congress established in 1893 the Office of Road Inquiry under the Department of Agriculture. The Office was to make inquiries in regard to systems of road management throughout the United States, to make investigations in regard to the best methods of road making, to prepare publications on the subject, and to assist agricultural colleges and experiment stations in disseminating such information. The appropriation was \$10,000 only.

The achievements of this branch of the Government up to 1905 were, to say the least, not brilliant. The man at the head was unfortunately neither a man of science, a road engineer nor an administrator. In 1905 Mr. Logan Waller Page, the present incumbent, took charge. Mr. Page is a man of science, a road engineer and a successful administrator. Things began to happen, and they have been happening ever since. Like the work of the other scientific branches of the Government, the work of this Office is chiefly advisory and educational, rather than direct and mandatory.

The first thing Mr. Page did on taking charge was to procure the making of an inventory of the extent,

condition and maintenance cost of the roads of the United States. He found their extent was 2,155,000 miles, a length sufficient to circle the globe at the equator with eighty-six parallel roads. Of this total mileage only 7.14 per cent. were improved. All the others were, so to speak, in a state of nature. Upon one such in a certain Southern State a wayfarer was drowned, not long since. All these vast reaches of primitive roads are virtually impassable at certain seasons of the year. At the most favorable seasons, the traveller upon them must come under the head of "faint yet pursuing." The figures representing the approximate expenditure on our roads in one year—\$80,000,000—look large; but everything is relative. England is spending \$90,000,000 annually on her barely 150,000 miles, the ratio of highway expenditure for the two countries being \$600 a mile for Eng-

land as against \$37.20 for the United States. About 39,000 of our 2,155,000 miles of roads are macadamized, while 108,000 are surfaced with gravel and other less substantial materials. Virtually all of these roads are near the larger cities in the more populous States. There has been no such thing as road building, much less road maintenance, in vastly the greater part of the United States.

From time immemorial the leading nations of the world have been pre-eminent in road construction and maintenance. Egypt, Babylon, Carthage, Rome and France have each in turn been supreme as world powers and as road builders. To her roads as much as to her legions Rome owed her sway over the known world. After the fall of Rome road building became a lost art.

In England during the middle ages the extent of road improvement is well typified by laws which directed



A BAD ROAD AT AUBURN, NEBRASKA

This road before its improvement was often ten feet under water



THE AUBURN, NEB., ROAD IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION

that along certain highways the "hedges in which wicked men might lurk" should be cut. That is about as near as the authorities of those days ever came to improving their roads. In the middle of the seventeenth century France revived the lost art of road building. Louis the Fourteenth awoke to the military and commercial necessity of good highways. During the administration of his famous finance minister, Colbert, he built fifteen thousand miles of hard roads. Under the great Napoleon, France's supremacy as a road builder kept pace with her dominance over Europe. Measured by serviceableness, the true standard of greatness, Napoleon's achievements as a civil ruler were greater than his exploits as a soldier. Among the most important of these achievements was the starting of the present unexcelled system of French roads. The road which Napoleon built over

the Simplon Pass between 1800 and 1806 is still considered the greatest feat of road engineering in history. Napoleon's great road engineer, Tresauget, more truly than did Macadam, originated the modern rock-surfaced road, besides establishing the exhaustive and scientific system of road maintenance of France to-day. This great system is under the supervision of an inspector-general of highways and bridges. Local inspectors report daily on every yard of public road throughout the country. This army of inspectors sees that ditches are kept open, that holes and ruts are filled as soon as made, that earth and sand are removed after rains, and that the road surface is kept in essentially the same condition as when first laid. Even this model system is proving relatively ineffective under the wear and tear of the automobile. Upon that I will touch a little later.





THE AUBURN, NEB., ROAD AS IT IS TO-DAY

Nearly two million miles of public highways unworthy of the name must be substantially improved before the United States can even approach Egypt, Babylon, Carthage, Rome and France.

It is sometimes said that the railroads do for America what the Roman roads did for Rome. Were it possible for the railroads to penetrate everywhere, as did the roads of Rome, this would be more nearly true. With us the public roads are to communities what the railroads are to the nation. The railroads and the public roads combined are to the United States what the Roman roads were to the Roman Empire. The extent to which the public road is the necessary supplement of the railroad is not generally appreciated. The common roads act as feeders to the railroads. The prosperity of the railroads is to a large extent dependent upon the condition of the common roads. Mr.

Stuyvesant Fish, when President of the Illinois Central Railroad, said:—

"The cost of transportation does not begin at the railroad station, but at the farm. So far as the transportation companies are concerned, they have got about at the end of reductions in freight charges. . . . Then, where are we going to economize? It can be done, and it should be done, in the cost of transportation on the public roads of the country."

Over the public roads of the United States a minimum of 250,000,000 tons of freight are hauled annually to railroad stations. The immense tonnage hauled to wharves and docks for water shipment it is impossible to estimate. The average cost of hauling in this country is about twenty-four cents per ton per mile, the average haul about nine miles. Hence transportation to the railroad stations represents an annual outlay of considerably over half a billion





A BAD PLACE AT THE TOP OF CLINCH MOUNTAIN, TENNESSEE

dollars. In France the price of hauling is not more than twelve cents per ton per mile. Had we such roads as France, there is no reason why our hauling price should not be very nearly as low. Were this the case the annual saving to our shippers would approximate a quarter of a billion of dollars annually.

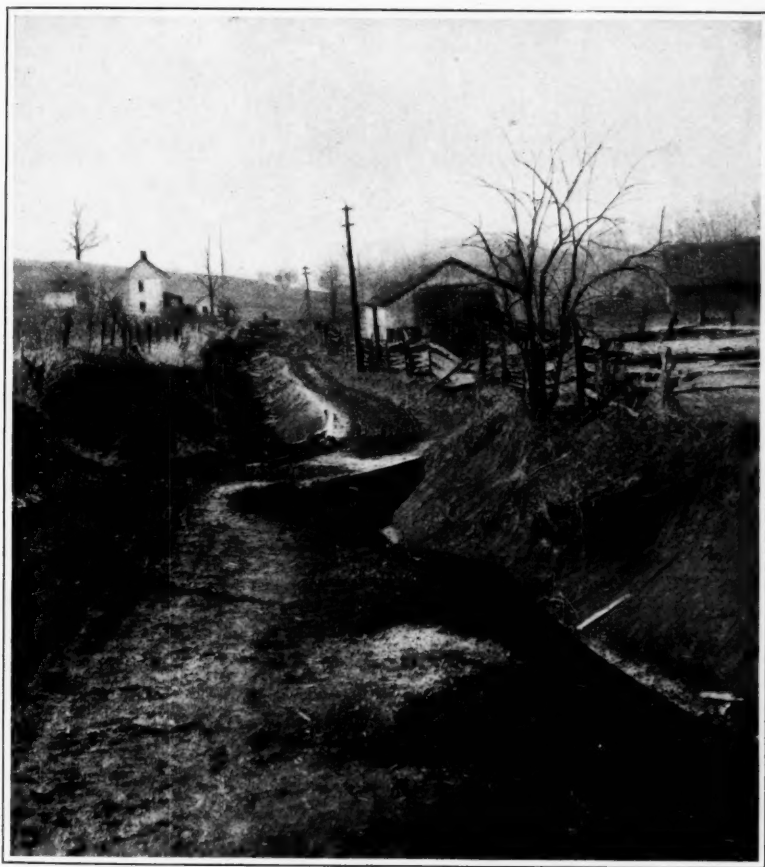
Other things besides dollars are lost by bad roads. Other things besides dollars are gained by good roads. In every State there are native-born whites who can neither read nor write. In the four States where the average percentage of improved roads is 30.55, the proportion of white illiterates to the total population is only thirty-four hundredths of one per cent. In the four States where the percentage of improved roads is only 1.51, the pro-

portion of native-born white illiterates to the total population is 4.76 per cent. In the first group of States, out of a population of over 6,000,000 only a little over 20,000 of the native-born whites are illiterate. In the second group of States out of a population of considerably less than 8,000,000 almost 400,000 of the native-born whites are illiterate. The condition of the roads in this group of States is undoubtedly both a cause and an effect of the high rate of ignorance. While neither the sole cause nor the sole effect, the close relation between lack of decent roads and lack of decent education is obvious. During many months of the year it is absolutely impossible for the people in some of the rural sections of the Southern and Western States to send their children to school. The roads

are impassable in the spring and fall. At those times even the slender advantages of the country schools are inaccessible to those who do not live within walking distance. Both literally and figuratively, to open the road to the schoolhouse is to open the road to knowledge.

What to do with convicts has been a perennial problem. There are between eighty and one hundred thousand of them in the country. To maintain them in idleness was long ago given up as both injurious to them and ruinous to the State. The

fictitious and non-productive labor of the treadmill and such devices as we read of in Charles Reade's novels have long been abandoned for the same reasons. That convicts must for their own good and the good of the State engage in some form of productive labor finally became apparent. Then came the question of how and where to apply this labor. Into whatever field of production prison labor entered, it sooner or later met the angry protest of the free labor with which it came into competition. So insistent and



A TWISTED AND DANGEROUS ROADSIDE DITCH BETWEEN LIMESTONE AND CONKLIN, TENN.

natural was this objection that the total value of convict-made goods dropped from over \$24,000,000 in 1885 to about \$19,000,000 in 1895. If the convicts did not work, they injured themselves and the State; if they did work, they injured free labor. This was the situation when the highway officials suggested a remedy. They proposed that where it was possible the convicts should work on the roads; that where that was not possible, they should work on the preparation of road materials in the prisons. It was at once objected that the work on the roads was both too expensive and offered too many opportunities for escape.

Professor J. A. Holmes, the chief of the Technologic Branch of the Geological Survey, showed in refutation of the first objection that the cost of guarding and maintaining convicts while at work on the roads in the Southern States was only thirty-three and one half cents per man per day. The cost of free labor was over twice as great. The escape of convicts so employed was less than two per cent.—not more than the normal percentage in any conditions. In North Carolina the two problems of improving the public roads and using the labor of convicts have been simultaneously solved in this way. Convicts have there built many excellent roads which have proved both the feasibility and the economy of this method.

In the North and West, because of the difference in climate, in the class of convicts, and for various other reasons, this direct use of the convicts on the roads is not practicable. In many of these States the substitute plan of employing prisoners in the preparation of road materials has been adopted on the recommendation of Mr. Page. At Folsom Prison in California, over three hundred convicts produce over five hundred tons of macadam daily. This is sold at thirty cents a ton loaded on the cars at the prison. This enables the cities and counties of the State to construct stone

roads at less than half their former cost. It is excellent work for the convicts, because it is healthful and does not require a high degree of skill.

In Illinois this scheme, on the recommendation of Governor Deneen, was elaborated still further. Road material is prepared by the convicts at the various penal institutions and shipped free of charge to the various counties for road building and maintenance. The transportation charges to the railroads are paid in rock ballast instead of money. In this way hard roads are made so cheap that the counties can afford to build them, the railroads are benefited by the improvement of their feeders (the common roads), the State secures better roads with no direct money outlay and the male convicts are kept healthfully and usefully employed all the time. Mr. Page advocates the extension of this system to other States.

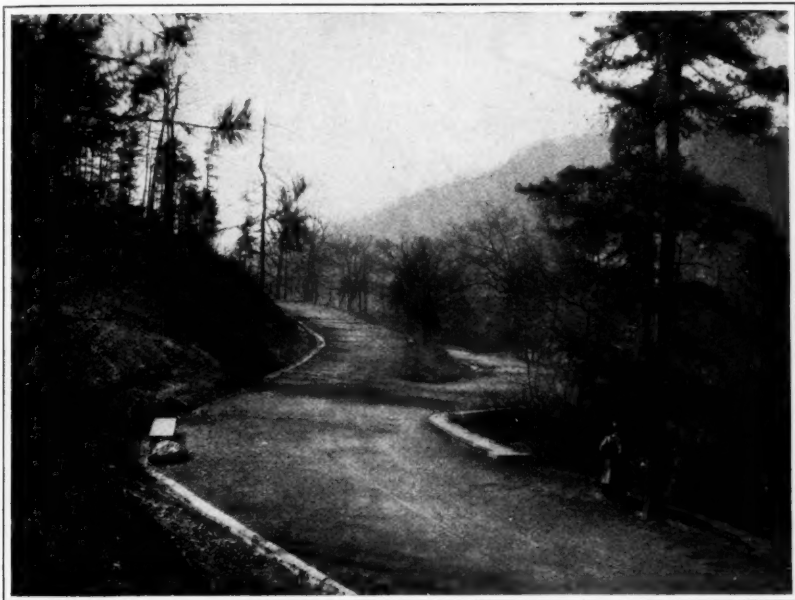
The 2,000,000 miles of unimproved roads which the country has to its discredit are as heavy a burden upon the unfortunate "ultimate consumer" as is an excessive tariff. Every pound of produce brought from the farm to the market bears an inflated price because of the excessive cost of its transportation from the farm to the point of shipment. For instance, it costs an average of almost two cents more to haul a bushel of wheat from the farm to the station nine miles away, than it does to ship a bushel of wheat from New York to Liverpool, 3100 miles away. This excessive transportation cost must be made up by the farmer in charging more for his wheat, by the miller in charging more for the flour, by the baker in charging more for bread, and, finally, of course, by the "ultimate consumer" in paying more for his bread. As the farmer and the miller are also consumers, the excessive cost of road transportation really levies a tax upon all. Whatever doubt there may have been about the need for systematic road improvement in the United States, facts and figures such as these

finally dispelled. If there was ever any work calculated to fill the proverbial "long-felt want," it was the work of the Office of Public Roads.

The Office of Public Roads meets its huge problem in these five different ways. It constructs object-lesson roads made in the best way and of the best materials in all parts of the

and are hence in need of expert advice. What is more important, the Washington officials have made a surprising number of these local officers actually feel this need and seek such advice.

The Office has constructed over two hundred object-lesson roads in thirty-four different States. The ex-



A MADE-OVER ROAD AT HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

country; it tests in its laboratories road materials from every part of the country and recommends to each section the best materials the locality affords; it trains young men as road engineers by giving them practical road work under expert supervision at small salaries; it gathers, discovers and disseminates information about the roads of this and all other countries; it provides free of charge the most expert engineers to plan and supervise local road improvement. In fact, it acts as a kind of big brother to the some 100,000 local road officials of the United States, most of whom are neither scientists nor engineers

penditure on these roads by the local authorities has been over \$500,000, while the expenditure inspired by them has run well into the millions. Each of these model roads serves, too, during its construction period, as a road school for the graduate apprentices in the Government service, for the local roads officials, and indirectly for the public of the neighborhood. The roads illustrate macadam, brick, gravel, sand-clay, shell and earth construction. Some of them are made of new materials or of new combinations of old materials, and are experimental in character. The Government pays the salary and the



ROAD AT JOHNSON CITY, TENN., AS IT WAS

expenses of the engineer in charge and whatever apprentices may be employed. The local authorities pay all other expenses. During 1908 alone, object-lesson and experimental roads were constructed in Massachusetts, Virginia, West Virginia, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Wisconsin, Missouri, Arkansas, North Dakota, Nebraska and California. Certainly no one who has seen one of these object-lessons can ever again look with complaisance upon the "good old-fashioned" method of "road-mending" which consists in piling in the centre of the road the debris from either side.

The road material laboratory of the Office of Public Roads has tested upwards of three thousand samples of road materials, coming from every State in the Union, to determine their nature and value for road building. Under a co-operative arrangement

with the Geological Survey, road materials are also being tested in the various States. This work is regarded in England and by many European experts as being more advanced and effective than the similar work of any other government laboratory in the world. In fact, so highly is it considered in England that our Government has been asked to test some of the characteristic road materials of Great Britain. This is now being done. The object of these tests is not only to discover the best materials for road building in general, but to find what materials are best in each section of the country, so that good roads may everywhere be constructed at the minimum cost. In many parts of the country, for instance, the cost of macadam roads is prohibitive. Last summer engineers of the Office began experiments with sand-clay roads in Kansas. These bid fair to be as successful as are the



ROAD AT JOHNSON CITY, TENN., AS IT IS

sand-clay roads of the South. They will undoubtedly result in very great benefit not only to Kansas but to many of the other trans-Mississippi States. Similarly the Government road engineers experimented with burnt-clay roads in the Mississippi Delta region. The experiments were successful. Burnt-clay roads will now be used in sections of the country where macadam materials are not available, and their cost will probably not exceed one third that of macadam. To insure a reasonable prospect of success all these experiments on the roads themselves are preceded by laboratory tests.

One of the first things Mr. Page did on becoming Director of the Office was to open a kind of post-graduate school in road engineering. Graduates of engineering schools are admitted to this course by competitive examination. They are given thorough training under expert

supervision while at the same time doing practical work for the Government for which they receive wages. In this way is built up an efficient force of engineers to direct the proper development of road building throughout the country, both during and after their connection with the Government. Just as years ago English younger sons who were considered too dull for any other calling were put into the Christian ministry, so the engineering schools at first thought to make road engineers of their least hopeful graduates. This scheme was shattered by these candidates failing, one and all, to pass the Government examinations. The faculties of engineering schools now know that whatever else their least hopeful students may do, they may not become Government-trained road engineers. It is not difficult to see how it will promote helpful co-operation between Federal and local



road officials, when a large proportion of the latter have received their training with or from the former. In spite of its obvious present advantages, this very practical graduate school in road engineering is pre-eminently a work for the future.

During the past summer the Office of Public Roads sent to the United States consuls, through the State

of this country and others, as well as a bibliography of all manner of road information. The most important outcome of the recent International Road Congress held in Paris, France, was the founding of the International Bureau of Roads. This Bureau was established on the suggestion of Mr. Page, who represented the United States at the Congress. It is composed of



A BAD PIECE OF ROAD AT SOUTH HADLEY, MASS.

Department, a list of questions regarding the roads of every civilized country of the world. Within a comparatively short time now the Government will have data concerning the extent, method and cost of construction and maintenance of the roads of every foreign country. At the same time an investigation is being made, through correspondents in each county in the United States, concerning the roads, road expenditures and revenues of this country. The Office is preparing digests of the road laws

two or more delegates from each of the twenty-nine nations there represented. It is a clearing-house and bureau of information for all matters relating to roads throughout the civilized world.

Beside supervising the construction of model and experimental roads, the Government provides engineers free of charge to plan, estimate and supervise road building in any part of the country, provided only that the road shall be of sufficient merit to thus bear the stamp of Gov-



ernment approval. That is, this is done so far as it is physically possible for the two dozen Government engineers to answer the calls made upon them. Unfortunately they are able to answer a small fraction only. During Mr. Page's administration the policy of the Office has been to co-operate as closely as possible with the officials in charge of the roads of each

The relation between automobiles and roads is anomalous. On the one hand they are destroying the roads faster than any other factor. On the other hand, they have created an effective desire for better roads such as was never before felt. They have led the road scientists of the world to undertake experiments the reasonably assured outcome of which



SOUTH HADLEY ROAD AFTER BEING IMPROVED

state and county. Through this voluntary co-operation the local road work of the many states and more counties is being gradually so correlated as to make a great and steadily increasing national movement for the improvement of roads along uniform lines and in accordance with scientifically approved methods. The methods and the progress in each state and county are made known to every other state and county through the medium of the federal bureau.

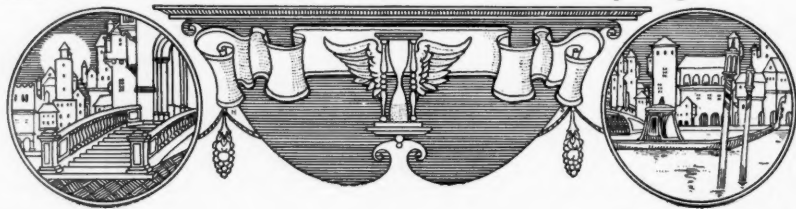
will be the solution of the chief road problems of all time. Every iron-tired vehicle does a small quota of good to a macadam road by acting at once as a rock-dust maker and miniature road-roller. The motor car does neither. The fast moving automobile by the tractive power of its rear wheels hurls the rock dust into the air whence it is swirled to the sides of the road by the force of the air current passing under the low-hung body of the car. The mere dust nuisance thus created led to serious

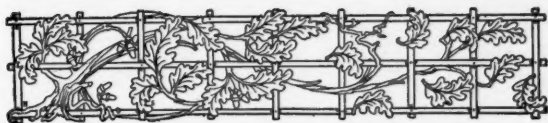
depreciation in real estate in many parts of the country. The fields became so covered with dust that the farmers were forced to sell their crops at reduced prices. When these alarming conditions had been authoritatively established by the scientific gathering of complete data, Mr. Page immediately set on foot many investigations and experiments. In order to overcome these conditions highway engineers must do two things. They must find a road surfacing material which makes no dust and needs no dust to maintain its integrity. They must find a way of controlling the dust on the roads already laid. Present indications are that both of these problems will be solved by the Government experts within a comparatively few years. Dustless and dust-controlled roads would add untold millions to the value of suburban and country property, would reduce by at least ninety per cent. the disease-laden dust which the people are constantly taking into their lungs, and would greatly increase the beauty of vast stretches of country. Through the mediation of Mr. Page, and local highway officials, working hand and glove with him, the National Grange, the national organization of the farmers of America, and the Automobile Association of America have finally buried the hatchet and joined the Government in a common effort to solve these great problems.

A question second only to the dust problem is the utilization of by-products in road construction, so as to make road building possible in sections of the country where the cost of macadamizing is prohibitive. The Government has constructed a half-mile stretch of road in Massachusetts

which bids fair to go far toward simultaneously solving these vital problems. Its foundation is of slag, the useless by-product of the blast furnaces; its surface is the molasses by-product of the sugar refineries. This molasses is nearly as black and thick as tar, and almost as powerful as a "binder." It is first blended with oils and limewater and then mixed with rock dust, earth and sand. The expert sent by the Office of Public Roads to California has already saved the farmers and fruit growers of that dust afflicted state millions of dollars by the application to the roads of specially prepared oils which serve temporarily to control the dust. These preparations are known as "temporary binders." If the Government experts make the same rate of progress during the next four years that they have during the last four, it will then be possible to construct dust-proof roads. It will be possible to construct them of hitherto worthless by-products as well as of the conventional road materials of the past. It will be possible, moreover, effectively to control by means of temporary "binders" the dust on the roads already laid.

The progress of this Government road work, as of all similar work undertaken by the Government, is continually endangered and retarded by the kind of Congressman who argues that what was good enough for his father is good enough for him, the kind of Congressman who believes in the peculiar order of economy which saves a few thousands to the national treasury at the expense of as many millions to the national wealth. Fortunately for the country, this brand of "statesman" is passing.





# THE CRIMINAL

By CESARE LOMBROSO



I will, perhaps, be of interest to American readers of this book,\* in which the ideas of the Modern Penal School, set forth in my work, "The Male Criminal," have been so pithily summed up by my daughter, to learn how the first outlines of this science arose in my mind and gradually took shape in a definite work—how, that is, combated by some, the object of almost fanatical adherence on the part of others, especially in America, where tradition has little hold, the Modern Penal School came into being.

On consulting my memory and the documents relating to my studies on this subject, I find that its two fundamental ideas—that, for instance, which claims as an essential point the study not of crime in the abstract, but of the criminal himself, in order adequately to deal with the evil effects of his wrong-doing, or that which classifies the congenital criminal as an anomaly, partly pathological and partly atavistic, a revival of the primitive savage—did not suggest themselves to me instantaneously under the spell of a single deep impression, but were the offspring of a series of impressions. The slow and almost unconscious association of these first vague ideas resulted in a new system which, influenced by its origin,

has preserved in all its subsequent developments the traces of doubt and indecision, the marks of the travail which attended its birth.

The first idea came to me in 1864, when, as an army doctor, I beguiled my ample leisure with a series of studies on the Italian soldier. From the very beginning I was struck by a characteristic that distinguished the honest soldier from his vicious comrade: the extent to which the latter was tattooed and the indecency of the designs that covered his body. This idea, however, bore no fruit.

The second inspiration came to me when on one occasion, amid the laughter of my colleagues, I sought to base the study of psychiatry on experimental methods. When in '66, fresh from the atmosphere of clinical experiment, I had begun to study psychiatry, I realized how inadequate were the methods hitherto held in esteem, and how necessary it was, in studying the insane, to make the patient, not the disease, the object of attention. In homage to these ideas, I applied to the clinical examination of cases of mental alienation the study of the skull, with measurements and weights, by means of the esthesiometer and craniometer. Reassured by the result of these first steps, I sought to apply this method to the study of criminals—that is, to the differentiation of criminals and lunatics, following the example of a few investigators, such as Thomson and Wilson; but as at that time I had neither criminals nor moral imbeciles available for observation (a remarkable circumstance since I was to make the criminal my starting-point), and as I was skeptical as to

\* The last work of the noted Italian criminologist Professor Lombroso was the preparation of this brief article, designed as a preface for a forthcoming book entitled "Criminal Man," in which his daughter and collaborator, Gina Lombroso Ferrero (wife of the distinguished historian), summarizes the conclusions reached in her father's important work on the causes of criminality and the treatment of criminals. THE EDITOR.

the existence of those "moral lunatics" so much insisted on by both French and English authors, whose demonstrations, however, showed a lamentable lack of precision, I was anxious to apply the experimental method to the study of the diversity, rather than the analogy, between lunatics, criminals and normal individuals. Like him, however, whose lantern lights the road for others, while he himself stumbles in the darkness, this method proved useless for determining the differences between criminals and lunatics, but served instead to indicate a new method for the study of penal jurisprudence, a matter to which I had never given serious thought. I began dimly to realize that the *a priori* studies on crime in the abstract, hitherto pursued by jurists, especially in Italy, with singular acumen, should be superseded by the direct analytical study of the criminal, compared with normal individuals and the insane.

I, therefore, began to study criminals in the Italian prisons, and, amongst others, I made the acquaintance of the famous brigand Vilella. This man possessed such extraordinary agility, that he had been known to scale steep mountain heights bearing a sheep on his shoulders. His cynical effrontery was such that he openly boasted of his crimes. On his death one cold gray November morning, I was deputed to make the *post-mortem*, and on laying open the skull I found on the occipital part, exactly on the spot where a spine is found in the normal skull, a distinct depression which I named *median occipital fossa*, because of its situation precisely in the middle of the occiput as in inferior animals, especially rodents. This depression, as in the case of animals, was correlated with the hypertrophy of the *vermis*, known in birds as the middle cerebellum.

This was not merely an idea, but a revelation. At the sight of that skull, I seemed to see all of a sudden, lighted up as a vast plain under a flaming sky, the problem of the nature

of the criminal—an atavistic being who reproduces in his person the ferocious instincts of primitive humanity and the inferior animals. Thus were explained anatomically the enormous jaws, high cheekbones, prominent superciliary arches, solitary lines in the palms, extreme size of the orbits, handle-shaped or sessile ears found in criminals, savages and apes, insensibility to pain, extremely acute sight, tattooing, excessive idleness, love of orgies and the irresistible craving for evil for its own sake, the desire not only to extinguish life in the victim, but to mutilate the corpse, tear its flesh and drink its blood.

I was further encouraged in this bold hypothesis by the results of my studies on Verzeni, a criminal convicted of sadism and rape, who showed the cannibalistic instincts of primitive anthropophagists and the ferocity of beasts of prey.

The various parts of the extremely complex problem of criminality were, however, not all solved hereby. The final key was given by another case, that of Misdea, a young soldier of about twenty-one, unintelligent but not vicious. Although subject to epileptic fits, he had served for some years in the army when suddenly, for some trivial cause, he attacked and killed eight of his superior officers and comrades. His horrible work accomplished, he fell into a deep slumber, which lasted twelve hours, and on awaking appeared to have no recollection of what had happened. Misdea, while representing the most ferocious type of animal, manifested, in addition, all the phenomena of epilepsy, which appeared to be hereditary in all the members of his family. It flashed across my mind that many criminal characteristics not attributable to atavism, such as facial asymmetry, cerebral sclerosis, impulsiveness, instantaneousness, the periodicity of criminal acts, the desire of evil for evil's sake, were morbid characteristics common to epilepsy, mingled with others due to atavism.

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Thus were traced the first clinical outlines of my work, which had hitherto been entirely anthropological. The clinical outlines confirmed the anthropological contours, and *vice versa*; for the greatest criminals showed themselves to be epileptics, and, on the other hand, epileptics manifested the same anomalies as criminals. Finally, it was shown that epilepsy frequently reproduced atavistic characteristics, including even those common to lower animals.

That synthesis which mighty geniuses have often succeeded in creating by one inspiration (but at the risk of errors, for a genius is only human and in many cases more fallacious than his fellow-men) was deduced by me gradually from various sources—the study of the normal individual, the lunatic, the criminal, the savage and finally the child. Thus, by reducing the penal problem to its simplest expression, its solution was rendered easier, just as the study of embryology has in a great measure solved the apparently strange and mysterious riddle of teratology.

But these attempts would have been sterile, had not a solid phalanx of jurists, Russian, German, Hungarian, Italian and American, fertilized the germ by correcting hasty and one-sided conclusions, suggesting opportune reforms and applications and, most important of all, applying my ideas on the offender to his individual and social prophylaxis and cure.

Enrico Ferri was the first to perceive that the congenital epileptoid criminal did not form a single species, and that if this class was irretrievably doomed to perdition, crime in others was only a brief spell of insanity, determined by circumstances, passion or illness. He established new types—the occasional criminal and the criminal by passion,—and transformed the bases of the penal code by asking if it were not juster to make laws obey facts instead of altering facts to suit the laws, solely in order to avoid troubling the

placidity of those who refused to consider this new element in the scientific field. Therefore, putting aside those abstract formulæ for which high talents have panted in vain, like the thirsty traveller at the sight of the desert mirage, the advocates of the Modern School came to the conclusion that sentences should show a decrease in infamy and ferocity proportionate to the increase in length and social safety. In lieu of infamy they substituted a longer period of segregation, and for cases in which alienists were unable to decide between criminality and insanity, they advocated an intermediate institution, in which merciful treatment and social security were alike considered. They also emphasized the importance of certain measures which hitherto had been universally regarded as a pure abstraction or an unattainable desideratum—measures for the prevention of crime by tracing it to its source, divorce laws to diminish adultery, legislation of an anti-alcoholic tendency to prevent crimes of violence, associations for destitute children and coöperative associations to check the tendency to theft. Above all, they insisted on those regulations—unfortunately fallen into disuse—which indemnify the victim at the expense of the aggressor, in order that society, having suffered once for the crime, should not be obliged to suffer pecuniarily for the detention of the offender, solely in homage to a theoretical principle that no one believes in, according to which prison is a kind of baptismal font in whose waters sin of all kinds is washed away.

Thus the edifice of criminal anthropology, circumscribed at first, gradually extended its walls and embraced special studies on homicide, political crime, crimes connected with the banking world, crimes by women, etc.

But the first stone was scarcely laid when from all quarters of Europe arose those calumnies and misrepresentations which always follow in the train of audacious innovations.



We were accused of wishing to proclaim the impunity of crime, of demanding the release of all criminals, of refusing to take into account climatic and racial influences and of asserting that the criminal is a slave eternally chained to his instincts; whereas the Modern School, on the contrary, gave a powerful impetus to the labors of statisticians and sociologists on these very matters. This is clearly shown in the third volume of "The Male Criminal," which contains a summary of the ideas of modern criminologists and my own.

One nation, however—America,—gave a warm and sympathetic reception to the ideas of the Modern School which they speedily put into practice, with the brilliant results shown by the Reformatory at Elmira, the Probation System, Juvenile Courts and the George Junior Republic. They also

initiated the practice, now in general use, of anthropological coöperation in every criminal trial of importance.

For this reason, and in view of the fact that America does not possess a complete translation of my works—"The Criminal, Male and Female," and "Political Crime" (translation and distribution being alike difficult on account of the length of these volumes),—I welcome with pleasure this summary, in which the principal points are explained with precision and loving care by my daughter Gina, who has worked with me from childhood, has seen the edifice of my science rise stone upon stone, and has shared in my anxieties, insults and triumphs; without whose help I might, perhaps, never have witnessed the completion of that edifice, nor the application of its fundamental principles.

## RECLAIMING THE EVERGLADES

### REVERSING THE FAR WESTERN IRRIGATION PROBLEM

By S. MAYS BALL

VIRTUALLY one tenth of the area of Florida (58,680 square miles)—the second largest State in the Union east of the Mississippi River—is under water and is known as the Everglades, consisting of some 5000 square miles of territory. The Everglades of Florida are four times the size of Rhode Island, more than twice as large as Delaware, a little greater in area than Connecticut and more than half the size of either New Jersey, Vermont, New Hampshire or Massachusetts.

Governor W. S. Jennings in his message to the Legislature of Florida in the year 1903 called attention to the fact that there had been no question that had caused greater research and effort on the part of his predecessors, as far back as the territorial days and almost continuously since,

than the problem of drainage and reclamation of the swamp and overflowed lands of the State. This question was discussed as of national importance as early as 1835 by men of national character, position and reputation. It was the paramount question with Florida's first senators in the Congress of the United States, which culminated in the acts of Congress granting to the State the swamp and overflowed lands, in 1850, which were in turn granted by the State to the trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund irrevocably, for the purpose of aiding in the drainage and reclamation of the lands of the character designated as "Swamp and Overflowed." But later on the title to this land in some way or other became clouded; even the approved list No. 87 issued by the Federal

Swamp Land Department in 1897, embracing 2,942,000 acres, transmitted in due form and correctness to the Land Office in Florida, was cancelled and revoked by the Secretary of the Interior, May 18, 1898. With a view to perfecting the State's title to these lands, Governor Jennings went to Washington in March, 1903; a new list was prepared and approved, and the swamp and overflowed lands were transferred to the State of Florida.

The Everglades occupy more than half that portion of the State of Florida south of Lake Okeechobee—the largest fresh water lake wholly within the United States except Lake Michigan. In this vast region there lies upon a subsoil of coralline limestone an immense accumulation of sand, alluvial deposits and decayed vegetable matter, forming a mass of sand and mud from two to ten feet or more in depth, that overspreads all but a few points of the first strata. Upon the mud rests a sheet of water, the depth varying with the conformation of the bottom, which is very rough and irregular, but seldom at dry seasons deeper than three feet. The whole is filled with a rank growth of coarse grass, eight to ten feet high, with a serrated edge like a saw, from which it obtains its name of "saw-grass." In many portions of the Everglades the saw-grass is so thick as to be impenetrable, but it is intersected by numerous and tortuous channels that form a kind of labyrinth where outlets present themselves in every direction, terminating, however, at long or short distances in impenetrable barriers of grass. The surface of the water is quickly affected by rain, which makes a rapid alternating rise and fall during the wet seasons. The difference of level between highest and lowest stages of water is from two to three feet; the general surface of the Everglades is thus subject to great changes. Small keys are here and there met with, which are dry at seasons; there are many such upon which the soil is very rich. It is thought that these keys were, in days long gone, the sites of Indian gardens.

In the year 1855, Captain Dawson, First Artillery, U. S. A., made two expeditions into the Everglades; the first was undertaken in March, the second in June of the same year; but very little was accomplished—no more than had come from the expedition of Major Childs in December, 1841.

Excepting a few reports by surveyors and explorers, little information as to the Everglades was procured until 1881, when the State of Florida contracted with Mr. Hamilton Disston to drain a large area of lands bordering Lake Okeechobee and including a portion of the glades. A company, known indifferently as the Okeechobee Drainage Co. or the Disston Drainage Co., had numerous surveys and levels made by its engineers. In the years 1880-82, a line of levels was made by General Gilmore, under the direction of the United States Senate, to discover a practical route for a ship canal across the peninsula of Florida. These and other surveys by Colonel Charles Hopkins, Major Wirts, V. P. Keller, J. W. Newman and others of the U. S. A. Engineers established the altitude of Lake Okeechobee—that is, the head of the glades—as being twenty-one to twenty-three feet above tide level. The difference in levels is accounted for by the different seasons in which the surveys were made. A reconnoissance under Colonel Hopkins was made during 1883 from Lake Okeechobee to Shark River, but it was not until 1892 that an expedition was ever able to drive a straight line from one edge of the Everglades to the other. This expedition-party, led by Mr. James E. Ingraham, now Second Vice-President of the Florida East Coast Railway, was in great peril for a time, but the trip across was finally completed in twenty-two days.

The reclaiming of the Everglades and placing of this wonderfully rich country where it can be occupied by settlers, is due mostly to the efforts of two men—the Hon. W. S. Jennings and the Hon. N. B. Broward, the two last governors of the State of Florida, Mr. Broward having given up



his commission of governor as late as January, 1909. When Mr. Jennings entered the office of governor he found that, while the United States had given this land to the State of Florida for the purpose of reclaiming it, different Legislatures—as Legislatures will—had subsequently given grants of this land to various enterprises other than for the reclamation of the lands. He immediately took the position that these grants were illegal. Then began the usual hard fight in the courts to determine who owned the lands—the State or the special interests. Through the efforts and legal ability of Governor Jennings the State won. Then plans for the reclamation of the Everglades were found and figured on, but by this time the administration of Governor Jennings came to a close and, as no governor of Florida can succeed himself, the people of the State put forward Mr. N. B. Broward for the post, and he was elected by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Broward, a steamboat captain and one-time filibuster between the United States and oppressed Cuba, had, in Governor Jennings's administration worked out a reclamation scheme and drawn a map. He had not intended entering the race for governor; indeed, he went up and down the State looking for a candidate who would pledge himself publicly to deed no more trust lands to the special interests and to do everything as governor to reclaim the Everglades. But such a candidate could not be found. The matter had not been sufficiently discussed to be made a State issue; it certainly was too socialistic. Mr. Broward was informed; but his informants, he believed, were afraid of the railroads and other special interests. Finding that he could not secure a candidate to run on his "issue," he entered the gubernatorial race himself. He carried his map of the Everglades from one end of the State to another, always crying in the hustings, "Save and reclaim the people's land!" All the power of the special interests in the State was brought to the front to fight him, but

Mr. Broward was inaugurated governor, January, 1905, when he immediately went to work to redeem his pledge. Governor Broward pushed the reclamation with no less vigor than Governor Jennings had shown. He had stated on the political stump: "I will immediately enter upon the work of reclaiming the swamp and overflowed lands of Florida and make such arrangements for their drainage as may be most advantageous to the Internal Improvement Fund and the settlement and cultivation of the land, so as to render it available for purposes of actual settlement and cultivation."

Unlike some governors, Mr. Broward did not forget his promises to the people and bent every energy to the redeeming of his campaign pledges. The idea of reclaiming the Everglades was not original with Governor Broward, but, as they insist now in Florida, he deserves the very great credit of finding out what to do and actually doing what other men had only talked about for decades. After his inauguration, as soon as he laid his plans for the drainage of the Everglades, it is stated that the railroads sought to tie his hands by litigation; many Florida newspapers ridiculed and denounced his plans; many members of the Legislature endeavored to obstruct him, but all that did not phase Governor Broward one little bit—he simply moved along steadily; the people were with him; they had elected him to do certain things and he proposed to fulfil his promises.

After a while a compromise was reached with various corporations which were claiming the lands under an old land grant, by which the State agreed to give the claimants 250,000 acres of land just south of Lake Okechobee. This compromise not only tied the hands of the corporations, but it compelled them to enlist in the demand for reclamation for the reason that their lands will be the last area to be reached by the dredges. Governor Broward had not been filibustering in the *Three Friends* against the wily Spaniard and gained nothing thereby!

Orders were placed immediately for the construction of two dredges; the first began excavations on July 4, 1906. The next dredge was not ready for work until April of the following year—but last year, before the completion of Governor Broward's term of office, two more, making four dredges, were at work in the Everglades. The engineering problem of draining the Everglades is a very simple one. It consists merely in lowering the level of Lake Okeechobee, which has for years been overflowing its shores and flooding the great area to the south of it. The shores of the lake are not very well defined except on the east side where there is a stretch of twenty-five miles of sandy beach; as the lake rises its waters overflow the low country.

When Governor Broward went into office as chairman of the trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund, he called on Captain R. E. Rose, a drainage expert who had been in charge of the drainage operations of Hamilton Disston some twenty years before, for an estimate of the cost of the drainage system which the Governor proposed to construct in reclaiming the Everglades. The estimate produced by Captain Rose, afterwards verified by Captain J. O. Wright, Supervising Drainage Engineer of the United States Government, was as follows: To construct one canal from New River to Lake Okeechobee, a distance of 35 miles; one to the west from Lake Okeechobee opening the Caloosahatchee River, a distance of 23 miles; one to the east from the southeast end of the lake, around the high ridge to the St. Lucie River, a distance of 35 miles—making in the total a system of main canals of 113 miles, one hundred by ten feet. In his estimate, Captain Rose provided for three miles of rock at the head of each canal to be excavated at a cost of ten cents per cubic yard, or \$20,000 per mile, a total of rock excavation of \$180,000; 104 miles of muck-cutting at 2½ cents or \$500 per mile—\$520,000; four modern dredges at \$50,000 each—or \$200,000; administration, surveys

and superintendence, \$100,000. Captain Rose figured that \$1,000,000 was ample for this reclamation work. The work already completed by the State of Florida shows how close Captain Rose was in his estimates as to cost, for experience has exhibited the actual cost of removing the rock to be 8.51 cents per cubic yard and 3.46 for the muck.

The original plans of Captain Rose with only a few modifications are now being pursued in the reclamation work. It is well to note that so far the State of Florida has not spent one cent of money paid by the taxpayers of the commonwealth. While the completion of this great work has been assured without resort to the levying of a special tax, a law was enacted creating a drainage district to embrace the drainage territory, comprising more than 4,000,000 acres of land to be assessed at five cents an acre for drainage purposes. It was some short time since that a contract was made with Richard J. Bolles of New Mexico by the trustees in control of the reclamation, through which the trustees sold 500,000 acres of land on the basis of \$20 per acre, and they reserved every alternate section upon the express stipulation in the selling-contract that certain canals be opened. By this plan, the construction of two hundred miles of canals is provided. The trustees have money in hand with which, together with that to be received from Mr. Bolles, the completion of the reclamation of the Everglades is positively assured. Another large dredge is soon to be put at work—making five all told—on the main canals.

So far more than thirty miles of canals have been opened in the Everglades; hundreds, yea, thousands of acres of lands reclaimed and crops are now growing profusely on them. There is no question as to the wonderful productivity of the reclaimed soil. There is a peculiar thing about this soil, for the element of nitrogen in it is nearly 2½ per centum and this element has a value in the fertilizer markets of 15 cents per pound. In other words the soil of the Everglades

is actually worth, if dug up, carted away and sold in the open market, more than \$6 per ton. But the soil is not to be dug up and sold; on the contrary the lands are now being sold on two-year installment contracts in tracts of ten acres at \$24 per acre. The Bolles lands organization will sell immediately 12,000 of these contracts, and it is stated that there has been such a demand for them that it is more than probable the whole of them will be taken before the end of 1910, meaning a great tide of immigration into Florida. The people of the northwest portion of the United States have been much interested in these reclaimed lands; much of the property has been sold to them through representatives who visited and inspected the lands before buying.

The base of operations now on the Everglades is at Miami; two of the great dredges are working from New River and one is heading from the Miami River, while the other is on the west side of the lake in the Caloosahatchee River.

The cutting of the first canal in the Everglades drained a very considerable acreage. The character of the land is rich in quality and very valuable. In the opinion of those living in the vicinity, the land after being reclaimed will be worth much more than \$30 per acre. Along the banks of the first constructed canal there are many truck farms, upon which there is growing a crop of tomatoes on land which was from twelve to sixteen inches under water before the canal was built. One of the plots of ground used for a truck farm, just mentioned, was about an acre in area; the crop in character was finer in quality than anything theretofore grown in Florida and of an estimated value of \$750.

Where the great canals have cut their way for miles through the sawgrass, the water has run off, the grass has been cut and burnt, the soil heaped up in beds—just as in planting cotton—and along many of these beds run as luxuriant truck farms as one can ever see. All that is necessary to break this soil is the use of the hoe,

therefore the labor cost for preparing this land is very slight indeed. With a scythe blade the grass is cut like standing grain; then with a hoe a narrow seed bed is made and the seed planted. The middle is worked out from time to time as the bed is widened and the crop is cultivated. For the land of muck fronting on the main canals, the State of Florida charges \$20 per acre—none richer in all the world; for the land in the rear, \$15 per acre. Avenues of thirty feet straight to the canal are being left open for the use of the back-lot purchasers. A Mr. Griffin, one of the farmers of this reclaimed land, when asked what his land was now worth, replied, "\$100 per acre." As his land is producing per acre \$500 to \$850 worth of tomatoes annually, his estimate seems low enough, surely!

Mr. Claus Spreckles, during his lifetime probably the greatest authority on sugar production in the world, in speaking of the Everglades said: "I take pleasure in saying that during my recent visit to inspect your sugar operations my surprise was great at finding such a country for the growth of sugar-cane. The soil is as rich as any that I have ever seen and with proper cultivation the yield should be equal to that of any other country on the face of the globe." There are 500,000 acres of land in the Everglades to be reclaimed which Mr. Spreckles considered most suitable for sugar-cane. Think of the money going to the people of Florida for that land—500,000 acres at \$20 per acre—all saved to the people of the State! And the cost of the reclamation? The trustees report that \$1 per acre is a *large* allowance for this work. Those 500,000 acres of the Everglades will produce sugar-cane sufficient to supply the entire amount of sugar now imported into this country, without being in competition with any other cane-growers in Florida or in fact with any other cane-growers in the United States, until we have produced more than the total amount of sugar imported, which amount now exceeds by more than \$12,000,000

the amount received by the citizens of every State in the Union for the exports of wheat, wheat flour, beef and naval stores. It is agreed by experts in sugar-cane growing and manufacturing that, in order to produce sugar economically, the cane must be so near to the mill that it can be placed in cars by machinery, run into the mill on one side as cane and go out on the other as granulated sugar. The supply of cane must be great enough to furnish not less than three hundred tons of sugar per day. In the Everglades there are millions of acres of land, without a tree or root on it, that is as rich as any in the world, constituting therefore millions of acres suitable for cane, where it can be grown in solid bodies to meet the requirements for sugar manufacturing. To clear and make fit for cultivation half a million acres in any other portion of the United States would require from fifteen to thirty millions of dollars. The United States, according to government reports, consumes 2,767,162 tons of sugar a year, to say nothing of that enormous amount of sugar that comes into the country unreported to the Federal authorities and upon which no tax is paid. The total amount of sugar produced in the United States from domestic molasses is 15,000 tons; from sugar-cane, 323,649 tons; maple, 12,000 tons; beet, 170,135 tons; all told there is a grand total of 521,094 tons. We therefore import 2,246,068 tons of sugar annually, at least import duties are paid on that amount—a different thing, the Federal Government is just finding out. The value of domestic sugar at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cents per pound is \$36,476,640; imported sugar at the same valuation being \$157,224,760. In a year, this country does not *export* in wheat, wheat flour, naval stores and beef over \$144,494,154. The State of Florida, as the writer has endeavored to show, is preparing a way to save that \$157,224,760 to this country.

The inquiry will, of course, arise as to whether this land, this nearly 5,000,000 acres of heretofore abso-

lutely useless property—under water—can be reclaimed, made suitable for truck, sugar-cane and all sorts and conditions of farming. The reply is *that it is being done*.

Mr. Walter Waldin, a prosperous farmer, formerly of Iowa, has in the Everglades a fine young grove of orange and grape-fruit trees, about five years old, in bearing. In answer to inquiries of an investigating committee from the Florida Legislature last May, regarding his land situated on the edge of the glades and which is irrigated by water from the glades, conveyed by a canal cut by Mr. Waldin, he said:

"I have cropped here on this class of land five years and my average on irrigated glades land for the first four years has been a trifle over \$800 per acre per year net. . . . I think a net of from \$300 to \$500 can be made per acre on drained Everglade land by intelligent culture and close application to the following crops: tomatoes, beans, egg-plants, cucumbers, Irish potatoes, mango, peppers, and squash. As to the value of the land: Analysis gives from two to four per cent. of ammonia; the fact that it can be drained cheaply should make this land most valuable, especially when the exceptionally favorable climatic conditions are taken into consideration. . . ."

Mr. Waldin's hobby is bananas; many specimens of fine varieties can be seen on his place growing along the edge of the Everglades.

The legislative investigating committee in last May (1909) found growing in profusion on the reclaimed lands Irish potatoes, tomatoes, all sorts of fruit and vegetables. The committee found also that if the lands reclaimed were sold at the prices now prevailing, which they did not advise, a sum of money could be obtained aggregating millions of dollars for the State of Florida; and besides this, if a good system of irrigation be established, based upon sound business principles, and this right be reserved in all sales of land, an annual income of from two to four millions may be

obtained from irrigation alone, even when water is furnished to land-owners for irrigation cheaper by far than any has ever been furnished elsewhere up to this time. The committee also advised that the remaining State lands be sold only *in small parcels*, and then only sold to actual settlers and cultivators.

In the meantime the work is going rapidly on in the Everglades. Every day new land pushes itself from the water, as the canals go further into the wilderness of saw-grass and muck.

What a great big country this is, anyway! On one side of the continent we are spending millions of dol-

lars to conserve the water with which to flood and irrigate the desert lands, while on the other side, all by itself, with no help from the Federal Government, such as the West has had and is having, one State, Florida, is draining the water off into the ocean from 5,000,000 acres of the richest land in the world.

The writer is indebted, and begs to make due acknowledgment, to ex-Governor Jennings, his secretary, Mr. R. E. Colcord and Mr. Reed A. Bryan, superintendent of dredges in the Everglades, for much valuable data and information upon which this article is based.

## THEY ASKED FOR THE PEOPLE'S HIGHWAY

By EDITH M. THOMAS

THEY asked for the People's Highway, though never a word they spake;  
Dim in the wind of their flight, defeated, unhuman, they spurred,  
Dim in the whirling dust that they left in their fatal wake—  
They asked for the People's Highway! . . . (The People said never a word.)

They have run down a child; and yet, who will say that theirs was the blame?  
The child in the road—it fluttered—as silly as fledgling bird!  
They turned to the right, they turned to the left, and the child the same—  
But they *could not stop* on the Highway! (The People said never a word.)

They have crushed the old lame man, as home from his work he went—  
Or, was he deaf, that not at the signal repeated he stirred?  
He kept the road, in his stupid way—the warning was sent—  
But they *could not stop* on the Highway! (The People said never a word.)

The People are slow of speech, but their thought is to-morrow's law;  
And the bolt of their judgment the heavier falls the longer deferred. . . .  
When the Red Car mocked and the Black Car scowled, and the People saw  
That they *would not stop* on the Highway—hark to the People's word:—

"Beggars!—a road of their own with their wealth let them build, if they will,  
And leave what is ours to us,—the right of the plodding herd!  
Let the Red Car lord it, the Black Car race with the Red, to kill—  
But not on our Highway. This is the People's Will and Word!"



# THE SOLID SOUTH IN DISSOLUTION

By E. N. VALLANDIGHAM



**B**URKE it was who divined, as if by intuition, that our Southern States of his day tended toward a doctrinaire political democracy by reason of the very fact that the whites held a large body of an alien race in bondage. Between the poorest and most ignorant free white and the most intelligent and happily placed black slave there was a gulf that made differences of station among whites appear insignificant. In other words, to be free and white constituted for any man a place in the dominant racial aristocracy and made him fiercely jealous of his privileges, social and political.

This fact more than any other seems to account for the early attachment of the South to the political party professing strongly popular principles, and the relation of these two things has special significance now that the chief reason for the original and traditional adherence of the South to a party of such name and profession no longer exists. The poison of protectionist theory and the worse poison of selfish protectionist practice has deeply permeated parts of the South, and now, almost a half century after the break-up of the old industrial and social system based upon slavery, the region shows signs of disloyalty toward its long cherished ideal of doctrinaire democracy. The wonder is that the change has been so long delayed, that the deeply ingrained principles of Jefferson still

have so much influence in practical politics.\*

It is commonly assumed that the Southern colonies in the beginning, and long afterward, were far less democratic in their political aspect than those of the North, and it is true that there was a strongly aristocratic element in Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina; and in Virginia, at least, something like an ordered social hierarchy. At the same time a recent student of colonial constitutions reaches the conclusion that the suffrage was extremely wide in the early years of all the Southern colonies. All free white males of full age voted in early Virginia, and while the suffrage was afterward restricted to freeholders, it is the opinion of this particular student of the period that just before the Revolutionary War the elective franchise, if not more widely granted, was at least more widely exercised in Virginia than in the North. The earliest laws of Maryland upon the elective franchise established manhood suffrage, and the early freehold franchise in South Carolina was a wide one, since most freemen were also freeholders. The like was true of Georgia's early freehold franchise. North Carolina, after several changes in her franchise requirements, established in 1715 a prerequisite surpassed for liberality by few colonies either North or South. Even the indentured serv-

\*A newspaper dispatch from Birmingham, Alabama, February 12, 1910, seeks to prove that many influential Southern Democrats, for the last twelve years supporters of Mr. Bryan, are falling away from him because they can no longer accept his increasingly unpopular demand for free raw materials. The dispatch must be in some measure discounted, as it appears in a newspaper that has steadily opposed the radical wing of the Democratic party.



ants in Maryland and Virginia often became freeholders, and therefore voters, when their term of service expired, and as the number of African slaves increased few whites indentured themselves to service. Changing conditions and legal enactments eventually restricted the suffrage in most of the Southern colonies, but the like is true of the Northern colonies. In every Southern colony, however, there was a period, longer or shorter, when to be white and free tended to make a man a member of the ruling class, though wealth and social position had great political weight; and the memory of those conditions persisted even after there had grown up a landless and unprivileged body of white freemen. Not only did the colonial South develop a relatively large rural and small urban population, without the closely juxtaposed social contrasts of modern cities, but by the time the common fear of the Indians had ceased to hold the whites together, they had a new bond in the fact that they dwelt amid a constantly increasing slave population annually recruited by newcomers fresh from African savagery. In the North there was no such large body of a subject and alien race to be feared, and New England especially developed early an urban and village life wherein education, means and the exercise of the sacred office by men who had inherited the social and political traditions of Great Britain, tended to nurture a ruling class not of great wealth but of great influence. Thus early the South had a democratic, the North an aristocratic tendency. Suffrage was far from universal in the South at the opening of the constitutional period, but it was as wide as in most parts of the North. Entails seem to have disappeared as early from the law of the South as from that of the North. Indeed they were unknown to the law of some Southern States. If a larger freehold estate was required as a prerequisite to voting in some Southern States than in most of the North, it must be remembered that land values were

higher in the settled portions of New York and New England than in the South. Indeed, south of Mason and Dixon's Line men in rural communities were oftener "land poor" than landless. The extension of the franchise also, began about as early South as North, and went on as rapidly.

It is commonly held that the South allied itself with Jefferson's Democratic Republican party because that party stood for such a construction of the Constitution as should restrict the powers of the Federal Government, and no doubt the comparative isolation of the Southern States from the rest of the country, and even to some extent from one another, made them less conscious of nationality than New England and the Middle States, and thus disposed them to particularism. There was, however, in the South, as we have seen, an early doctrinaire democracy based upon a broader principle than that of State Rights. Later the South seemed to waver in its allegiance to the party originally organized for the promotion of truly popular government, but this threatened change of faith was coincident with that curious condition of our politics between 1836 and 1852, when both great parties sought to ignore or to suppress the rising issue of the period, and the slave-holding South felt that either could be trusted to protect its peculiar interests.

It must be remembered that when the South gave an almost solid support to the popular party the line of division was not alone the question of constitutional construction. The tariff cut no great figure in those early times, and the general abolition movement was insignificant and confined mainly to the Border States. The North was getting rid of slavery at home, but was not much concerning itself with the subject elsewhere. As to the Federalists, they stood, indeed, for a strong Federal Government, but at the same time an influential element of the party led by Hamilton, many New Englanders and a few Southerners, feared and distrusted the popular tendencies of the Jeffer-

sonians. The South, with its eyes wide open, supported the popular party, and never wavered in that support until the quarrel with Jackson over nullification, the democratic leavening of both parties, and the tacit agreement of Democrats and Whigs to suppress the anti-slavery movement, strengthened the Whigs in nearly all the Southern States. It is true that the formal declaration of principles by the party which the South supported, largely from the beginning of the constitutional period and pretty generally throughout the decade immediately preceding the Civil War, was mainly concerned with enunciation of State Rights, but side by side with these principles persisted in the party utterance an intense doctrinaire democracy. Before the party was committed to something just short of the extreme Southern doctrine touching the relation of the Federal Government to the institution of slavery, the South became in part the ally of the Northern workingmen who made up the bulk of the Democratic party above Mason and Dixon's Line and in the West, and the party as a whole was more than ever under the necessity of professing broadly popular principles. The first definite declaration of principles by a Democratic National Convention was embodied in the "platform" of 1840. This was a strict-constructionist instrument betraying unmistakable signs of broadly popular sympathies in its disapproval of attempts to abridge the privilege of naturalization and its demand for the divorce of the treasury from the banks as indispensable both to the safety of public funds, and to the safeguarding of the rights of the people. Four years earlier the Loco Focos of New York, who greatly influenced the National Democratic party, had adopted a broadly and radically democratic platform. The same note is struck in the Democratic platforms of '44, '48, '52 and '56, in all of which utterances the voice of the South was potent, and both Democratic Conventions, in the madness of the hour, found time in 1860 to re-

new the party faith touching liberality in the matter of naturalization. Polk's last annual message was an uncompromising argument for doctrinaire democracy exactly in line with the traditional utterances of his Democratic predecessors from Jefferson onward. Indeed the official utterances of the Southern Presidents bristle with the favorite phrases of doctrinaire democracy, and although Jefferson's fervid passion gradually dies out of the later addresses and messages, there is never lacking the full and cordial recognition of popular sovereignty as a beneficent principle. Madison asserts it with naive enthusiasm, and Monroe, who departed somewhat from the social democracy displayed by his Democratic predecessors in the White House, also acknowledges the soundness and validity of the principle. The Monroe Doctrine is, in form at least, and mainly in spirit, a democratic and republican protest against Old World political ideals. Jackson spoke the tongue of the newer democracy, and, autocrat as he sometimes seemed, acknowledged unequivocally the whole people as the source of political power. In his very first message he insisted that wherever it was constitutionally possible the popular will should have direct expression. He seems to have been the first President to recognize officially that the Electoral College had lost its constitutional power of choice, and become, under ordinary political conditions, a mere register of the people's voice as expressed at the polls.

The Southern Presidents, judged by their official utterances and most of their official practice, were sound and convinced democrats in the broad sense, and so, too, were many eminent Southern statesmen whose immense weight at home and at Washington exempted them from the necessity of mere demagogic profession, and the extreme democratic doctrine of "instruction," that is of a senator's obligation to vote in accordance with sentiment expressed by formal resolution of his State Legisla-

ture, received considerable recognition at the South and little or none at the North.

It was probably less because of an unwillingness to put theoretical democratic principles into practice than because of physical difficulties that the South chose men of inherited means rather than poor men's sons to important public office, and the chief physical obstacle to such practical democracy was the size of the Southern States. In discussing the early South we are not to forget its vast and sparsely peopled area, and no judgment of Southern political conditions that leaves this element out of account can come very near the truth. With rapidly increasing population and wealth, the whole North improved its public school system, and extended its communications, especially after the introduction of railways, while the South still included vast areas in which schools were few and poor and means of communication inadequate. Thus it was more expensive and difficult in the South than in the North to obtain proper schooling, and to extend one's acquaintance among the masses of a widely scattered population. The duties of important public office then fell naturally and almost inevitably upon the wealthy planters, the lawyers and the few others of means and education. Nevertheless the energetic youth of poor parents, once he managed to educate himself, usually found a public career ready to hand, and even poor Northerners of parts and education who settled in the South met a hearty welcome, and were sometimes rapidly advanced in politics if only they showed no ill will to the peculiar institution.

Even after the States of the North and those of the South had become nearly equal in aggregate area, communications throughout the South continued inadequate, and population relatively sparse. At the same time, during the period of rather less than a generation when slavery was strongly on the defensive, and seeking to entrench itself by an aggressive attitude

toward the common territory of the Union, it was more than ever necessary that the immense majority of Southern whites who had little or no direct property interest at stake should be conciliated by the wealthy owners of lands and slaves. It was always essential to the stability of Southern society that the great slave-owners should be on good terms with their neighbors who owned few slaves or none, and while the slaves themselves despised the "poor white trash," they hardly learned the lesson from their masters, and, indeed, the very phrase betrays its African origin. To be a white man was to belong to the ruling class, and while there was social snobbery South as well as North, the general relations existing between rich and poor in the South were mainly amicable. It must be remembered that many of the poor came of the oldest blood of the South, and bore names that figured honorably in the early records; they were seldom the children of recent immigrants, and therefore recognized as being one with their wealthier brethren, like them, of the ruling race. Helper's book "The Impending Crisis," was the more alarming to the slave-holders of the South in that it was a native Southerner's direct appeal to the great majority of those who had no slaves against their richer Southern brethren. Perhaps it was in part due to the sedulously courted good relations between rich and poor that the book utterly failed of its intended effect.

Whatever the social reserve of the wealthy Southerner, and whatever his theories as to social aristocracy, he could not afford to ignore the poor white in matters political. The Southern leaders courted the people. The Southern voter dearly loved to see conspicuous party leaders in the open, and a hundred squalid Southern villages have stories to tell of the great men who graced the South before the Civil War. Men like Calhoun and Jefferson Davis bore themselves with dignified ease at popular meetings, but there is a tradition on the

Eastern Shore of Virginia that Henry A. Wise in an early electioneering tour once danced barefoot before a rough crowd of islanders in Accomac County.

As late as 1832 DeTocqueville, who felt then that the whole country was essentially democratic, recognized in New England what he regarded as an aristocracy of intellect and virtue. Aristocracy, he says, was never planted in New England, but the people there came to revere certain names as the emblems of knowledge and virtue. Some of their fellow-citizens, he adds, acquired a power over others which might truly have been called aristocratic if it had been capable of transmission from father to son. He notes that south-west of the Hudson a few great proprietors had introduced aristocratical ideas, but says that these aristocrats sympathized with the body of the people, whose passions and interests they easily embraced. The Revolution awakened the democratic spirit, and brought on a popular movement. He recognized, as Burke did, that the very presence of slavery in the South constituted the whole white population a ruling class, a quasi-aristocracy. At the same time he was impressed with the fact that in New England "the common people were accustomed to respect intellect and moral superiority, and to submit to it, without complaint," although they allowed no privilege to birth or wealth. Hence, the New England democracy made a more judicious choice of rulers than the people elsewhere. Further South he discovered less of talent and virtue among public men, and he was shocked at the kind of men to whom political authority was entrusted in the newer South-west.

If something of the Eighteenth Century doctrinaire democracy persisted in the South long after that particular influence had almost spent itself elsewhere in the United States, and in some measure owed its persistence to the fact of slavery, the same cause tended to prevent a wide social separation between the slave-holding

aristocracy and the mass of the whites. Every aristocracy has its sordid side. English literature from the "Paston Letters" to Thackeray sufficiently illustrates the truth of this so far as the Mother Country is concerned. Of course an aristocracy based upon the ownership of human beings is sordid, for its very foundation is such, but society in much of the rural South took on a patriarchal aspect, in which the ugliest features of slavery were obscured, at least in the household of the master. Social distinctions under a patriarchal régime are softened, and in the rural South the fact that a man was white and free entitled him to a sort of social recognition. The travelling stranger in the South was welcomed to the local magnate's house and table, in a country where roads were bad and inns few. White mechanics working at a plantation were apt to dine and sup at the master's table unless the overseer's house were conveniently near, and there were times when the dinner table of a Southern mansion resembled in its medley of guests and dependents a baronial hall of feudal days. It was such relations among the classes of Southern society that reacted upon the political structure of the South, and tended to foster a democracy in which social importance received a sort of cheerful recognition. As to the Southern poor whites, they were slow, even after the armed conflict in defence of slavery had begun, to realize their true relation to that institution as so pithily put in the phrase of a disgusted Confederate private: "This is a rich man's wa' an' a poo' man's fight," an expression which a Confederate general officer overheard, as he afterward said, with the instant conviction that the Confederacy was doomed.

All things considered, the educated and well-to-do Southerner of to-day is probably far less a doctrinaire Democrat than his father and grandfather were in the days of slavery. The prospect of being outvoted by the Northern and Western masses cooled somewhat the Southerner's

Democratic ardor even before the Civil War, and misrule at the hands of Northern strangers and their negro allies contributed to further political disillusionment. The South remained measureably faithful to the Democratic party under recent radical leadership, but the region is far less ripe than most parts of the North for a sharp advance along radical lines, and will follow the party little further in that direction without the strictest guarantees upon the race question. In fact the situation resembles somewhat that of the period between 1836 and 1852, when the South wavered in its devotion to the Democratic party because she felt that the Whig could be equally trusted to protect slavery. There are signs that the Republican party has no disposition to interfere between the races in the South, and once the Southern white ceases to feel that only the Democratic party can be trusted to sympathize with him on the race question his loyalty to that party will be weakened. If the Democratic party, through the influence of its conservative leaders and the cleverness of its Republican opponents shall suffer itself to be manoeuvred into a reactionary attitude, it may, as the party of reaction, keep as its own the solid South, but if it elects to go forward, and to face the problem of industrial relations, the political break-up of the South seems inevitable. So long as the race question divides the laboring masses of the South into two hostile camps, and the workers as a whole, as distinguished from land-owners and capitalists and the conservative classes that naturally distrust broadly popular government and are in close social contact with wealth, fail to act together in furtherance of their common interests, the South can not be counted upon to follow its doctrinaire democratic leaders.\* Some of those leaders hold strongly by the old tradition, and, indeed, accept much of the current

radical programme, but they are embarrassed by the question of Federal aggression, by the demand of the manufacturing South for protection, since the old heresy that tariff duties may be made to benefit whole regions now misleads the Southern protectionist, as it once misled the Southern free-traders. True, the principles of several radical movements, as voiced by a popular President, did much to conciliate Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland and Tennessee to the Republicans, but in all those States the old allegiance to the Democratic party had been weakening for fifteen or twenty years, and some such weakening may be traced in most of the other Southern States except South Carolina and Mississippi. The habit of voting for candidates labelled "Democratic" has been broken south of Mason and Dixon's Line, because the prime reason for the early doctrinaire democracy of the South has disappeared, and out of the present confused welter of national politics may easily come at almost any moment a startling change in party alignment. If the Democratic party has the political wisdom to avoid being manoeuvred into a reactionary position, it must have the political tact to go forward without alarming the new conservatives of the South. The growing wealth of the commercial and manufacturing classes in the South makes them more than ever timid in the presence of working-class movements, and less than ever willing to see a good understanding between the workingmen of both races, for once such an understanding is reached the radicalism that is moving the North and West will sweep triumphantly South of Mason and Dixon's Line. No such understanding is within sight, and the man or party that shall dare at this time to raise the race question is doomed to certain and disastrous ruin. Meanwhile the path that the Democratic party must tread if it will hold the South solid and not lose touch with the laboring masses North and West is certainly narrow, and perhaps tortuous.

\* About the only man to say in plain words that the race question is also a labor question and a land question is Professor Du Bois of Atlanta, a colored man to whom no Southern white will lend ear.





ACHILLES AND PENTHESILEA

## THE GREEK LADY

By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

"PHIDIAS supported the statue of Aphrodite at Elis upon a tortoise to signify the protection necessary for maidens and the homekeeping silence that is becoming to married women."—PLUTARCH, "Concerning Isis and Osiris."

### III

Pericles is responsible for the classical expression of what the men of his time deemed "ladylike." In the famous oration attributed to him by Thucydides, he characterized in eloquent words the spirit of his city, free, joyful and brave, the most inspiring place a man could wish to live in. "And if I am to speak of womanly virtues, let me sum them up in one short sentence: To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or evil among men." We have seen, however, that though in practice the Greeks had shorn the lady of all but negative qualities and left her hardly any room for unrestrained action, their art and their literature were nevertheless full of the tradition of a lady whose char-

acteristic was freedom. Despite their singleness of mind, the Greeks like all mankind were capable of seeing the better and following the worse. Let us see how it happened that if all the ladies they saw were prisoners, nevertheless all the ladies they thought about were free.

Far in the background of civilized society, hardly to be recognized save by analogy with backward societies of our own day, there looms a shadowy vision of the state of things when women were in a very different relation to society from that which prevails to-day. The family in those times consisted of mother and child; and just as maternity is apparently no drawback in the long run to the fighting power of the lioness, we are at liberty to think that it did not necessarily result at once in the subjection of woman. Even after her physical





"THE IRREDUCIBLE ELEMENT IN PRIMITIVE SOCIETY"

subjection, she remained for a time the pillar of society. Her children were her property and through her they traced their descent. Her prestige was reflected in the cults of primitive men, for early gods were apt to be female and their rites to be conducted by women. This moment of equilibrium passed everywhere with the advance toward civilization. Each step upward, the building of the hut, the kindling of the fire, the permanent attachment of the man to the mother and her child, was a step towards the social subordination of woman, a move made at her expense for the benefit of the child. Primitive conditions are generally brought to our knowledge with displeasing accessories. It is positive pain to many minds to think of a society that knew neither monogamy nor the metals, and it was with many apologies that the anthropologists first suggested the universality of the phenomenon. Not only in the Malay Archipelago and among the American aborigines, but in Europe, north and south, the child openly admitted once upon a time that his mother was the only parent he could be sure of. Before the fusion of races took place that produced the people whom we call Greeks, the lands they came to occupy were held by barbarous folk

whose ways could not be altogether eliminated from the amalgam they formed with the invader. In a score of ways we can see how close barbarism was to the Greeks. They drew as it were a magic circle within which the monster could not come. But it prowled forever about the edge of light, howling and grimacing, until finally the spell failed and darkness prevailed again in Europe. Within the sacred ring the grewsome old facts were transformed, not consciously but by the genius of a people whose instinct was to see things in the best light. They knew there was some good reason, for instance, why by Attic law a man might marry his sister by the same father but not his sister by the same mother. They knew that their genealogical trees had a way of running back to a woman as the first ancestor. Herodotus in his day found Hellenic communities in which if you asked a man his family name he gave you his mother's. All these facts might have been as humiliating to the Greek of the patriarchal era as the Darwinian hypothesis was to the mid-Victorian. But the Greek stated them, naively, in terms that saved his self-respect as a member of man-controlled society. The primitive ancestress became a lovely princess, beloved of a god or

married to a fair-haired invader from the north. Finding that women had once been of more social importance they endowed them instinctively with royal attributes. Great ladies like Jocasta and Helen and Clytemnestra they made of those dimly discerned traditional women with whose hand the title of a kingdom passed. But by far the most striking expression of their reminiscence of

the old status of women, was the story of the Amazons. This tribe of warrior-women was ranged, it is true, with the powers of darkness. Between his adventures with the mares of Diomedes and the oxen of Geryones, Herakles had to subdue their queen, Hippolyta, and take her girdle from her; Bellerophon was despatched against them in Lycia, and they fought against the Greeks at Troy. But although the society they symbolized was part of the old order which the Greek could not suffer,

he still felt the beauty that might come of a free, wild life for women not dominated and not oversexed. There is not a disrespectful word of the Amazons in Greek literature and the utmost resources of Greek art were used to render their lovely vigor and the sadness of its inevitable defeat. Too dangerous to be allowed among men, their type was perpetuated among the immortals in Artemis, the spirit of the wildwood, both boon and bane of all wild creatures,

strong, fearless, unconquerable, with a strain of antique cruelty pointing plainly enough to her primitive origin. But Artemis, the bitter virgin, was denaturalized. The Amazons—and here precisely lay their menace to a man-governed world—shared the full human lot, mated with men worthy of them and bore children, a marvellous race since they sprang from warriors on both sides. But

the male children were exiled from the state and the girls grew up to be like their mothers before them, crowning with chaste beauty the manly virtues of courage and honesty. Though the evolution of Greek society proceeded to the complete social subjection of women it never lost sight of the glory of the alternative course. We may almost say that the social situation was symbolized in the tradition of Achilles' regret when he had slain Penthesilea in combat before Troy. As he

looked upon her lying dead at his feet he grieved that he had overcome her and thought how much better it would have been had he taken her to wife.

Thus did the Greeks picture to themselves a group of knightly ladies to represent the obstinate and irreducible element in primitive metronymic society. The compromises by which the more ductile communities shifted toward the predominance of the male are also shadowed forth in the world we know as Homeric society.



STELE OF HEGESO—AN ATHENIAN LADY

Everyone knows how Odysseus, shipwrecked, naked and starving, slept the sleep of exhaustion in the wood by the sea in the land of the Phæacians and how he was roused by the cries of the princess Nausikaa and her maidens playing at ball. When the hero emerged among them, a haggard, wild-eyed tramp, the handmaidens, already of the school of thought that deems your true lady a timid thing, fled screaming in panic. But the princess, exemplar of a better breeding, stood her ground and heard what the suppliant had to say. Brave, cool and of independent judgment, the girl considered all the circumstances of the case, weighing the stranger's good address against his alarming appearance and his evident need of instant succor against possible infraction of the *convenances*. Her good management of the situation, her charming girlish dignity and the liberty she took of falling in love with the man she had saved, prepare us for finding that she lived in a land where women had very lately been in a strong social position. The text says that Nausikaa's mother Arete was married to Alkinoos, her own father's brother, a consanguinity that did not count where descent was traced through the female line. "And Alkinoos took her to wife, and honored her as no other woman in the world is honored, of all that nowadays keep house under the hand of their lords. Thus she hath, and hath ever had, all worship heartily from her dear children and from her lord Alkinoos and from all the folk who look on her as on a goddess and greet her with reverent speech when she

goes about the town. Yea, for she too hath no lack of understanding. To whomso she shows favor, even if they be men, she ends their feuds."\*

This is an invaluable expression of the Greek notion of a lady of the old régime, sitting as judge among her people and honored like a god. But it will be noted that the lady now has a lord, and that man-made propriety controls the free spirit of Nausikaa.

In spite of the traces of an older order, Homeric society in general shows woman subordinated, and in consequence a great efflorescence of the lady. The man is the head of the family and requires strict fidelity from his wife. He, how-

ever, is permitted the patriarchal privilege of minor wives who are generally bondswomen. The lady thus assumes her well-known social status; her faithfulness is the condition of her welfare, and she is indemnified for the discomfort of having rivals by the added lustre which their inferior condition confers upon hers. The Homeric lady is bought of her father by her bridegroom, and it is honorable to her when the price is high. "She who brings cattle" is the epithet of an attractive girl. Her marriage is arranged by her father, without regard to sentiment. The eternal question as to the relative chance of happiness in the marriage of *convenience* and that of inclination may be illumined by Homer's evidence. Andromache, Hector's wife, was *polydoros* ("bought with many gifts"), she passed as a chattel from her father to her husband; but the world has yet to imagine a more touching rela-



THE LADY WEAVING

\* "Odyssey," trans. by Butcher and Lang. p. 105.

tion between man and wife than that of Andromache and Hector. The whole story of the lot of womankind under feudal institutions is told in the famous passage of the last parting of these two. Hector going out to fight sought his wife to bid her farewell. She clasped his hand and weeping prayed him to remember what war means to women. "Dear my lord, this thy hardihood will undo thee, neither hast thou any pity for thine infant boy, nor for me forlorn that soon shall be thy widow; for soon will the Achaians all set upon thee and slay thee. But it were better for me to go down to the grave if I lose thee; for nevermore will any comfort be mine, when once thou, even thou, hast met thy fate, but only sorrows."

... Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow."\*

But great Hector of the glancing helm loved honor more, and answered her: "Surely I take thought for all these things, my wife; but I have very sore shame of the Trojans and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if like a coward I shrink away from battle."†

The life of the Homeric lady was busy and free. She wrought at pleasant household tasks among her maidens, weaving the stuffs needed for everyday use and performing also those wonders of artistic needle-

work that always play so large a part in the life of the lady. She lived in a palace built strongly to withstand attack, such a palace as still exhibits its ground-plan amid the ruins of Tiryns. When a stranger had been allowed to pass the great gates he would have found himself in a large court-yard, open to the sky but surrounded by a covered colonnade. This court-yard would not impress a modern visitor as a satisfactory entrance to a great lord's house. Here the animals stood that were to furnish the day's dinner and here they were slaughtered. Here beggars were allowed to sit, and here was transacted a great part of the household business that we relegate to unseen regions.

From the court a stately portico led to the great hall, the heart of the house, where on the central hearth, between the four pillars that sustained the roof, the fire was kindled. Beside the hearth stood two great chairs, one for the lord and one for the lady. These chairs were of cedar and ivory, inlaid with gold and silver, and there were many other chairs and small tables, all rich in material and workmanship. The ill-lighted room was brightened by covering the doors and walls with metal plates,

often of bronze but sometimes of silver and gold. Sheets of blue glass were used for the same purpose, and sometimes painted pictures. Gleaming armor was also ranged along the walls, but this and the other metal-work suffered from smoke, which in the absence of a chimney escaped as



THE LADY SPINNING

\* "Iliad," trans. by Lang, Leaf and Myers, p. 123.

† The same, p. 124.

best it might through an opening in the roof above the fireplace. The floor was of hard lime-cement mixed with pebbles. In this hall the meals were eaten and the whole of social life went on. Here after supper the minstrel took his harp and sang the deeds of heroes. At night the family was widely distributed. The lord and lady had their own chamber; the daughters and maid-servants slept in a quarter apart, sometimes on an upper floor. The sons of the house had each a room to himself built in the court, and visitors had beds laid for them in the portico. In a bathroom flagged with limestone stood the polished bath, which was in frequent requisition. The small objects in daily use, the earthen pots and jars, the curiously wrought weapons, testify to the

ordinary garment was the *peplos*, a great linen web, capable of much variety in the draping. It was held in place by a girdle, richly embroidered and clasped with gold. She wore also by way of ornament a necklace, a frontlet and earrings of gold. On ceremonious occasions she wore a veil, of finer tissue than her *peplos*. Generally her garments were "shining white," but sometimes they were colored and the commonest color was purple; they were washed in the streams, as clothes are still commonly washed in Greece, and dried on the rocks and the grass. Her personal belongings were rich and curious, and handmaidens waited on her at every step. When Tele-machos visited Menelaos, his hostess made her appearance like a very fine lady indeed: "Helen came forth



MYCENÆAN GOLD WORK. "THE SMALL OBJECTS IN DAILY USE"

sense of beauty and the refinement of life that surrounded the Homeric lady. A special part of the house was set apart for her and her women, but she came and went freely, though apparently never unattended. Her easy, sheltered life and personal elegance are reflected in the frequent reference to her white arms, her trailing dress, her fragrant bosom. Her

from her fragrant vaulted chamber, like Artemis of the golden arrows; and with her came Adraste and set for her the well-wrought chair, and Alcippe bare a rug of soft wool, and Phyllo bare a silver basket which Alcandre gave her, the wife of Polybus, who dwelt in Thebes of Egypt. His wife bestowed on Helen lovely gifts; a golden distaff did she give,



and a silver basket with wheels beneath, and the rims thereof were finished with gold. This it was that the handmaid Phylo bare and set beside her, filled with dressed yarn, and across it was laid a distaff charged with wool of violet blue. So Helen sat her down in the chair and beneath was a footstool for the feet."\*

Although the presence of the minor wife is abundantly visible in the background of Homeric society, the tendency is nevertheless in the direction of monogamy. In the families that are, so to speak, in focus there is but one wife as there is but one husband. Sincere and robust affection between man and wife and the passionate love of both for the children is the norm. If the picture seems too rosy to be true, we must remember that Homer's goldsmith's work also seemed to be beyond the probable until it began to be recovered out of the earth. Now that we have been driven to believe him about daggers, we may perhaps trust him further in the matter of married love. There was every reason why the lady should cling to her lord, for his strong arm only held her on her height. Any woman whose protector failed her might become a slave. Moreover she was her lord's property, and in case of misdemeanor on her part he held the patriarchal power of life and death. In her husband's absence her own son was her master. Penelope was bullied by Telemachos and was proud of his manly self-assertion. But she in her turn was absolute mis-

tress of her slaves, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with her position in a system that placed so many below her and so few above her.

When we speak of Homeric society we assume that the Homeric poems deal with an actual state of things and

with a single period. These assumptions are doubtless both false, and no department of scholarly research is more attractive than that which is devoted to undermining them. It is nevertheless legitimate for our purpose to view them naively as the record of a wonderful world, wherein men used an amazing language that never was spoken by living man, and saw sights and did deeds that were never part



PERICLES AND ATHENA

of human experience. We may legitimately look upon them thus, for doubtless the historic Greeks of the great period themselves did so, and far more important than the scientific character of the poems is the effect they had on the collective mind of the race that evolved them. It must be constantly borne in mind, in estimating the Greek's ideal of a lady, that there never was a time when he would not have admitted theoretically that she should be of the heroic type. Literature never ceased to take its women from the early legends, philosophers and satirists were always attracted by the hypothesis of social equality between the sexes, and at the time when militarism and democracy had done their worst for the lady, she might easily in her infrequent walks abroad come upon a sculptor modeling a magnificent young creature on

\* "Odyssey," trans. by Butcher and Lang, p. 52.



horseback who, in spite of what he saw about him, persisted as his idea of woman.

#### IV

One of the temperamental differences between Plato and Aristotle

consists in the greater willingness of Aristotle to acquiesce in existing conditions and to exert his imagination to provide reasons for their permanence. Plato's imagination urged him to view existing conditions in a different and more critical light. Nowhere does the difference come out more strongly than in their views of the woman-question. There was room for a comparative study of it, based not only on traditions of the past but on the

actual case at Sparta, where women enjoyed greater social freedom than at Athens, shared the physical training of the men and held property. Aristotle, however, noted that in the society with which he was most familiar, the woman, the slave and the child were in subjection to men. Assuming that this is the best of all possible arrangements, he gives it a quasi-scientific basis: "The slave has no deliberative faculty at all; the woman has, but it is without authority, and the child has it, but it is immature." He notes that the occupations of women are different from those of men and shows that

this must be so: if the women go into the fields with the men, who will manage the house? "It is absurd to argue from the analogy of animals that men and women should follow the same pursuits; for animals have not to manage a household." It will be seen that the mind of Aristotle

does not in this connection rise far above that of Ischomachos. They agree that God and custom have placed women indoors.

Plato, on the other hand, realized that as women had not always lived in the shadow they might conceivably emerge again into the sunlight. He was possessed by the thoroughly scientific idea of the solidarity of the race. Could it be permanently good for the state that half of its adult free population should lag behind the other half in body and



ATHENA MOURNING

mind? He saw that a negative answer would carry him very far, but perhaps the farther the better. In the course of organizing an ideal state in which the upper class, regardless of its own happiness, should be the disinterested guardian of the whole, he described as an essential part of that class such a lady as the world had never seen. There was to be no assumption that she had or lacked this or that faculty; custom had made certain distinctions but whether God concurred in them was to be determined by experiment. The girls of this chosen class were to be educated in every respect like the boys; Amazons were once more to be

seen, but this time not opposed to men. Peaceful sports and warlike exercise were to develop the physique of boys and girls alike, and the training of the mind was to be the same for both. We are still uncertain whether there are actually psychic "sex-characters" or not; Plato could not see evidence of any. The different parts played by men and women in the continuance of the race seemed to him to have no necessary connection with their relative ability to practise medicine or to play the flute. We grant, he urged, that a bald-headed man is very different in one regard from a long-haired man; shall we then say that if bald men may become cobblers, long-haired men may not? And similarly, if we are sending for a doctor, shall we try to get one who excels in professional skill, or one who performs this or that function in reproduction? "None of the occupations which comprehend the ordering of a state belong to woman as woman, nor yet to man as man, but natural gifts are to be found here and there in both sexes alike; and, so far as her nature is concerned, the woman is admissible to all pursuits as well as the man. Shall we then appropriate all duties to men and none to women? On the contrary, we shall hold that one woman may have talents for medicine and another be without them; and that one may be musical and another unmusical; one woman may have qualifications for gymnastic exercises and for war, and another be unwarlike and without taste for gymnastics; there may be a love of knowledge in one woman and a distaste for it in another. There are also some women who are fit and others who are unfit for the office of guardian. As far as the guardianship of the state is concerned, there is no difference between the natures of the man and of the woman, but only various degrees of weakness and strength. Thus we shall have to select duly qualified women also, to share in the life and official labors of the duly qualified men, since we find that they are competent to the work, and of kindred nature with the men."\*

It is well known that to secure the best public service from his governing class, both men and women, Plato made a clean sweep of property and the family from among them. Temporary unions were to be arranged by the state, children were to be reared by the state, dwellings and mess-tables were to be furnished by the state. These proposals met the same objections then that they meet now. Whether property and the status of women are indissolubly connected is still the fundamental social question. The thing to be noted by students of the lady is this new conception of her. Like the lady of feudalism, she is the female of a governing class, yet she is not economically dependent. Like the Christian nun, she is explicitly devoted, not to the pursuit of happiness, but to the service of others; yet she is not to forswear marriage and maternity. We must add to the historic oddity of the discrepancy between the actual Athenian lady and the lady of art, her still more striking contrast with this theoretical lady. A time of her deep subjection produced the boldest declaration of her independence ever drawn. Other men had thoughts on this subject similar to Plato's. The comedies of Aristophanes show a thorough understanding of the problem and prove that the general public must have been familiar with it. It could not logically fail to interest men who lived beneath the shadow of Athena, of that spirit of self-restraint who caught Achilles by his yellow hair to hold him back from murder, that spirit of wisdom who walked with Odysseus as his familiar friend, and whom in all her aspects they held to be typically feminine. There was no incongruity in broaching in her presence a bold view of the destiny of women. The really humorous paradox is that Pericles, standing up to voice the ideals of the people she had formed, should take no further account of the sex she was one of than to beg its representatives on earth to be at all costs ladylike.

\* Condensed from the "Republic," Book v., trans. by Davies and Vaughan.

# EUROPEAN WATERWAYS

## AND THEIR LESSON FOR AMERICA

By HERBERT BRUCE FULLER

ADDED interest in the question of river and inland waterway improvement in the United States has been inspired by the return of the National Waterways Commission from Europe after an extensive tour of the Continent. Under the supervision of its chairman, Senator Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, an exhaustive study has been made of the marvelous waterway and engineering improvements now under way in Germany, Austria, Belgium and France. With the assistance of European official experts, the Commission inspected, among other monuments of engineering skill, the Iron Gates of the Danube and the Belgian canal system; they sailed the Rhine and navigated the canals of France, Germany and England. The results of their observations are of special interest in view of the almost utter demoralization of American waterways, and the nascent demand for a national and systematic scheme of waterway improvement in the United States.

During two generations the now comparatively little used Mississippi formed the chief outlet for the products of the Middle West. For this reason the hardy settlers of the West nearly involved the United States in a war with Spain. They even threatened to secede from the United States and set up an independent country, or, failing in that, to become a Spanish dependency. Free transportation on the Mississippi was essential to their existence.

The first great American artificial waterway was the Erie Canal, com-

pleted in 1825, which furnishes water transportation from the rich Northwest to the harbor of New York City, and thence to all parts of the world. Prior to the construction of this canal, the cost of transportation from Lake Erie to tide-water was well-nigh prohibitive. The influence this canal exerted in developing not only New York State and New York City, but the entire western country, can hardly be overestimated. Its immediate success inspired a swarm of similar undertakings, some practical, others highly visionary. A few of these were completed, but the disastrous panic of 1837 called a sudden halt on a score of promising schemes, most of which remain to this day unfinished.

Then, for several decades, waterways were neglected and industrial energies devoted, almost exclusively, to the construction of railroads. Certain natural conditions tended logically toward the development of railroad monopoly, and the complete demoralization of waterway projects. Railroads penetrated the deepest forest and linked the small hamlet with the prosperous metropolis. An immense portion of the territory was inaccessible to waterways, and here the monopoly of the railroads was complete. Moreover, the railroads could handle every commercial product more rapidly than barges, canal-boats or steamboats. They made transportation at once cheaper, safer and more expeditious. As to a large share of the business, the monopoly of the railroads was unassailable for these reasons. The higher classes of freight,

producing the greatest revenues in proportion to the expense of transportation, were conceded to the railroads. Hence, in the struggle for shipments, the waterways were limited to the cheaper and bulkier classes of freight, transported at the lowest rates and within a limited area.

But the railroad managers held to the theory that all waterway systems of transportation were a menace to railway lines, and that even the bulkiest freight should be transported by land; and in the struggle for supremacy they were the winners. In England and on the continent of Europe the same fight was fought and with like results. The railroads acted on the fallacious theory that it is commerce which produces transportation. There was no comprehension of the economic axiom that commerce increases in direct proportion to the facilities for transportation. Railway men were unable to realize that traffic diverted from the railroads to the waterways would be replaced by new business, and that this expansion, inspired by the extension of transportation facilities, improvement of industrial conditions and the lowering of rates, would continue indefinitely. With growing power they became insolent toward shippers and the public at large. Freight rates remained so high, and the inability of the roads properly to handle commerce at certain seasons of the year, notably in the autumn, became so manifest as to inspire a universal demand for the rehabilitation of the waterways as effective agents in the national scheme of transportation. Yet the railroad managers in this country and Europe still insisted that if the waterways were made commercially potent, they would divert from the railroads a considerable share of freight and threaten their prosperity.

The revival of interest in transportation problems began in Europe about a generation ago. It was synchronous in the various continental nations, and seems to have been inspired by acute dissatisfaction with railroad conditions and methods, and

by an awakened realization of the fact that the best commercial results could be obtained by the effective maintenance of both transportation systems—rail and waterway. The conditions which had served to develop railroad transportation, at the sacrifice of the waterway system in the earlier decades, were entirely natural. Hence it seemed certain that these conditions must be obviated to render successful any effort to rehabilitate the waterways. Belgium, Germany, Austria-Hungary and France undertook to solve the problem, and their experience forms an eloquent text-book for the American advocates of waterway development.

Experts agree that the perfection of inland waterway communication has been most nearly approached in Belgium—in proportion to its size, the wealthiest and most important industrial country in the world. The railroad system is owned by the Government, and the canal system has been developed under the general direction of the state, though the local government divisions have added to the financial assistance rendered by the nation.

In this small country there are about 5,000 miles of railroad. This is supplemented by a system of waterways aggregating some 1,500 miles, to be further extended by projects under construction and in contemplation. The waterways themselves are, in the main, constructed and maintained by the state, though such terminal facilities as harbors, docks, walls, slips, etc., are generally provided by local authorities. The result is an effective system of cooperation and division of the expenses of maintenance on a basis demonstrated to be the most nearly ideal.

Nature has endowed Belgium with a number of great navigable rivers—the Scheldt, the Lys, the Meuse and the Sambre being the most important. Not only do these highways serve for the enormous tonnage of Belgian freight, but they connect Belgium with Holland, France and Germany.

These streams have been improved at an enormous cost and connected by an ambitious system of canals. To join the various coal fields of the country, and to unite the eastern and western divisions of the natural canal system, the Canal du Centre was begun in 1882.

The barges operated on Belgian canals are privately owned, and are thus operated in competition with each other and with the state railways. This competition is, however, limited to the class of goods which admit of slow transportation, and the state, which has fixed railway charges at the lowest remunerative rates, exercises a measure of control over canal freights by assessing the canal tolls. Industrial and commercial interests are constantly consulted and the tolls levied are insignificant, the resulting restriction on canal traffic being very small.

There are no less than seven waterway routes which transport traffic between Belgium and France. There is a similar relation between the Belgian and Dutch waterway systems. One of the most important canals is that connecting Ghent in Belgium with Neuzen in Holland. Ghent is one of the most important industrial centres of northern Belgium, though not a seaport. For many years, however, vessels of considerable size have been brought up to Ghent from the port of Neuzen by a canal constructed, operated and owned jointly by the Netherlands and Belgian governments. This canal does for Ghent exactly what the Manchester canal does for Manchester. Belgium gains the advantages of another seaport town which is of special value in view of the congestion and enormous traffic centring at the port of Antwerp. Even Brussels, generally regarded as an inland city, has been brought to the sea by the canal. The Belgian Government owns the waterways and most of the railroads; and the latter do not compete for traffic which experience has shown can best be handled by canals and rivers. The policy of the Government is based on the assumption

that greater benefit will accrue to the people from cheap transportation than from larger railroad profits. The waterways produce an annual deficit which is met by the state.

Germany has been working for nearly a score of years on a systematic organization of its waterways system. Bismarck conceived that nothing could so effectively contribute toward making the German Empire a permanent and imperishable structure as the improvement of transportation facilities and their control by the imperial government. The rehabilitation of the waterways system was inaugurated in the early days of the Empire.

In Germany, as in the United States, there is abundant evidence that, if the railways were permitted free competition, they would banish traffic from the canals. It has been necessary for the Government to prevent this, as in Belgium and France, and with government ownership of the railways, prevention is not difficult. Here, as elsewhere on the continent, the waterways relieve the railroads of an enormous amount of traffic which, if carried by rail as in America, would necessitate a tremendous expansion, if it did not lead to the utter demoralization of the railroad system.

Statistics show that the developed waterways of Germany have resulted in such economies in certain branches of manufacturing as have placed Germany in a foremost position in the worldwide competition in the products of these industries. German rivers and canals carry more tons of freight per mile than do her railways.

In Germany, as in other European countries, it was realized primarily that to enable waterways to compete with railways they must be enlarged; that steam power must be made available; and that the many small locks must be either replaced by large ones or wholly removed. Wherever possible, locks on important waterways have been so enlarged that a steam tug with an entourage may be accommodated at a single lockage. By in-



creasing the tonnage of barges the expense of transportation is naturally reduced.

Berlin, although like Brussels an inland city, has been made the centre of a large and increasing water traffic, although in Germany waterway transportation is considerably impeded during the winter months by ice, the climate approximating that of our northern states.

In France, also, it has been necessary to protect the waterways from the ruinous competition of railroads. French statistics show that the best method of procuring the effective regulation of freight is by the development of a perfect waterway system. The administrative authorities have compelled the railroads to charge 20% more than the waterways, and thereby the waterways are assured their proportion of the traffic.

The French waterway system is in general harmony with that of other continental countries. It is based on improving rivers and uniting them by canals. The great rivers which form the main arteries of this system are the Loire, the Rhone, the Seine, the Dordogne and the Garonne, together with their navigable tributaries.

The most ambitious waterway enterprise which France has undertaken is that connecting the Mediterranean with the Bay of Biscay, across the southern portion of the country. The commercial value and the military significance of this enlarged canal are not to be translated into either francs or battleships.

At about the time of the Franco-Prussian war, the French began to realize that railroads should not be permitted to monopolize internal transportation. Even during the financial depression consequent upon that struggle millions of dollars were spent in improving rivers and harbors. A great work was accomplished in the improvements of the Seine leading up to Paris, and at about that time the great Eastern Canal (Canal de l'Est) was constructed. Enormous sums have been expended upon the improvement of the Rhone River, which

has its source in the Swiss Alps, and is one of the swiftest of the large French streams. This has presented one of the most difficult engineering problems of modern days. The water has been confined in a narrow channel by means of longitudinal dams. In order to conserve the supply and reduce the current, transverse dams have been resorted to. The Rhone, as a result of these improvements, presents an ideal type of the canalized river.

The Austrian statesmen have looked largely to southeastern Europe for the development of Austrian commerce. The Danube is one of the greatest streams in the world by reason of its length and volume of water and its enormous commercial and military significance. It is to southeastern Europe what the Mississippi is to the United States and the Yangtze to the great plains of southern China. It is the fond dream of Austrian statesmen that this magnificent waterway will, at some day, not remote, carry the commerce of industrial Austria to Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey and Greece, and become the highway of a trade reaching to Russia, Asia Minor and even the far East.

The Danube is 1,800 miles long and is navigable from its mouth at the Black Sea well into the interior of Germany. Beyond this it is connected with the Rhine by an efficient canal. The most serious obstacle to the navigation of the Danube is found at Orsova in extreme southeastern Hungary, near the boundary of Roumania. The river here passes through a series of rapids and cataracts known as the "Iron Gates." The channel is swift and dangerous, and the river bed is formed by a remarkable rocky structure. Enormous amounts have been expended here — approximately \$10,000,000 — and the improvements are the most remarkable of their kind ever undertaken. Tolls are exacted for the use of the new channel, this being the only point in Austria-Hungary where there is any charge for the navigation of a river.



In twenty years the water tonnage of Hungary has doubled, and in Austria even a greater increase has occurred; yet the water commerce of the Empire is still in its infancy. The growth of the commerce has kept even step with the development of the waterways. Inspired by the success of the improvements already completed, wonderful projects of commercial development are in contemplation based on the extension of Austrian trade into the near East with the Danube as its main channel.

Holland alone presents a case where railroads have demanded protection from the competition of canals. The Dutch waterway system is extensive and cheap, while railroad development has been remarkably slow.

The British Isles are of negative interest in a study of European waterways. They represent an eloquent contrast to conditions on the continent, since through grave neglect they have fallen into shameful desuetude. There are certain natural reasons for the inferiority of English waterways. English industrial cities, for the most part, are located on or near the ocean and neither railroads nor inland waterways can compete with ocean traffic. Before the railroad era, canals in Great Britain were highly profitable.

In the earlier canal era of Great Britain, all kinds of freight were handled by water and passenger traffic was highly profitable. But with the development of railroads passenger traffic was immediately lost and freight tonnage deteriorated. Finally the railroads, by various ingenious devices, secured control of a large portion of the canals and deprived them of traffic. In brief, there is no British waterway system.

In the canal between London and Liverpool, for example, there are four different gauges. Students of the English system are convinced that no improvement is possible until some method of government control is devised, and until the canals are removed from railroad domination and made distinctly a public utility.

In many cases the canals have been forced by the railroads into ruinous traffic agreements.

The Manchester ship canal, connecting the great manufacturing centre of Manchester with the waters of the Mersey River, is regarded in England and the United States as the most remarkable example of connecting an inland city with the ocean. Yet it is hardly more striking than a number of similar projects in the continental countries which have attracted but slight attention. Within the last few years English statesmen have awakened to the realization that desperate measures must be adopted to rehabilitate the waterways system of Great Britain unless that country is to labor under a severe economic disadvantage.

In Europe, where the waterways have been largely restored within the last generation, it has been the universal experience that there has followed an enormous increase of tonnage, which does not diminish railroad traffic; on the contrary, the railroads have found themselves immensely benefited by the expansion of the waterways, showing that traffic naturally increases in larger proportion than the extension of facilities.

In the continental countries of Europe, railroad traffic has grown beyond the dreams of avarice at the very time when waterways were most highly developed and their tonnage constantly increasing. The improvement and growth of waterway transportation has reduced freight rates, promoted industrial and commercial development and expanded natural wealth and prosperity. So clearly has this been demonstrated that those countries in which the government owns the railroads are foremost in developing canals and navigable rivers. Thus we see sundry European nations, with billions invested in publicly owned railroads, building another and competitive system of transportation, and transferring this competing system to the practically free use of the community.

The fact that it is necessary for

governments to protect the waterways does not prove them useless. No minister of finance in Europe would to-day seriously propound the theory that because waterways cannot support themselves in unrestrained competition they are unworthy of protection. From the experience of continental European nations, one conclusion alone can be deduced—that it is manifestly better to guarantee the waterways protection against railroads, than, as in the United States, to invest uncounted millions in waterway improvements, and then leave this system unprotected against the unrestrained assaults of railroad competition. The policy of the states where the governments own and operate the railroads is primarily to facilitate business rather than to monopolize it. Experience has demonstrated that it is not desirable that the railroads should monopolize traffic by carrying it at unremunerative rates. Both transportation systems should be maintained in effective coöperation on the theory that ultimately business will go to that system where it can be most profitably and economically handled.

The United States furnishes an extreme case of waterway decline. There are approximately 26,400 miles of navigable streams in the United States, having very little direct connection with each other except in the Mississippi region. About 4,500 miles of canals have been constructed. More than one half—2,444 miles, costing over \$80,000,000—have been abandoned. These conditions constitute an economic defect of serious disadvantage to the entire nation.

Our waterway system is broken up into quite unrelated parts on which ply vessels whose equipment is not interchangeable. This necessitates transshipments at great economic loss. At present the United States possesses no general waterways system. We have ocean routes of unrestricted depth and width, Great Lake routes of practically unrestricted depth except in certain important linking channels, and rivers and canals of

varying and restricted depth, of narrow width and handicapped by tortuous channels constantly shifting and filling.

The industrial development of the United States is being retarded by the lack of transportation facilities. The railroads at certain periods of the year—notably in the fall when agricultural products must be shipped in enormous amounts—are utterly unable to cope with the problem which they face. For moving cheaper and more bulky freight—such as grain and raw materials which constitute nearly three fourths of the freight of the country—our railroad systems must be supplemented by a practicable waterway system.

Navigable rivers must be improved, canals must be built to connect these streams, our waterways must be standardized as are the railroads and better harbor and terminal facilities must be provided. This done, the waterways must be protected from the homicidal tendencies of the railroads. And inland waterways cannot prosper upon merely local traffic; a reasonable amount of "through freight" is essential to the success of a water system of transportation.

Comparing American with European waterway conditions, Senator Burton suggests many reforms inspired by the conditions which he has investigated on his comprehensive tour, chief of which is some form of governmental supervision or control of railroad rates between points where competition prevails between land and water systems. "Take, for instance, the Mississippi between St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio," he says. "This Government has spent more money on that section of this one river than has Germany upon the Rhine. Yet the German stream hauls a hundred times as much freight as goes up and down this section of the Mississippi. Now there is no fundamental reason why Americans will not use their waterways for transportation purposes. They do not do so because they have been prevented from doing so."

# STRENGTH

By KEENE ABBOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY O. T. JACKMAN



WITH his face fluffed over with lather, razor in hand, Dailey stood before the looking-glass. He was about to begin shaving when

there came a noise of some one outside kicking snow off heavy boots. It was the ranch foreman, and as he entered, the doorway of the bunk-house framed a winter landscape: a white blaze of sunlight upon a limitless sheeted field which seemed to have been dusted, clear to the sky-line, with powdered silver; in the distance a few nightcapped hills blotched with the black-purple of pine trees, and behind them a cold intensity of flawless blue—the still and frozen dream of a perfect December day.

"Well, Tom," said the foreman, as he pulled off his fur gloves and spread his hands to the warmth of the cast-iron stove, "we ship our fats next Monday, and Hern has to be notified. He's in Omaha. I wish you'd go to town and wire him in care of the Exchange."

"Start now?" Dailey inquired.

"No, in the morning. Trail's too heavy for a night ride."

"All right." Dailey spoke the words with a prompt brevity which did not betray his distaste for the mission assigned him, yet so acute was his disappointment and so unsteady his hand that he twice cut himself before he had finished shaving. As he was taking the towel from about his neck an Irish youth called Dutch came clumping noisily into the bunk-house.

"Guess we better rehearsal the big talk again, had n't we?" he asked, as he breezily tossed his cap and gloves into the corner behind the stove.

Dailey, be it known, had recklessly consented to take part in a debate which was to be wrestled through to-morrow at a meeting of the Sand Hill Literary. This tousle-headed friend of his had frequently held the speech-manuscript for helpful promptings, and now, after Dutch had rummaged out some written pages from an inside pocket of Dailey's coat, he was straightway absorbed in the eloquence of them. There was profound admiration in his voice when he presently exclaimed:

"My gracious, but you do sling lots of language into this!" Then he reflectively added: "Glad I don't have to spiel it off. It just stinks with language. Bet Farnsworth can't handle a bunch of talk like that."

At first Dailey made no answer. He was thinking of the girl in whose honor he had consented to expose himself to the forensic artillery of a debate, and he was also thinking of the young man whose name had been mentioned. In addition to good looks and gallantry of manner, Farnsworth, of the opposing side, was also gifted in the arts of rhetoric. Dailey reluctantly admitted as much.

"Dutch, you're wrong. He's no slouch, Farnsworth ain't. Grammar comes natural to him; he takes it easy and gets some style on it, but me—" He spread his rope-calloused fingers over his mouth as if to rub the last oratorical impulse off his lips. "No," he went on, "I can't make it sound grand like he does."

I stew and sweat so." Shortly afterward, with unnatural quietness in his voice, he slowly observed: "I hear that Farnsworth is a cousin of our boss. Wonder if that's so."

"Reckon he is. What of it?" said Dutch.

"Oh, nothing. Only I'm not going over to the Bar Four Outfit tomorrow for the debate. Guess you better chuck that speech of mine into the stove."

Why, Dailey was wondering, had he been singled out to carry the foreman's message to the telegraph station? Was Farnsworth trying to keep him away from the party? Did he think that Kate would be more easily charmed if her usual escort was not there? Yes, that might be the way of it. "A smart trick," thought Dailey, "to get rid of me!"

Only he could not be sure that it was a trick. There was absolutely no means of knowing whether it was important to send the telegram. He did know, however, that it is essential to ship cattle when the market is right, and now that he had been sent to convey the message about the shipment, he had no thought of refusing to follow instructions.

So the next day, in the bluish darkness of early morning, while starlight was still glittering in cold sharp sparkles upon the snow, he prepared for his journey of twenty-one miles to the telegraph station. The moon was setting, a crescent of thin-edged, frosted light that went pricking down into the frozen hush of a distant hill.

At the barn the sleighing party of eight people who were going to the Bar Four Ranch had already assembled, for it was necessary to have a very early start in order that the women folk (they liked the debate on account of the dance to come afterward) might help prepare the dinner. A wagon-box, well stuffed with hay and containing bed-quilts and blankets, had been put on runners for this midwinter outing.

Everybody was somewhat sleepy;

the women shivered under their wraps, yawning from time to time, and not talking much. Standing in the great doorway of the barn, muffled deep in their heavy garments, they looked like corpulent shadows against the field of bluish snow.

"Are the soap-stones hot?" some one inquired. It was the voice of a woman who was holding a great bundle in her arms, evidently a baby snugly wrapped in a quilt.

"Yes, they're hot," a man answered. "I put them in the sleigh."

"If the wind don't come up we'll have a great day for it," another observed, and some one added:

"Yes, it will be all right, if the wind don't blow."

The horses were being harnessed, and from the lower part of the barn a lantern occasionally passed from one stall to another, revealing the legs of a man and casting a circular blotch of shadow on the rafters overhead. As the horses were led out a warm, steamy, animal odor came with them, and their hard hoofs resounded upon the planking of the floor with an animated clatter. The men, having thawed the frost of the bits, either by the heat of the lantern or by blowing upon them, put on the bridles and then adjusted some heavy strands of bells which rang with abrupt and unequal tinklings, pausing, breaking forth afresh with deep-toned clangor of the larger bells and then diminishing into the faint, high-noted jingle of the nervous smaller ones.

The first animal to be led from the barn was obviously not intended for one of the sleighing horses. Upon his back he bore a heavy saddle, with the big, iron stirrups commonly used by cattle men of the West. He was led by a stalwart individual whose head, in its wolf-skin cap, was a fuzzy ball of fur. He walked clumsily like a bear, for he wore shaggy leggings of Angora goat, warm chaparejos reaching to his hips, and at every step his Mexican spurs clanked at his boot-heels.

Near the side-door of the barn, as

he was about to swing into the saddle, he caught sight of some one for whom he had been watching and whom he recognized despite her heavy wraps.

"Well, Kate, I hardly knew you," he said.

"You're not coming with us?" she asked.

"I can't. I'm off for town, you know."

"Don't you want to come?" she questioned.

And he asked with an abashed softening of tone:

"Do you care if I don't?"

Her reply was irrelevant.

"Mr. Farnsworth says you can't make a speech."

"Does, eh? Well, maybe you're interested in what Farnsworth says."

"Why should n't I be? He is interesting. Don't you think so?"

The man with the horse solemnly replied:

"He's got lots of book learnin'—yes, that's so."

"Is that why you're afraid to debate against him?"

"Now, Kate; look here, Kate: if you say that . . . Oh, shucks! What does anybody care about that hot-air, wind-jammin' debate? Only thing I care about would be to sit alongside of you in that sled. You know that, Kate. You know, or maybe you don't know, that I been thinkin' about this for quite a spell, and if things had n't turned out the way they have . . ."

"Nonsense!" the girl interposed.

"Why don't you get one of the other boys to go to town for you?"

"Can't do that, Kate; no, honest. You see, the boss did n't tell anybody else to go; he told *me* to go. And besides," Dailey added with an uncomfortable chuckle, "I guess he never hired me to be his expert speechmaker."

"But if I ask him to send some one in your place?"

"Good gracious, no! That would n't do. I'm no sluffer, Kate. I do my work. All the boys do theirs. You know that. So you must n't

ask him, and I must n't. Could n't think of it, really."

"Not for me? Not when I want you to represent us in this debate?"

A degree of asperity came into Dailey's voice.

"Well, look here: I just got to go to town, and that's all there is about it."

There was a throb of vexation in the girl's voice as she quietly observed:

"Mr. Farnsworth said you would n't be there; he said you'd back down; he said . . . But what's the use of talking? He wins; I lose. Good-bye, Mr. Dailey. Awfully sorry you have such a painful sense of duty, but I see there's a reason for it."

"Why, why, Kate, if you say that; if you think that . . ." His jaws snapped shut. He vaulted into the saddle and rode away, and as the horse trotted along through the sparkle of snow, under the quiet stars, he called back to the girl in the doorway of the barn: "I'll debate with him. I'll be back. I'll waltz with you to-night."

He meant that he would ride the twenty-one miles to the telegraph station, send the message to Omaha, and then ride back to the Bar Four Ranch in time to carry out the programme of the day. In good weather, without so much snow on the ground, this could easily be done, but now it was a different matter. As the speed of his horse heightened into a fluent canter, he said to himself:

"If the wind don't blow, I guess I'll make it."

While proceeding upon his way he soon felt a rise of temperature and realized that more snow was going to fall. The advancing day brought a spectral dawn, and he had not been an hour in the saddle before the great, slow-swimming cloud-islands of the sky had blotted out the stars. When morning had blanched above him he saw that flakes had begun to balance doubtfully through the moist air, and before long the contexture of hills was obscured and then effaced by the wilderness of falling snow.



For three hours he had been riding hard, and therefore he was in hopes that soon he might have an opportunity to saddle a fresh horse. He kept a sharp lookout, and presently, as he mounted a hillock and surveyed the valley, he espied, afar off through the white hush and endless eddying of flakes, a blurred patch of shadowy forms. Were they horses? Were they cattle? None but the practised eye of the plainsman could have identified them, but Dailey knew they were horses, and hastening on toward them he quickly lassoed a bronco and changed mounts, for all of the herd bore the brand of the Circle X. The backs of the horses were powdered over with a white down, but the one that Dailey turned loose showed a dark clear place where the saddle had been, an expanse of back which steamed with sweat.

It was no longer snowing so steadily, yet even when the scarlet face of the sun glowed through a rent in the gray sky, the moist air still held an enormous quantity of large, adhesive flakes that continued to fall, a silent animation of fairy foam which glittered as it fell in its hesitating haste toward the vast winding sheet of the earth.

Presently, as the horseman went fleeting on, he realized that the fall of snow was pausing, and he also realised that the temperature was steadily sinking. Before him and on every side of him the prairie lay dumb, swathed deep with its dazzling mantle of frozen froth. It was grim in its loveliness of purity, terrifying in its cold and tragic silence. Loneliness was there, and more than loneliness; it was a painful sense of insecurity. The wind slept, but this white debauchery of space awaited the coming of the wind. Dailey knew it. Fear was upon him, the haunting dread of one who feels in the amazing trance of the frosted air the coming of the wind.

It came. Dailey struck spurs to his horse and fled. But what use to run like that? The wind was running. The snow leaped; up it

began to roll in long billows over the prairie. The gale heightened and the herding waves rose in proportion as the power of the storm increased.

From the northeast came the wind; then from the north; then from the northwest—not steadily blowing, but heaving like a colossal thing, dying away, pausing to draw breath, and sweeping ever more frigidly, ever more mightily across the white wastes of solitude. At each leap of the horse, white flames darted up from the ground; snow-serpents hissed; fleeces rose, hurling themselves into space, and colder, colder still the flocking snow-waves came whistling their dry sibilance. It was the flying panic of the winter tempest; it was the shearing of the hills.

Hour after hour the wind blew; colder, minute by minute, the frost-stung billows went hurrying on,—mounting, passing, coming again, coming with more force, faster and yet faster, and mightier always in scope and amplitude. Before long the prairie was all one whirling frenzy of frozen spray. It was a white darkness; it was a blind, abysmal agony of seething snow.

The rider had dismounted, for the benumbing cold had begun to tingle in his feet and hands. To keep warm he must exercise. So he commenced to walk, with the bridle reins looped over his arm. It was slow, laborious work, for drifts, many drifts had formed, and in some of them he sank to the knee. Often he floundered and fell, but it was all right; he was strong; he could keep on going.

Only he must be careful not to get too warm; he must not perspire. He knew that would be dangerous and he kept telling himself that everything would be all right if he did not get too warm.

Immediately, as soon as the wind set in, he consulted his watch, and it gladdened him to think that the sleighing party had been given sufficient time to reach the neighboring ranch. Then, as the increasing gale dried the flocculence of the newly



fallen snow and began to drive it into a stupendous whisking of white dust, he was still more pleased to think that his friends were safely sheltered under a welcoming roof.

"It's all right, sure," he mumbled into the frosted muffler across his mouth. Many times he assured himself of this, and he fancied how Kate would look, his Kate, as she took off her snowy wraps in the warm ranch house, there before the robust fire that would jovially roar in the big stove as it threw out a lively heat upon the half-frozen guests. He saw her cheeks all rosy with the cold and he saw the gracious smiling of his Kate, with those delicately curved lips of hers and the moist shine of her pretty teeth behind them.

Yes, by this time she was there, safe! Everything was all right. In the evening he would dance with her, hold her firmly in his arms, and perhaps tell her what he had long had in mind to tell her.

Of course he might not get there in time for the debate, but by evening—Surely he would be there then! And if—if he were not?

But no matter. To keep on going—that was the thing to do. He would be careful; he would not waste his strength, and on that account it vexed him greatly when he began to have trouble in leading his horse. The animal would not come willingly and kept pulling back.

"Now then, you!" Dailey exclaimed, but he could not even hear his own voice, the wind was hooting so. Nor could he see the horse distinctly when he looked back. In the snow-smudge which stifled breath and burned like scorching desert sand, or pricked the flesh like splintered needle-points, he could only discern a moving blur. It was a gray, shapeless, phantom thing to which the jerking bridle-reins were attached.

Often, as Dailey and his horse were pushed and shuffled along by the gale, the impression came to him that they were making no progress at all; that their floundering steps were only tediously marking time;

that the storm, and the storm alone was the thing that moved.

All day long, patiently and persistently, he went toiling on; all day long, with terrifying rigor, the wind continued to blow. Then, at nightfall, he decided to go no farther. In mounting a hillside he had come upon what is called a blow-out, a sort of cave in the sand scooped out by the cannonading of the winds. This hollow in the earth was on the south side of the slope, and by the waning light of day the plainsman carefully examined the sand in an effort to determine, from the color and texture of it, what part of the country he was in. For leagues around he knew the characterizing peculiarities of the soil, which had often served as compass and guiding star to him, but here the sand had no distinguishing feature. He was utterly unable to conclude whether it was twenty yards or twenty miles to the nearest habitation.

This chance shelter, however, was gratefully accepted. Making his horse lie down, he rolled up in his blanket, crept close to the animal's back, put the saddle over his head, and prepared for his night's sleep.

It was very cold. The frozen air seemed to burn the tissues of his throat and to go scalding deep into his lungs. He buttoned his fur collar over his mouth, pressed closer to his horse, and before long was fairly comfortable. He slept soundly and the next morning when he awoke he was rather surprised to hear the loud, even pulsing of his watch. Then, as he tried several times to move the saddle from off his head, he realized that the wind must have shifted in the night, for he was weighted down by a snow-bank.

Struggling out of this frozen bed, with the bridle reins still fastened to his arm, he said to his horse:

"You did n't freeze, eh? Well, how are you, old fellow? Pretty stiff?"

Getting to his feet with painful effort, the sad-faced animal looked at the man, as if in protest against

having the heavy saddle again put on his back, but for once he permitted the girths to be drawn tight with neither a savage bite nor a savage kick at his master.

Once more the journey into the storm was resumed. A wan, shadowless day it was. Snow was falling; snow was rising. The fog of icy dust still whisked in seething tumult over hills and prairie, effacing shapes and choking the gray light of dawn.

"If we don't miss it, maybe we 'll get to the Bar Eight," Dailey mumbled as he dragged one leg, then the other leg out of the snow in laborious rotation, slowly advancing and pulling his horse after him.

From time to time he paused to draw his belt tighter. If he could only get it tight enough, perhaps it would stop that grinding in his stomach which sometimes became a brutal wrenching.

Hunger was upon him, a rasping, ragged weight of hunger, the appalling famine which comes to one whose strength is waning. Dailey began to suck at the handkerchief which muffled his mouth; he set his teeth into the fabric, bit the cloth as though expecting to draw sustenance from it. But this only started the flow of saliva, and he grew hungrier and hungrier.

Then he was attacked by drowsiness. He began to yawn; he yawned repeatedly, and sometimes, through the ice-fringed lashes of his eyes, he could see the pale vapor of his breath. All the while, too, a numbness was stealing over him, a prickly numbness which seemed to make his scalp tighten upon his head with a tingling flush, and which shivered down his spine, along his arms and legs, as though fluid currents of frost were quivering under his skin. At the same time he began to have the sensation of moving with a buoyant lightness, of bounding through the air without effort, as when one dreams he is flying.

"This won't do," he told himself, and he flapped his arms about his body, pounding them against him-

self to start the blood into freer action.

While in this plight, Dailey finally came upon the carcass of a steer which must have been killed by wolves. Yellow in contrast with the purity of snow, some of the blanched ribs protruded above a drift, and to these bones a few blackened rags of integument still adhered. Several snow-birds flew up as he drew near, fluttered, cheeped and circled about while he tried to break off some of the frozen meat. With his heavy Colt's revolver he beat upon the ribs, for his bowie knife was gone; it was lost somewhere back yonder among the hills. In vexation that he could get no nourishment from the bones, he began kicking the half-buried carcass of the steer. The exercise warmed him and finally put him back into his presence of mind. Then the idea came to him that some of those snow-birds might be good to eat.

With his quirt, a short whip with a heavy handle, he adroitly knocked one of them over. It fell into the snow, its gray wings fluttering, its neck stained with blood. Dailey felt no repugnance at taking those feathers and that warm, still palpitating body into his mouth. And when there was no more of the little fowl, he caught up the snow where it was dotted by little splotches of red. Precious nourishment, those wee, red drops! He devoured them as he waited, and five times he threw his whip at the other birds, but without success, for they were frightened and would not come back again.

Well, all right; he would have to go on. He would keep moving, and if he did that, if he did not give up, why perhaps, in the end, everything would not be so bad. In any case, he would fight to the last; he would make the most of his remaining strength.

Doggedly he urged himself on; obstinate in his unyielding endurance, he pressed forth into the heaving tempest swirls, and once, as his leg plunged into a drift, he almost

stepped upon a long-eared rabbit. The scared animal leaped away before the man had time to shoot, and after that he kept seeing other rabbits. By twos and threes he saw them; they increased; they became a galloping herd; they swarmed before him and on each side of him. Twice he shot at one of them before he realized that they were but visions evoked by the delirium of hunger. He became interested in the phenomenon; it amazed him, but also terrified him, for he had grown afraid that a real rabbit might start up, and he would not know that it was real.

All the same, they were pretty, some of them. Two were white, pure white upon a green field of clover. He saw them with their pink eyes, their pink ears and their noses that seemed to "wink" while they chewed the tender leaves. They swelled into gigantic proportions and then diminished, dissolving utterly into whiffs of swirling snow.

"Freezing!" Dailey said to himself, and once more he fell to beating his arms about his body. He must not loiter. Kate was waiting for him; he must dance with her to-night.

In the confusion of his mind he had lost all sense of time. He had a half conviction that he had been to town, that he had sent the telegram and that he was now returning to the ranch, and he grew troubled because he could not be perfectly sure as to what he had done.

He had also begun to fret about something else. A remote fear had invaded him, a painful misgiving about the weight of his feet. What if they were frozen? Well, in that case, perhaps he had better cut off his toes. Dailey felt for his knife, and then recalled that it was gone.

Lost! that was it; his knife was lost. He could not lighten the ponderous weight of his feet, because he had no way of cutting off his toes. This annoyed him; it annoyed him a great deal; he grew very angry about it, and this vexation gave him new life. It warmed him; it was as stimu-

lating as hot brandy, and it made possible the energy he used to raise his horse when that dejected animal, having stepped in the hole of a prairie dog, suddenly fell down.

The interval of strength had soon passed, and afterward Dailey was more exhausted, more spent physically and mentally than he had ever been. Visions peopled the storm. Every clump of sage brush became a man. Sometimes he cried out to those strangers; he called loud; he begged for guidance, but they heeded not; they fled, and he dared not leave his horse to run after them. Presently he got used to those illusions, and he felt strangely pleased that he had not allowed himself to be led away by them.

With the fires it was different. To right and left he saw them—not great bursts of scorching flame, but a sweet blossoming of small fires, Indian fires—fires to crouch over and absorb, fires that breathe a gentle and comfortable warmth through a man's whole body. For a time, as he tried to reach one of them, they eluded him, but at last he succeeded. He bent over the crackling flames, laughed, wiped the smoke out of his eyes, and then, of a sudden, the fire was gone. A clump of "bunchgrass," as it is called, a wind-lashed sheaf of dry blades, was all that remained under his hands.

"That's queer, awful funny," said Dailey, and to his horse he added: "We got to look out now; yes, sir; got to go careful, now!"

He knew that he was freezing; he knew it and began to prepare for it. When he entered a narrow ravine which offered temporary shelter from the frothing solitudes of snow, he scrawled some words in a note-book, awkwardly clamping a stub of lead pencil between his thumb, which was like a stick, and his first finger, which was like another stick. This is what he wrote:

"Dutch—I got mixed up in the storm. It blue rotten. Tell the boss I could n't make town. Tell Kate she is comfortable

to think about. Good by, old boy. You been a good friend to me. I want you to have my watch and gun and razor. Pay berryal expense when you sell my horse and saddle. Good by."

A long period was required for the writing of this message. Often, as he was toiling at it, he would have to pause to warm his hands against his chest, inside his clothing. But at last the work was done. He fumbled the note-book into his pocket, and was again ready to do battle against the storm.

To go as far as possible, to keep moving—that was the thing to do. But now he was light-headed, dizzy, and it seemed to him that when his legs sank deep into a snow-drift he would never be able to get them out again. The grinding weight of hunger had passed away, but a great numbness, as though his muscles had been stunned by the cold, was making it almost impossible to move. Then, too, his thoughts were becoming more and more blurred, and a sweet, insistent drowsiness was luring him into the valley of sleep. He knew that he could not much longer withstand the desire to give up, to go no further, to lie down out here on the prairie, amid this rigorous down-heaval and upheaval of the swishing, endless snow.

Night fell, but Dailey did not know that darkness had come. Still he moved; still he went floundering doggedly on. Then an accident happened. His horse staggered and dropped; something jerked him by the arm, and he wondered about that. Helplessly he pulled at the bridle reins, too perplexed, too much asleep to understand this thing. He pulled and pulled, but he could not go on. Something was holding him back.

"Don't do that—don't!" he said, trying dully to release himself from the straps fastened to his arm. He was vaguely troubled about them. They must not hold him like this; it was wrong. He must not stand still; he would freeze if he stood still. Well, then, why didn't they let go of him, those straps!

Like a child he reasoned about it, but he could not reason well enough to release himself. And yet he thought his faculties were all right; he even imagined that he could separate the vagaries which beset him from actualities. In the seething darkness a light appeared, a blurred yellow glow which vanished and came again. He saw it, but he would not let himself be convinced that he saw it.

"Nothing—nothing at all," he kept telling himself, but all the same, the light did not vanish utterly. After every sweep of billowing snow it shone again, not elusively, but in one place, a fitful beacon set there, yonder, in the blurring wilderness of storm.

"Nothing; it is nothing," Dailey said, and yet, in spite of his better judgment, he gave himself up to the notion that it might indeed be a lamp in the window of some ranch-house, or in a settler's cabin.

Was it near? Was it far? Was it in very truth a light?

If he were to shoot off his revolver, perhaps people would hear the noise and come to him. But why use a cartridge for that? He must not waste ammunition. He felt very clever to have thought of being so cautious, for if wolves came upon him, he would now be ready for them.

Laboriously he dragged the weapon from its holster. It was very heavy, that revolver; he could scarcely hold it up, for something had gone wrong with his hand. He could not make the blundering fingers shut tight. They were stiff, dreadfully stiff, and yet he managed to hold up that ponderous weapon.

In the after days, when the long delirium of fever had at last spent itself, Dailey was told of having fired several shots through the window of a settler's cabin. He remembered nothing about it, and indeed, it was a puzzling thing to him why he should be lying in bed, with his feet and hands done up in bandages. Yet by degrees, as his sorry plight was explained to him, he began to

recall his bitter experiences in the storm, and then, with perplexity in his voice, he said:

"Out there, eh? I was right out there, about fifteen feet from the house! Well, what do you know about that! But say—look here, now: Was I going, or coming?"

"When I found you," the settler replied, "both you and your horse were down in the snow."

"Were, eh? The storm had put us out. Well, all right. But say, what I want to know is—" For a time he stared at the ceiling, and then, of a sudden, he shook the bed with a savage, shattering oath. "I never got there," he ruefully added, "no, sir, I never got to town. I tried, honest I did—tried hard, but I did n't make it; I never sent that telegram."

Dailey sniffled, and then began to cry like a little boy. It was the choking, futile anger of one who has failed.

"You're alive, though, and that's something, the way I figure it," the homesteader commented.

"I had to go to town, and I never got there," Dailey repeated, and jerked his shaggy head back and forth on the pillow to shake the tears out of his eyes. "The debate—I missed that, too!"

"Debate! Lord a'mighty! we won't mind about that, I guess."

"But I do, though; I do mind about it!" He was silent, and he began to stare, stare hard at the ceiling. When he spoke again there was quiet determination in his voice. "I'll win it, too. Do you hear? I'm going to win that debate. There's a girl in it. So you see—you understand—No, you don't, neither. You think I'm out of my head again."

"Doctor says you're to lay quiet and not get excited and upset about anything."

Dailey raised his bandaged bands, and waving them wonderingly before his eyes, quietly remarked:

"He had to slice off some of my lunch hooks, did n't he?—and some of my toes?"

"You were in awful bad shape. Your boss and some of the boys from the ranch were over after the storm let up, and they fetched the doctor. Did n't look like we could pull you through."

"But you did, though," said Dailey. "Here I am, all right. And my finger and thumb—I got *them* left. Well, that's good; that's awful nice. Bet your life that's good!"

He was quick to adjust himself to the loss, but there was another misfortune which he did not know how to bear. One day in February his old friend, Dutch, brought him news that Kate, his Kate, was engaged to be married. She was going to be the wife of Mr. Farnsworth.

After hearing this news Dailey said nothing. He meditated; he clamped his teeth together and helplessly dragged one of his bandaged hands back and forth over the bed-quilt. Then, speaking very calmly, he said:

"A good man, that Farnsworth. Yes, that's so, but all the same — Dutch, in my coat pocket there's a note-book. I scribbled something in it, the day I got lost in the hills and thought I was a goner. S'pose you give that to Kate—I was never sick before in my life, Dutch—I never was. You tell her that. And tell her, Dutch, that it gets some lonesome, but tell her it's all right; tell her I got her to think about; tell her I always will think about her. And —and tell her, Dutch, that maybe it would hurry me along a little in getting well, if only she would n't go and hitch up with Farnsworth before I had a chance to see her."

Be sure Dailey's friend did not fail to deliver the message, but if it made any impression on the girl, she at least did not alter her decision, and each Sunday, when the fine spring days had come, she went for a long ride or a long drive across the prairie with the man to whom she was promised.

After each of these excursions she returned with wild flowers in her hand and the bloom of health glow-





Drawn by O. T. Jackman

See page 832

IT WAS VERY HEAVY, THAT REVOLVER; HE COULD SCARCELY HOLD IT UP



ing in her cheeks. But a troubled look had come into her eyes, and her mother, housekeeper at the ranch, noticed the change and fretted about it. What possessed the girl to go around like that, when she was about to marry the best educated man in the country? The mother, for her part, had set her heart on this match, and she could not understand why her daughter should seem so cold and uninterested. For Kate no longer sang about the house, nor did she joke any more with the boys of the ranch in the hearty give-and-take manner which had made her such a favorite.

Then, one Sunday morning after breakfast, as the girl stood on the door-step to shake out the red and white checked table cloth, while chickens came running to pick up the crumbs which she scattered upon the ground, Kate became interested in two vehicles, afar off, which were steadily advancing. One was a new buggy, with the sunlight twinkling gayly upon the varnish of the wheels. The other conveyance was a buckboard drawn by galloping horses. Presently both teams were running, and the girl perceived that it was a race.

Shading her eyes with her hand, while a faint pulse-beat of prairie breeze fluttered her apron strings and played with a ringlet of her red-brown hair, she observed, with straining vision, the progress of the hurrying teams.

By more than a length the panting horses of the buckboard won the race. The teams came charging into the dooryard of the ranch house, and there was a squealing scamper of little pigs and a wild flutter of chickens that fled running on their yellow legs, their necks outstretched and their wings anxiously flapping.

As the horses stopped short, the driver of the buckboard awkwardly jerked off his wide-brimmed hat.

"Well, here we are," he said.

And the man in the buggy added:

"Yes, here we are."

"Both are welcome," said the

girl, and she began to fold the tablecloth, pressing the centre of one hem under her chin, while she rather nervously reached out in front of her to put the edges together.

"No, Kate, it can't be both," said the man in the buckboard. "Here we are, now, and it's up to you. If you take him I won't bother you any more, and if you take me, *he* won't bother you any more."

With amused good nature the handsome young man in the buggy inquired:

"A bit late, are n't you, Tom? But perhaps you don't know that Miss Carrol is pledged to me."

These words Dailey utterly ignored. He was peering intently into the woman's eyes. Then he said with slow emphasis:

"I don't want to cheat you, Kate; damaged goods, I am—sort of crippled up." He started to raise his maimed hands, but faltered, and the muscles of his face twitched uneasily as he dropped his wrists between his knees.

But the man in the buggy had caught a glimpse of those almost fingerless hands, and instinctively he turned away, being stricken with that primitive aversion which the strong have for cripples.

Kate saw that shrug of repulsion; she saw, too, by the gleam in Dailey's eyes that the unspoken affront had stabbed deep. With a look at Farnsworth the girl cried out:

"How *could* you!"

There was a swift flutter of her pink skirts, and she was beside the buckboard.

"Tom! poor, dear, old Tom!" she said, and she looked up at the man with eyes that were big and soft with the sympathy and protecting kindness which is in every woman.

It may be that Dailey saw in those eyes something more than that; perhaps he saw in them the something he had been hoping and waiting for—the something which even the girl herself did not know was there. But he said nothing; he merely reached down, and with the good

strength which had courage to fight against the vast snow-winds of the winter tempest, he easily swung the girl up, and set her gently down on the seat beside him.

Startled, panting with a conflict of emotions, she glanced at the man, and the secret of her soul was out.

The song of songs was singing in the blood of each of them.

Dailey knew it. His mouth went to hers in a kiss which was both a plighting and a challenge. Then, with steadfast eyes, he looked at the driver of the buggy.

"Farnsworth," he said, "I win."



ROMAN WATCH-TOWER

## VAL D'AOSTA

By FELICE FERRERO

### II.—THE ROMAN PAST

The Roman ruins of the Val d' Aosta are, from an historical point of view, among the most important extant, and even when judged merely as objects of curiosity, are among the most impressive, being probably second only to those of Rome itself. The fact may seem surprising at first, that such a far-away mountainous district should have been endowed with so many lasting monuments; but it can easily be explained.

Although the passes of the Val d'

Aosta had been used by Roman troops before the reign of Augustus, the valley itself came definitely into the control of Rome during that period, when the Salassi—the previous possessors of the valley—accepted the inevitable and submitted to the invading power of the Republic, or—according to some records, which are, however, contradicted by inscriptions in the valley—were exterminated. It is evident that the Romans did not force their supremacy into the wild

fastnesses of the heavily wooded valley without very serious political motives. The scanty mineral resources of a district remote and difficult of access would have hardly tempted the conquerors of kingdoms and nations into the long and dangerous task of subduing a fierce and independent population of mountaineers. After the conquest of Helvetia and of Gaul, the valley of Aosta was no longer an unknown and insignificant corner of the earth: it had promptly become the most direct highway between Italy and the northern parts of the Empire. As the Roman power grew and strengthened itself beyond the Alps, not soldiers alone, but long trains of merchandise and large numbers of travellers went through the great valley and over the two passes, later the Great and the Little St. Bernard. A line of communication of such importance for the Empire had necessarily to come under imperial control. Once the Romans were in the valley, they went to work with the rapidity

and on the magnificent scale that characterized them. They built great consular roads, bridges, markets; established the important camp of Augusta Prætoria (Aosta), fortifying it with walls and towers, and beautifying it with arches and theatres; provided the towns with water; erected hospices along the roads, near the top of the passes, where travellers could find refuge in storms, and rest at all times. Here, as everywhere, order, system, peaceful busy-ness followed in the wake of the Roman arms.

Where the valley opens into the plains, stood Eporedia (now Ivrea), once a noted city, with a population of over 100,000 inhabitants, while the town that has succeeded it is but an easy-going, big village of 7000 or 8000 souls. In Roman times Eporedia was probably the largest city of the whole valley of the Po, west of Milan. The trip over the Alps was then an enterprise of respectable magnitude, fraught with natural dangers and much fatigue. As there was no other



ROMAN BRIDGE OF PONT-ST.-MARTIN

Under the arch the strata of *empletion* are plainly visible



ROMAN ROAD AT DONNAZ

On the milestone at left of centre are the first numerals of the number of miles

means of getting over the heights but by walking, and walking is slow, it is possible that a caravan of merchants did not employ less than a week or two in travelling from Eporedia to Octodurus (Martigny), or *Aqua Gratiæ* (Aix-les-Bains). Eporedia was therefore the place where travellers naturally stopped to rest after arriving, or organized their caravans before starting; where the merchants of the plains came to meet those of the mountains, and the merchants of Italy to meet those from Gaul; a great trading centre, a hotel city, bustling with the activities of lively transit and of brisk exchange, like some big modern railroad centre, a St. Louis or Chicago. Now international trade has disappeared, carried by the railroad lines through other valleys to other markets. In the few minutes of train-stop at the station of Ivrea, the traveller of to-day is wont to look, and quite unconcernedly, out of the car-window, at the town asleep in its magnificent amphitheatre of morenic hills, the last throes of a great mountain system as it dies into the plain.

The fact that the Roman Eporedia was so much larger than the modern Ivrea explains why its people now-a-days so often make rich finds of Roman relics when they excavate for foundations of houses, or for wells, in the neighborhood of the present town. Eporedia was apparently a prominent centre for the barrel-industry—if we may so call the receptacle that in Roman times took the place of the barrel, the clay *amphora*: so must one conclude from the number of vessels of that type that have been found massed in different spots, as if kept in store and ready for shipment. *Amphoræ* were used to carry water, wine and oil; but the workmen that dig in and about Ivrea have discovered that they once had also another use,—as depositories for money—perhaps as domestic savings-banks. One may reckon almost to a certainty that when a ditch-digger finds an *amphora*, he will immediately smash it to see if there be hidden treasure within it. Generally the treasure is wanting and he loses the worth of the *amphora*. This careless destruction explains the difficulty of finding an *amphora* for

sale in Ivrea, although so many have been brought to light.

Sometimes, however, treasure is actually found, and the story goes that a few years ago a ditch-digger, who had thus come into possession of

formality, in the custody of a policeman specially delegated for the purpose, he may enter its seldom-opened doors. The museum is largely filled with Japanese bronzes, porcelains and lacquered goods of the end of the



OUTSIDE WALL OF THE ROMAN THEATRE (AOSTA)

several thousand silver coins, used them to buy cigars: whereupon, the cigar-dealer, a shrewd fellow, through his liberality persuaded the ditch-digger to buy only of him, then made a snug fortune by disposing of the coins to museums and collectors. All these coins were of the Republic, in perfect condition, and some of great rarity: the museum of Ivrea possesses a few that are without known duplicates. An old gentleman living near Ivrea has some wonderful coins of Julius Cæsar that look as if they had been minted only a few years ago; the writer owns one that bears the name and effigy of C. Piso, the father-in-law of Cæsar, lessee of the mint.

The museum of Ivrea is small, but exceedingly valuable. The visitor to it must first go to the city hall to get a permit and the key; after this

eighteenth century, presented to the town by one of its citizens, who lived in Japan for thirty years, at the beginning of the nineteenth century—a collection that has been valued at between one and two hundred thousand dollars. The museum contains also—a matter of more interest to us at this moment—some Roman antiquities, chief among them, the tombstone of Æbutius Faustus, surveyor; a very rare document for the history of science, as it is the only one that supplies a design of the Roman surveying instrument, the *groma*. At long intervals, students of Roman antiquities come from afar to view this rare and remarkable stone of the little museum of Ivrea: officials in the town hall still remember the time when Mommsen's assistant came all the way from Berlin on purpose to

make a cast of it. The modern *Eporedienses* surely cannot be accused of exploiting their relics, or of trying to make so much of their *lapis* as their Danish contemporaries do with their runic stones,—not so old by a thousand years!

Something else worth seeing could the *Eporedienses* show off, had they a mind to. At the confines of the town, the river Dora flows through a very narrow gorge, once no more than 60 or 70 feet! When the freshets came with the melting of the snow and ice in the mountains, the rushing waters, held back in the narrow gorge, used to overflow and spread out over the land above the city. To avoid this trouble, self-renewed every spring, the Romans broadened the gorge by hewing away the solid rock on one side, thus

a broad shelf. The work done by the Romans is yet sufficient to relieve the situation for which it was intended.

From Eporedia the Roman consular road followed mainly the same direction as the modern national road, and with the help of the *Tabula Peutingeriana*, of the *Itineraria*, of the ancient geographers and of its remains in the valley can be easily traced throughout.

The first monumental relic of the road to be found after passing Ivrea, barring the name of the village of Settime (*ad Septimum*, or Seventh mile-post), is the bridge at Pont St. Martin, over the torrent Lys. It cannot be called a ruin, because it is in a perfect state of preservation, as it stands to-day, high above the stony river-bed, a single arch of splendid daring. Although no longer in use, since the national road was built



ARCH OF CONSTANTINE (AOSTA)

at least doubling the width of the passage. A modern bridge, thrown across the gorge where an old Roman bridge once stood, affords a fine view of the cut, which extends as far down below the level of low water as a man could reach: at that point the rock, left uncut, projects into the stream like

somewhat lower and circles the village to avoid its narrow and ill-paved street, the ancient bridge served its purpose for over eighteen centuries, through the heats of summer and the frosts of winter, through the rage of storms sweeping over it and the fury of the swollen torrents beating against its



solid shoulders,—an anonymous monument to engineering efficiency. This bridge is especially remarkable because it is, to our knowledge, the greatest single-arch Roman bridge in existence; indeed, it is a work of such proportions that any modern builder would be proud of it; moreover, it offers unsurpassed opportunity for studying the Romans' way of bridge-building.

are imbedded in the shoulders of solid masonry, five huge granite boulders, in the shape of regularly hewn prisms, protruding from the surface of the wall at equal distances: on the top of each boulder there is a deep cut. Apparently, these five heavier stones served during the construction of the bridge as supports for the wooden armature of the vault.

By descending to the bed of the



ROMAN GATES (PORTA PRÆTORIANA) AOSTA

The chord of the bridge measures 105 feet; the height of the arch above the torrent is about 70 feet; the width of the roadway in the middle of the bridge is 17 feet; at the ends, 18 feet. The consular road was therefore approximately as wide as the modern national roads of Italy. As I said before, the bridge consists of a single arch; of the circular type always found in Roman architecture, it rests on both sides upon solid rock, and, on account of the contour of the banks, reaching farther down on one side than on the other. The vault is made of large blocks of granite. At the bottom of the arch, on each side, there

torrent, which is half dry for many months of the year, and looking up at the vault from beneath it, one observes an interesting architectural detail. The bridge is not built entirely of a single material, but of alternating vertical layers of granite blocks and a sort of gravel cement,—five of granite, enclosing four of cement; so that the arch looks as if it were made up of nine strips, spanning the stream, each strip in itself an arch and one-ninth of the width of the bridge, brought and held together by some invisible medium. This system of building seems to have been frequently followed by

the Romans, and to have a recognized standing in their architectural practice: Vitruvius mentions it under the name of *emplecton*.\* Examples of the system can often be found in Roman buildings; for instance, in the town walls of Aosta, where the stone facing has been taken away and only the gravel filling left. Strange it appears, however, that it should have been followed in erecting such a comparatively light structure as a bridge. Yet it was frequently adopted for bridges also, as is proved by the remains of an arch over the torrent Marmore, at Chatillon, visible just below the new bridge. A Roman bridge was there, of nine vertical strata, but eight of the slices have been peeled away by time and only one narrow layer of stones still stands, resting on much broader shoulders on both sides of the gorge. Whatever we may think of this manner of putting bridges together, the bridge at Pont St. Martin is a proof that very solid construction was thus possible. The parapet of the bridge is of poor mediæval construction, as is also the gate, which closed the entrance to the village, at the upper end of the bridge.

After a pleasant walk of half an hour up the valley on the beautiful high-road, through a level plain of gardens and orchards, one comes to Donnaz, where the valley is suddenly closed by an immense tumble of rocks, which seems to preclude any possibility of passage. To make progress appear even more precarious, there stands a-top of the towering walls the fortress of Bard, grim and formidable, practically useless now, but once a dreaded guardian of this spot; for centuries it defied the assaults of many invading enemies, although it could not withstand the cunning of the great Napoleon.

Beyond the last houses of the village of Donnaz, one comes upon the most important remaining section of the old consular road in the Val d'Aosta. Where the village ends, a great ravine begins: the river Dora

has eaten away one bank and left a little strip of land on the opposite side; there a line of village houses, the modern road and the railroad are huddled together, between the tumultuous waters and the silent, but ever-impending, menace of overhanging rock. In Roman times, matters were worse: the waters lashed the rocks on both sides, as they whirled through the ravine. There was nothing then for the Roman engineers to do but cut the road in the rock part-way through the gorge, as far as a little cove, where they could carry it to the heights above the ravine, and so surmount the remaining stretch of difficulty. This they did, and most of the big cut, with a short tunnel they made for the road at one point, is still there, a great work well done.

As it appears to-day, the cut is 500 feet long and about 40 feet high, and has a road width of about 16 feet: the mountain-wall is made perpendicular, at a perfect right-angle with the road-bed. On the face of the cut, hewn out of the rock, there is a mile-stone, semicircular in relief, which bears the number XXXVI—the distance in Roman miles from Augusta Prætoria. At the lower end of the cut stands the tunnel, about 16 feet long, 16 feet high, and 10 feet wide, through which the road passed: it was evidently bored to save some work in cutting down the mountain-rock. On the outside, the tunnel is gracefully decorated with lines imitating an arched gateway. This tunnel-arch was used during the middle ages as a town gate for Donnaz, the hinges on which the gates swung being still left in the rock. The tunnel has been so badly cracked by inclement weather that a supporting column of brick was recently built within it to keep it from sudden collapse. The brick pile is unsightly and occupies most of the space inside the tunnel, but it was necessary, to save the vault from utter ruin. The amount of rock taken out of the Donnaz cut must have been not far from 10,000 cubic yards, and all of it was very hard porphyritic gneiss.

\* Vitruvius, *De Architectura*, Lib. II., cap. 8.

How was the work done? A definite answer to this question is hardly possible, since it implies a solution of the whole problem of how the ancients worked stone, a solution that has not yet been found. Some students of historical engineering suppose that it was done by sheer manual labor with the use of cold chisel and hammer, an hypothesis not to be excluded, although such a work accomplished by hand would be of stupendous magnitude. Whether the somewhat mysterious process of heating the stone and treating it with vinegar or water was used; whether the even more mysterious explosive that Hennebert is inclined to fancy, under the name *oxos* of Appianus Alexandrinus, was called into action; or whether the stone saws that the ancients employed in their quarries had a part in the work, is probably beyond our present supply of information. An examination of the surface of the cut, which might be of primary weight in coming to some conclusion, does not reveal the secret, because after the cut had been made the engineers took care to have the whole surface as accurately smoothed over and polished as the coarse nature of the stone allowed; this, probably, for the purpose of rendering it less responsive to the influence of atmospheric and climatic conditions. All traces of the action of instruments were thus obliterated. One can make out, chiselled on the wall, some horizontal lines, interrupted at regular distances by small circles. Under each of these circles may also be seen, on a vertical line, other circles at a distance of exactly two Roman feet (1 foot and  $11\frac{1}{2}$  inches, English), from centre to centre. Those markings probably had some special function in regulating the work, but throw no light on the process itself.

Beyond Donnaz, the consular road climbed the heights of Bard: in the vicinity of that village are still to be seen Roman embankment-walls to hold the road along the edge of the declivity. It descended again to the valley and there followed the direction

of the modern highway, which, at that point, is cut by the river at the bottom of the ravine. Other minor traces of the road can be found at Verrès, a town of Roman origin (Vitricium), where many of the houses are built on Roman foundation; near St. Vincent, where the ruins of a bridge span the torrent Sillian, and bits of paving remain, and at Chatillon, where the strip of bridge, already described, crosses the Marmore. In the neighborhood of Fénis, at the opening of the gulch of Clavalité, there rises an enormous pile, a veritable hill, now covered with grass and trees, of scoria and other refuse from ancient copper mines. The shaft and tunnels of the mines as well as the ruins of the smelters can be found not far away. This waste material, which still contains a noticeable amount of copper,—sufficient, perhaps, to make worth while the reduction of it by modern means,—is at present being used to macadamize the road between Chatillon and Aosta, so that any one who would examine it without taking the trouble of going to Clavalité, may help himself to free specimens from the mounds by the roadside that await distribution! Farther up, the village of Quart bears in its name the sign of its Roman origin (*ad Quartum*, four miles from Aosta).

Thus tracing almost step by step the progress of the Roman road, we reach the main town of the valley, Aosta—*Augusta Prætoria*, the strong and flourishing colony of Augustus. After the final conquest of the region, in the overthrow of the Salassi, the country was divided, according to a Roman custom, among the soldiers, and the colony was established in place of the camp of the conquering general, T. Varro Murena,—a colony and a stronghold at the same time, with a garrison, powerful walls, watch-towers and military stores. The colony, lying, as it did, at the junction of the two roads, coming over the *Mons Jovis* (Grand St. Bernard), and the *Alpis Graia* (Petit St. Bernard), with the traffic from Gaul and Helvetia

focussing in it, through not only the two great passes just mentioned, but also the less important one of *Cremonis Jugum* (Col de la Seigne), soon acquired significance and prosperity, and was adorned with theatres, monuments and public buildings of proportions that seem almost out of place in such a corner of the mountains.

From whatever side we approach Aosta, it is Augusta Prætoriana with its ruins that greets us first. If we come by railroad, a short distance from the station we enter the city through a wide gap opened in the Roman walls, opened most ill-advisedly, at the very point where the walls were best preserved, had their full height and all the stone facing of the *emplecton*. Immediately to the right there still stands one of the square towers—easily accessible through the public gardens inside of the walls—that were placed at regular distances along the walls as watch-posts: the tower has two stories above the upper level of the walls, and three round-arched windows on each side, on each floor.

If we approach the town on the eastern side, coming from the lower valley on the high-road, we see first a Roman bridge without a river! Under this bridge once flowed a torrent, the *Bauthegium* of the Romans, which has its source in the glaciers of the Dent d' Hérens, in the high side-valley Peline. To be sure, the torrent is running yet, but has changed its name to the *Buthier*. Very early in Roman imperial history, soon after the appearance of the bridge, there began a struggle between the stream, whose waters are swollen and violent at freshet-time, in late spring and early summer, and the narrow, obstructing arch of the bridge. The torrent pounded with all fury against the solid shoulders of the bridge year after year and century after century, until, finally, unable to undo its rival, it moved off, digging for itself another bed about fifty yards away.

Beyond the Roman bridge over no *Bauthegium* and the modern bridge

over the *Buthier*, the road passes beneath the arch of Augustus, erected 24 B. C., to celebrate the decisive Roman occupation of the valley. All the decorations have disappeared, but the arch itself is in perfect state of preservation—the best Roman monument in size and condition outside of Rome. High within its curve, occupying the position of a chord, there is a strong iron bar, which supports a huge crucifix, reaching to the vault.

This sign of the Second Rome was put there some six or seven centuries ago, a symbol of the Second Italy, grown upon the First. Representatives of the Third Italy also are rarely wanting,—a bent old woman, a pair of jolly urchins, at the base of the arch, basking in the sun.

A quarter-mile beyond the arch, we come again to the walls. It was the south side we saw from the station; it is the eastern side we come to from the arch. On this side, the modern inhabitants of the city did not need to open the walls for a passage, since the gates are still there, ready for service in all their ancient formidableness—the *Porta Prætoriana* of the Colony, another impressive monument of powerful construction, which has no equal, not even in Rome. The gates are double and form a large quadrangle of colossal walls, connected with the city walls on both sides. The open space within the quadrangle communicates with the outside and the town through three gateways of differing size: the middle one, about 28 feet wide, for vehicles and beasts of burden; the two side ones, each about 8 feet wide, for pedestrians, reproduce on a large scale the scheme of many Roman gates, among them those still standing in Milan. The present height of the middle arch is about 20 feet: impressive as the monument is, it would be much more so, if several small houses and a little chapel that lean upon the gates were torn away, and the level of the present street brought down to that of the Roman roadway, 10 feet below it. If we enter Aosta on

the road from the upper valley, we again pass the Roman walls, on the west side, at the point where once stood the *Porta Decumana*. The gateway has disappeared, but another watch-tower is still left. It is now called the tower of the leper, because at the end of the eighteenth century a leper was shut up in it, and died there, after thirty years of isolation.

If we approach Aosta from the Great St. Bernard, we meet the Roman walls again,—this time on the north side; they yet encompass the town in their entirety, and, although in some parts dilapidated, can be followed and in most places inspected, now from a street, now from a field, wherever beggarly mediæval and modern dwellings have not found it convenient to ask of the solid old defence support for their frail frames, or the saving of building a whole side. They form a rectangular enclosure of almost exactly a third of a mile by a half. The town within, which used to number 32 large square blocks, is practically built on the same plan to-day.

Aosta has other numerous ruins of *Augusta Prætoria*: ruins of the amphitheatre, of the sewer system; and a huge wall, 70 feet high, with two rows of windows, which belonged to the theatre. There is a series of arcades of great proportions, about 300 feet square, which are probably still whole, underground; only a few parts are visible; over the rest, modern houses have been erected, saving the expense of foundations. Inscriptions are innumerable: in many a stable, one comes accidentally across a cow comfortably munching under the vault of a Roman arch, or a horse stamping upon a Roman mosaic!

In the country near Aosta, up the valley of the Buthier, are still to be found ruins of the old aqueducts that carried drinking water from the torrent to *Augusta Prætoria*: in several places the water was carried by lead pipes, in continuation of the aqueduct: these are yet in existence.

A few hours on foot from Aosta,

on the way toward the valley of Cogne and above the village of Aymaville, there is another Roman curiosity, a structure quite unique. It is a bridge—the so-called *Pondel*—thrown over the torrent *Grand' Eivia* at the imposing height of over 170 feet: it has two stories, the lower in the form of a gallery 160 feet long, but scarcely 3 feet wide, with 15 little windows on one side and 12 on the other; the upper story is about 15 feet higher, uncovered, somewhat wider, with the parapet toward the upper valley over 6 feet high, while that toward the lower valley is only 3 feet and a half. There has been a great deal of speculation and of wordy strife among historians and archæologists as to the original use of this odd bridge. The archæologist *Promis* surmises that the upper passage was used by animals and the lower one by people; the historian *Pingone* considers, instead, the upper passage to have been a water-channel. The higher parapet was built evidently to shelter people from the hurricane-like winds that sweep down the valley and are particularly violent through this gorge. Why any bridge should be there at all is hard to explain; the point where it stands is a long way from the line of consular roads, and, moreover, the bridge itself is too narrow for a highway. There is an inscription on it which reads as follows:

Imp. Cesare. Augusto. XIII. cos. desig.  
C. Avillius. C. F. C. Aimus. Patavinus  
Privatum

and seems to indicate that the bridge was private property. The theory goes that two gentlemen of Padua, *Aimus* and *Avillius*—rich they must necessarily have been—owned estates at that point of the valley and connected them by means of this bridge; a mere inference, of course, but *Aimus* and *Avillius* must have been notabilities and intimately associated in that neighborhood, since the village at the entrance of the valley—*Aymaville*—evidently bears their combined names.

As we proceed up the *Val d'Aosta*



toward Courmayeur, the traces of the consular road can again be picked up here and there, close by the modern road. At St. Pierre there are ruins of embankments, and a cut in the rock; at Villeneuve there are inscriptions, and some houses and the castle rest on Roman foundations; at Liverogne there are the ruins of a bridge. Beyond Liverogne, before reaching Avise, the modern road follows a natural cut in the rocks, high above the river, where the Roman road also passed: by leaning over the parapet toward the steep slope, we may admire the superb stone masonry—walls, pilasters, buttresses, arches—that the Roman engineers put up to support not only their own road, but also that of their nineteenth-century successors. Similar works are in use at the cut of the Pierre Taillée.

Toward the end of the road, we find two Roman names of villages, Palesieux (Palesiacum), and Courmayeur (Curia Major). In the vicinity of Courmayeur there were Roman gold mines; above the village rises the Mt. Crammont which the Romans learned to climb as *Mons Cremonis* to enjoy the wonderful panorama of the valley and of the *Salus Graius*, the Mt. Blanc; in its fields well forth mineral springs, whose waters the ancients drank in search of health, exactly as do moderns. Other remains of Roman times—memories, rather than ruins—appear on the way to the Petit St. Bernard, where the road passes through La Thuile (Ariolica), and on the Pass, where a few stones mark the sites once occupied by a hospice for the knights and one for the plebs that travelled over the *Alpis Graia*.

More remains we find on the Grand St. Bernard, the *Mons Jovis*, to which the consular road climbed through *Clausuræ Augustanæ* (Clusaz), and *Endracinum* (St. Rhémy). On the shores of the little lake beside the hospice—*Lacus Penus*—we can see the last ruins of the temple of Jupiter Penninus, where the traveller stopped and made votive offerings to the supreme god of the heights. In the

ruins were discovered inscriptions, bronze weapons and statuettes, ornaments, rings, 5000 coins, beside small objects of all kinds: these have been gathered into a little museum, attached to the hospice. If it were possible to drain the deep, cold lake, many more things could be brought to light: the modest and simple traveller, who could not afford to make a large offering to Jupiter in his temple, was wont, as he passed by, to throw something into the lake,—a small coin, a medal, any trinket whatsoever, as a token of pious devotion, which the generous Father of Gods and Men repaid with his good will.

The inscriptions tell us the tale of many a crossing by troops, on their merciless mission of glory and conquest: Consul Cassius Longinus went over with his legions in the year 647 of Rome, on his way to fight the Helvetians; Consul Sergius Galba passed with the XIIth legion and cavalry in the year 697 of Rome; in 69 A.D. Alienus Cecina came from Gaul with Gallic and German legions to help Vitellius against Otho; L. Paccius, centurion of the Vith legion, "victorious, pious and happy," and other minor personages, left undated records of their journeys. The inscriptions, as far as their time can be gathered from the manner of the workmanship, the type of the letters and the form of the Latin, extend over a long period, from the early Empire to the first barbaric invasion. When the Roman Empire fell, and its authority, its power and its splendid social organization disappeared, *Mons Jovis* began to be the haunt of brigands, and the temple of Jupiter Penninus, a storehouse for booty. Political darkness set in over the Pass, as over the whole valley and the whole civilized world of the time. For five or six centuries, until men began slowly to awake from the heavy swoon into which the convulsion of the German migrations had thrown them, the shadow of death reigned and left no record but that of sinister dreams.



# OUR CHINESE POLICY

ARE WE SHUTTING AN OPEN DOOR?

By JOHN FOORD

SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN ASIATIC ASSOCIATION



THE commercial relations of the United States with China were exceedingly slender eighty years ago; and the era of political relations begins with the treaty of 1844. For the first forty years of our intercourse with the Middle Kingdom, we were chiefly occupied in the endeavor to break down Chinese exclusiveness; in the second forty, the most notable feature of our policy has been the erection of barriers against the Chinese, resembling as closely as possible those we had induced China to remove as against ourselves.

The contrast between our point of view in these two periods is striking. When Caleb Cushing went as Minister and Commissioner to China, in May, 1843, he was instructed by Mr. Webster, Secretary of State, to assert and maintain, on all occasions, the equality and independence of his country. The Chinese were apt to speak of persons coming into the Empire from other nations as tribute-bearers to the Emperor. Mr. Cushing was cautioned that all ideas of this kind respecting his mission should be immediately met by a declaration, "not made ostentatiously, or in a manner reproachful toward others," that he was no tribute-bearer. Our first direct overtures to China were thus conditioned on the knowledge that we had to do with a people who thought us their inferiors, and with a Gov-

ernment which expected to be approached in an attitude of humility.

For the next quarter of a century, graver domestic problems did not entirely obscure the necessity of establishing good relations with China. We kept sedulously aloof from the coercive measures employed by France and England, declaring, in the words of Secretary Cass, that this country was not at war with the Government of China, and did not seek to enter that Empire for any other purposes than those of lawful commerce, and for the protection of the lives and property of its citizens. Nevertheless, as President Buchanan said in his annual message of December, 1858, our neutral position in the hostilities conducted by Great Britain and France against China did not interfere with the sending of instructions to Minister Reed to co-operate cordially with the British and French Ministers in all peaceful measures to secure by treaty "those just concessions to foreign commerce which the nations of the world had a right to demand."

The nations of the world kept on "demanding" concessions for their own commerce in China, and lecturing that country—sometimes with the aid of grapeshot—on her blindness in adhering to "a narrow and exclusive policy." Our own Government, while abjuring the use of force, was careful to secure full participation in the benefit of concessions that other nations extorted at the cannon's mouth. The burst of enthusiasm which, in 1868, greeted the special

mission from China, headed by Anson Burlingame, extended across the continent. Even in California, where opposition to the Chinese was already regarded as a valuable asset for an ambitious politician, so rabid a demagogue as Governor Haight felt constrained to say that, while opinions differ on the question of immigration and other subjects, "there can be no difference of opinion upon the desirableness of unrestricted commercial intercourse with China."

Our State Department, under whose instructions Mr. Burlingame had served for six years as Minister to China, and with whose consent he had accepted from China the post of envoy to the United States, was free to admit that the proposed relationship was two-sided. During his service as American Minister, Mr. Burlingame had steadfastly contended for the substitution of fair diplomatic action in China for force, and he had even succeeded in getting the British, French and Russian Ministers to say that they entirely approved his views and policy. The main purpose of his mission to the nations of the West was to establish the principle of reciprocity—that is, to secure the same "privileges, immunities and exemptions" for Chinese in other countries as the subjects or citizens of other nations were granted in China.

Our Government made haste to accept the treaty proposed by Mr. Burlingame; and when ratifications were finally exchanged, in December, 1869, Secretary Fish assured him that the announcement was received with much satisfaction by the President and his Cabinet. This treaty represented a reasoned policy, adopted after ample study of the conditions best fitted to promote commercial intercourse with China. Some apprehension had been expressed that the eighth article would put an end to what is known as the co-operative policy of the great powers in China; and in regard to this Secretary Fish felt bound to say that, so far as that policy was aggressive, and attempted to force upon China measures which

could not be enforced upon a European or American state under the code which regulates the intercourse of civilized nations, the article might prevent the United States from participating in such a policy.

While the ratification of the treaty still hung in the balance at Peking, Secretary Fish asked Mr. Bancroft to impress on Mr. Burlingame, then in Berlin, the importance of having defined in a permanent law, as soon as possible, the relations thereafter to exist between the United States and China. Every month was bringing thousands of Chinese emigrants to the Pacific Coast; they had already crossed the mountains and were beginning to be found in the interior of the continent. "By their assiduity, patience and fidelity, and by their intelligence," said Mr. Fish, "they have earned the good-will and confidence of all who employed them." The Secretary of State found good reason to think that this thing would continue and increase; while, on the other hand, in China, there would be an increase in the resident American population corresponding with the growth of our country, with the development of its resources on the Pacific slope, and with the new position in the commerce of the world which it took with the completion of the Pacific railroad.

So much for the ideal. The hard facts of the case were that, even while we were urging the Emperor of China and his advisers to accept "the articles additional to the treaty of 1858 (commonly known as the Burlingame treaty)," the fates which preside over our politics had willed it that fair dealing with China was henceforth to be impossible for the Government of the United States; that the control of our Chinese policy was about to pass into the hands of the California labor unions and the hoodlums of the Sand Lots. When the Central Pacific Railway was finished in 1869, the trans-continental roads were employing nearly ten thousand men, nine tenths of whom were Chinese. But for their aid, Leland

Stanford declared, it would have been impossible to complete the western portion of that great enterprise within the time required by law. He added that the Chinese laborers were peaceable, industrious and economical, apt to learn and quite as efficient as men of any other race. The discharge of these men, with the contemporaneous appearance of a financial panic, made the position of the Chinese in the labor market a ready subject for demagogues. It was more than ever "good politics" in California to organize against the Chinamen a campaign of falsehood and of outrage, and, as the electoral vote of California came to be an important consideration in a closely balanced Presidential election, it was found to be "bad politics" to allow the Democrats to reap all the profit of anti-Chinese agitation.

And so, almost before the ink was dry on the signatures of the treaty of 1868, powerful influences were at work to nullify its provisions. These came to a head with the sweeping Democratic victory in California in 1875, and developed into riot and outrage in those distressful years for the Coast, 1876-7. The California Senators importuned the President to enter into negotiations with China to modify the Burlingame treaty, and by 1879 Congress had passed so completely under the control of the anti-Chinese elements, that a bill which provided that no vessel should bring more than fifteen Chinese to this country at one time passed the House by a vote of two to one and the Senate by a sufficient majority. It was vetoed by President Hayes on the ground that the denunciation of any treaty could only be justified by reasons of the highest justice and the highest necessity, which in the present case did not exist. It had become sufficiently obvious, however, that it would be impossible to preserve much longer anything like harmony between our legislation and the provisions of the treaty of 1868. A bill was accordingly submitted to Congress directing the appointment of

commissioners to negotiate at Peking such a modification of our treaties as would permit of legislation restricting the influx of Chinese laborers. Mr. James B. Angell, President of Michigan University, was then our Minister; and Messrs. John F. Swift of California and William Henry Trescott of South Carolina were appointed to act with him in obtaining the desired modifications.

The result was a composite product, but as it represents to-day the last word of our treaty negotiations with China in regard to immigration, the Convention of 1880 must shortly require more serious attention on the part of our Government and people than has yet been accorded to it. That is to say, the frankly restrictive treaty of 1894 having been denounced by China and terminated by limitation in 1904, in the absence of any new treaty, we must seek in that of 1880 for what Secretary Fish called "the permanent law," defining the relations between China and the United States. But the agreement of 1880 cannot be dealt with as an isolated instrument. Its preamble bears this express declaration: "Whereas the Government of the United States, because of the constantly increasing immigration of Chinese laborers to the territory of the United States, and the embarrassments consequent upon such immigration, now desires to negotiate a modification of the existing treaties which shall not be in direct contravention of their spirit." The "existing treaties" constitute a series beginning with the treaty of 1844; to that, the treaty of 1858 was expressly declared to be a sequel, and the treaty of 1868 was described by our State Department as "the articles additional to the treaty of 1858." In discussing the points of possible modification of these pre-existing treaties, the American Commissioners laid before the Chinese Commissioners a memorandum exhibiting the difficulty and dangers attending the free immigration of Chinese laborers into the United States, and the desire of the United States to revise the treaty

stipulations between the two countries bearing on the subject. The Chinese Commissioners agreed to the limitation of immigration, but not to the prohibition, and they sought to confine the limitation to California. The American Commissioners finally agreed to omit the word "prohibit," and use the words "regulate, limit or suspend." But the right thus secured they declined to subject to conditions, saying that the Chinese Government ought to assume that the right would be exercised by the United States in a friendly and judicious manner, but that it would be entirely useless without the power of employing it when and how, in the judgment of that Government, it ought to be exercised.

To the "friendly and judicious manner" in which the right has been exercised, immediately following legislation bears melancholy testimony. The declared purpose of the law of 1882 was "to execute certain treaty stipulations relating to the Chinese." The act performed this function by entirely forbidding, for ten years, any Chinese laborer to come to the United States, or, having come, to remain here. It provided that laborers already in the country might go to China and return only after retaining certain certificates of identification from collectors of customs; and that the privileged classes under the treaty must obtain certificates of identification from the Chinese Government in the English language. The "amending" law of 1884 was an advance over this in the matter of harshness; and that of September, 1888, whose purpose was frankly declared to be to prohibit the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States, narrowed down the return of laborers to those who left wife, child or parent in the United States, or property or debts due them therein to the amount of \$1000, besides increasing the requirement of the return certificates. As if this were not enough, there followed an act which entirely prohibited the return of all Chinese laborers to the United States, and

declared void and of no effect the return certificates already granted under the act of 1882. No more return certificates could thereafter be given; no Chinese laborer could thereafter lawfully return; and even American citizens of Chinese descent, born here, were excluded under the provisions of this remarkable piece of legislation. Finally, the law of 1892 laid the burden of proof upon Chinese desiring to enter the United States, that is, they were presumed to be impostors till they had furnished proof to the contrary. It ordered that a Chinese person convicted and adjudged to be not lawfully entitled to be or remain in the United States should be imprisoned at hard labor for a period not exceeding one year, and thereafter deported from the United States; it enacted that on an application by a Chinese person seeking to land in the United States, to whom that privilege had been denied, for a writ of habeas corpus, no bail should be allowed; it commanded all Chinese laborers within the limits of the United States at the time to apply to the Collector of Internal Revenue within a year for a certificate of residence, and made it the duty of the United States officials to arrest and deport laborers without such certificates, unless they could establish to the satisfaction of the Judge, by at least one credible white witness, certain facts, difficult to prove, as an excuse.

In 1894, China was moved to accept a theory of exclusion more in harmony with our existing legislation than anything contained in the treaty of 1880, but, on the expiry of the ten years' limit, the treaty was promptly denounced, with the result, as already explained, of leaving the treaty of 1880 and the agreements to which it was supplementary, the authoritative expression of our attitude toward Chinese immigration. The glaring contrast between the administration of our exclusion laws and the obligations we had accepted by treaty moved President Roosevelt to say in his annual message to Congress (December 5, 1905): "In the effort

to carry out the policy of excluding Chinese laborers, Chinese coolies, grave injustice and wrong have been done by this nation to the people of China, and therefore ultimately to the nation itself. Chinese students, business and professional men of all kinds—not only merchants, but bankers, doctors, manufacturers, professors, travellers and the like—should be encouraged to come here and be treated on precisely the same footing as we treat students, business men, travellers and the like of other nations. Our laws and treaties should be framed not so as to put these people in the excepted classes, but to state that we will admit all Chinese, except Chinese of the coolie class, Chinese skilled or unskilled laborers.” But the bill drafted to carry out the recommendations of the President died in the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, because it was not deemed “good politics” even to have it reported.

A few months before President Roosevelt's message was issued, Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, made an address at the commencement exercises of Miami University in which he discussed the Chinese policy of the administration. He declared that we cannot escape the charge of having broken Chinese treaty rights by our legislation. He pointed out further that the extreme feeling on this subject on the part of some of our people “has led to a severity in the statute and the enforcement of it which the Chinese Government feels, and justly feels, justifies it in asking for a change.” It was evident to Secretary Taft that in the effort to catch in the meshes of the law every coolie laborer attempting illegally to enter this country, we necessarily expose to danger of contumely, insult, arrest and discomfort the merchants and students of China who have a right to come to this country under our treaties, and to come here for the purpose of establishing a bond of commercial union between this country and China, or of taking from this country familiarity with the best of our institutions to

aid the older, but retarded, civilization of the Chinese Empire. He accordingly asked: “Is it just that for the purpose of excluding or preventing perhaps one hundred Chinese coolies from slipping into this country against the law, we should subject an equal number of Chinese merchants and students of high character to an examination of such an inquisitorial, humiliating, insulting and physically uncomfortable character as to discourage altogether the coming of merchants and students? . . . Ought we to throw away the advantage which we have by reason of Chinese natural friendship for us, and continue to enforce an unjustly severe law, and thus create in the Chinese mind a disposition to boycott American trade and to drive our merchants from Chinese shores, simply because we are afraid that we may for the time lose the approval of certain unreasonable and extreme popular leaders of California and other Coast States?”

Mr. Taft is now President of the United States, and nothing has occurred in the last four or five years sensibly to modify the strictures which he passed in 1905 on our Chinese exclusion laws and their administration. Secretary Metcalf—a Californian—was then at the head of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and he did not take any pains to conceal his disapproval of the position adopted by President Roosevelt with the earnest support of the Secretary of War. Mr. Metcalf's successor, Secretary Straus, did his best to formulate a more liberal code of regulations for the treatment of Chinese entitled to visit or to return to this country, and succeeded in forcing on the Bureau of Immigration a common-sense interpretation of the word “student.” But the sentiment of that Bureau has been steadily opposed to any such treatment of Chinese immigrants as the letter and spirit of our existing treaties with China imperatively demand. The present Commissioner General of Immigration is a former President of the



Longshoremen's Union, and makes no secret of his belief that half the Chinese now in this country should be deported, or of his hope and expectation that Congress will place in his hands the power to accomplish that feat.

And yet insofar as the Department of State has been permitted to be the exponent of our Chinese policy, it has been one to which we can point with reasonable pride. Though the United States also had serious complaints against China in 1857, when the British and French fleets attacked and took Canton, by way of satisfying certain unsatisfied grievances of their nationals, it did not seek redress by war. When the claims of American citizens, at that time, were compounded by a money payment of \$700,000 and it was found that there was a surplus of \$250,000, this money was invested and paid over with interest—the total amount being \$453,400—to the Chinese Minister in Washington in 1885. Again, when the massacre of unoffending Chinamen occurred at Rock Springs, Wyoming, President Cleveland, while disclaiming any obligation (whether by the express terms of our treaties with China or the principles of International law) to indemnify these Chinese subjects for losses caused under the admitted circumstances, recommended Congress to direct the bounty of the Government in aid of innocent and peaceful strangers whose maltreatment had brought discredit upon the country. In response to this recommendation provision was made for the payment of a sufficient indemnity. During the Boxer troubles and the siege of the legations in Peking, there was a conspicuous absence of hysteria in the attitude of the Government of the United States, and President McKinley was the recipient of an application from the Emperor of China asking him to "devise measures and take the initiative in bringing about a concert of the Powers for the restoration of order and peace." Our Government was the first to propose the with-

drawal of the allied troops from Peking, receiving for that mark of confidence the thanks of the Emperor of China. When it was found that the share of the Boxer indemnity awarded to the United States was greater than the claims of our citizens, and our naval and military expenditure, would warrant, a joint resolution of Congress, adopted on the President's recommendation, provided for the return of some \$11,000,000, with interest, to China.

With all this to our credit, it might be assumed that the Government of the United States would rank very high in the estimation of the people of China. Unfortunately, our Chinese policy as interpreted and executed by the Commissioner-General of Immigration touches the Chinese people more closely than the policy originating in the Department of State. There has never been a difference of opinion between the Immigration Bureau and the State Department in which the latter was not compelled to give way. The negotiation of a more liberal treaty than that which expired in 1904 was vetoed by the head of the Department of Commerce and Labor, as the spokesman of Commissioner Sargent; the bill introduced to carry out the recommendations of President Roosevelt was met by determined opposition from the same source, and to-day Secretary Knox counts for less in shaping the relations between this country and China than Commissioner Keefe. It is a singularly perverse fate that makes our good deeds toward China and the Chinese contribute to a worse, rather than a better, feeling of the Chinese toward us. We send missionaries to China to preach the brotherhood of man and, in the language of the late Senator Hawley of Connecticut, we pass anti-Chinese legislation which reads like the old fugitive slave law. We hail with approval the intention of China to devote the portion of the indemnity which we have returned to the education of Chinese students in the United States, and every student who returns carries with him a new sense



of ranking injustice from his acquired knowledge of the treatment accorded to his fellow-countrymen here. Mr. Wong Kai-Kah, a Chinaman of American education, was Vice-Commissioner to the St. Louis Exposition, and his experience there moved him to express the hope that the merchants and business men of this country, who were desirous of doing business with China, would consider and investigate the treatment accorded to his fellow-countrymen here, and act "before the root of retaliation has grown too deep to be torn up." Mun Yew Chung, another Yale student and one of the men destined to guide China along the path of modern progress, carried home with him, after a long experience of the methods of our Bureau of Immigration, a longing for the time when his country could deal with our own on the footing of one self-respecting nation demanding justice from another. The last word of Mr. Wu Ting-fang, before leaving these shores, was one of protest against the iniquity, and what he regards as the unconstitutionality, of our exclusion acts.

Meanwhile, as Secretary Taft put the case in 1905, one of the great commercial prizes of the world is the trade with the 400,000,000 Chinese. Embracing every climate, from the semi-tropical provinces of Kwang-si and Yunnan to the extreme cold of Northern Manchuria, their products range from skins and hides to cotton, silk and hemp. Their agricultural wealth, hitherto developed by the most primitive processes, is capable of enormous increase, and their mineral products, still hardly touched, are equalled by those of no other country in the world. The reserves of coal in China are greatly in excess of our own, even including the deposits of Alaska;

and gold, silver, graphite, iron, salt and copper are present in quantities sufficient to form a very solid basis of national wealth. It is significant of the future possibilities of China that we have recently seen the beginning of an export of pig iron to the United States. The Chinaman is the most efficient industrial unit in the world, and it is chiefly for his industrial virtues that he has suffered from his contact with white men. With the growth of a new national consciousness in China and a corresponding increase of national self-respect, the time is at hand when complete readjustment of the relations between the Middle Kingdom and foreign powers must become absolutely necessary. Secretary Taft's speech in Shanghai gave a very satisfactory outline of the attitude of the United States toward the new China; and, as we have seen, his previous utterances evinced a very clear perception of the duty which we owe to China in respect of the lack of harmony between our treaties and our immigration laws. The participation for which we have so strenuously contended in the new Hankow-Szechuan railway loan is a comparatively small matter compared with the placing of our relations with China on a footing which would relieve us of the necessity of apologizing for a continued course of injustice, and would deprive China of any proper ground for resentment. As one of the directions in which foreign pressure can be most properly applied to China consists in holding her to strict account for the obligations she has accepted in her treaties, it is manifestly to be desired that the United States should be able to remind China of her failures in this respect without having to apologize for her own.



# BROWNING'S FATHER

CARICATURIST, VERSE-WRITER AND HUMANITARIAN

By FRANCIS HERBERT STEAD

WARDEN OF THE ROBERT BROWNING SETTLEMENT, LONDON



BEFORE retailing these living reminiscences it would bewell to recall the outlines already known of the life of the father of the poet. Among the innumerable readers and admirers of Browning, there are probably few who have any knowledge of the father to whom the son owed so much. Yet his was a personality and character the record of which ought to be treasured in the popular memory. For his life was ennobled by an act of heroic self-sacrifice which condemned him all his days to congenial occupation and crippled ambitions; and it was the sweetness and beauty of a singularly gentle disposition which made him strong to dare the deed and to endure its lifelong consequences. Mrs. Sutherland Orr has told us of the sorrows of his early life, of the death of his mother when he was only seven years old and of the injustice done him by his step-mother. As a lad he wanted to go to a university at his own cost; step-mother and father forbade him because a similar privilege could not be extended to his half-brothers. He wanted to be an artist; his father peremptorily refused to encourage the desire. He went out to what is described as a lucrative employment on his mother's West Indian property. There, however, he came face to face with the iniquities of slavery.

Of the horrors that he witnessed

Mr. Browning refused even to speak. Others, however, have been less reticent. As Mr. J. M. Sturge has reminded us,\* a man named Benjamin M'Mahon, who was for eighteen years employed in planting in Jamaica, published in 1839 a book of his reminiscences. M'Mahon declared that no one could succeed in the planting line but one whose heart was hard as adamant. Of his first morning on the coffee plantation in the Port Royal Mountains, upon which nearly 300 slaves were employed, he says:

I observed an extensive gang weeding young coffee, and two ferocious-looking fellows, with long whips, well tarred, walking from right to left behind the gang, who were almost naked. These two men were the drivers. Occasionally they flogged all hands to make them work faster, and if any one dared to put up his hand to stop the lash, woe betide him. He was sure to be taken out and stretched on the ground, and there flogged without mercy.

Several of the slaves had iron bands about their necks, and were chained together in pairs with long chains, and were made to work in this way from morning till night. The cries and groans of these persecuted people were so heartrending, and so sickened me with the horrible scene of cruelty, that I could not refrain from expressing what was gushing at my heart.

"The flogging," M'Mahon says, "was done especially to women," and was the general practice through Jamaica. At another estate, he tells how the owner of a gang had a slave girl of

\* In the *Independent Review*, Oct., 1906.

*Advice to the Poor - Gratis: No. I.*

*I would advise you to drink at least a couple of Bottles o' wine a' day - and after dinner - you may either take a gentle ride, for eight or ten miles in a Carriage - or lay down to sleep upon your Sofa - -*  
*— Yes, Sir!!*

*Rt. Browning*

fourteen, belonging to a free colored woman with whom he lived, flogged for spite for an hour and a half. She received much more than 300 lashes, with a fatal result. Mr. Sturge, himself a sugar planter in the sixties, was told by his overseer of an estate in which the manager killed negro after negro, and nothing was said. He cut down a favorite cedar tree, and lost his situation.

From cruelties of this kind Browning's heart recoiled, and he resolved that, whatever the cost to him might be, he must have no part or lot in the infamous system. His son thus described in one of his love-letters the great renunciation:

If we are poor, it is to my father's infinite glory, who, as my mother told me last night, as we sate alone, "conceived such a hatred to the slave-system in the West Indies" (where his mother was born,

who died in his infancy) that he relinquished every prospect, supported himself, while there, in some other capacity, and came back, while yet a boy, to his father's profound astonishment and rage; one proof of which was, that when he heard that his son was a suitor to her, my mother, he benevolently waited on her uncle to assure him that his niece would be thrown away on a man so evidently born to be hanged—those were his words. My father on his return had the intention of devoting himself to art, for which he had many qualifications and abundant love, but the quarrel with his father—who married again and continued to hate him till a few years before his death—induced him to go at once and consume his life after a fashion he always detested. You may fancy, I am not ashamed of him.

And again he writes:

My father is tender-hearted to a fault. I have never known much more of those circumstances in his youth than I told

you, in consequence of his invincible repugnance to allude to the matter—and I have a fancy, to account for some peculiarities in him, which connects with them some abominable early experience. This,—if you question him about it, he shuts his eyes involuntarily and shows exactly the same marks of loathing that may be noticed while a piece of cruelty is mentioned, . . . and the word "blood," even, makes him change colour. To all women and children he is "chivalrous" . . . as you called his unworthy son! There is no service which the ugliest, oldest, crossdest woman in the world might not exact of him.

Miss Barrett's comment is characteristic: "Your father is worthy to be your father. You have better than silver or gold, and you can 'afford to leave those to less happy sons.'" In plainer phrase Mrs. Orr tells us:

He paid for this unpractical conduct as soon as he was of age by the compulsory reimbursement of all the expenses which his father, up to that date, had incurred for him; and by the loss of his mother's fortune, which at the time of her marriage had not been settled upon her. It was probably in despair of doing anything better than soon after this, in his 22nd year, he also became a clerk in the Bank of England.

He served in the Bank for upwards of fifty years. The last dozen years of his life were spent with his daughter in Paris. Of his death in 1866 his son wrote:

He retained all his faculties to the last; was utterly indifferent to death,—asking with surprise what it was we were affected about since he was perfectly happy?—and kept his own strange sweetness of soul to the end—nearly his last words to me, as I was fanning him, were "I am so afraid that I fatigue you, dear!" this, while his sufferings were great; for the strength of his constitution seemed impossible to be subdued. He wanted three weeks exactly to complete his eighty-fifth year. So passed away this good, unworldly, kind-hearted, religious man, whose powers natural and acquired would so easily have made him a notable man, had he known what vanity or ambition or the love of money or social influence meant. As it is, he was known by half-a-dozen friends. He was worthy of being Ba's father—out of the whole world, only he, so far as my experience goes.

The quiet nobility of the man, and the silent self-suppression which led him to avoid all mention of the circumstances of renunciation, reveal a rare soul. They help to render the moral sublimity of his son's poetry more explicable. The exquisite self-negation portrayed in many of

Browning's characters was, after all, not solely a creation of the poet's genius. It was perhaps a transcript, more or less conscious, of his own father's qualities.

So much by way of preface.

Among the half-dozen friends by whom Browning says his father was known was one who served with him in the Bank of England, Mr. Anthony Snellgrove, who resided at Walworth. It is the son of this friend, Mr. Anthony G. Snellgrove, who himself enjoyed the privilege of great intimacy with the Browning family, to whom the following reminiscences are due. I met him by appointment in the Dale Library of the Robert Browning Settlement, Walworth.

The old gentleman, now in his seventy-ninth year, climbed the stairway of the Browning Club with a nimbleness which many a younger

### *Advice to the Poor - Gratis N. 2*



*Well, Good Woman, its very lucky your husband  
has broke only one of his legs - Now, the best  
advice I can give him, is - to walk as  
well as he can with <sup>the other</sup>!!*

man might have envied. When seated before a comfortable fire in the Library, he began to tell what he remembered of the Browning family. "My father and the father of the poet were intimate friends," he said, "and were very much alike in appearance. The portraits of one were frequently mistaken for portraits of the other. Both of them were clerks in the Bank of England. Entrance into that position was much easier then than now.

"The elder Browning was a very retiring and reserved man. He used to attend regularly the ministry of the Rev. George Clayton, in the York Street Chapel, now Browning Hall, and as soon as service was over he would walk home without saying a word to any one. (York Street was lined and filled with carriages waiting to receive the worshippers; a beadle being employed to regulate the order of the carriages. But the Brownings were not carriage people.) Good old Mr. Browning, however, though silent to most of his fellow-worshippers, was very kind to children. I remember how I, as a little boy, used to hasten after him on his way home from service and take his hand and put any number of questions to him. Mr. Browning was a learned and a very well-informed man. He knew Hebrew and was a Greek scholar.

"I have here," continued Mr. Snellgrove, "two manuscript books compiled by the senior Browning, which show something of his devoted study of the Bible and his minute attention to details of sacred archaeology and genealogy."

Mr. Snellgrove then produced a manuscript book in a brown paper cover on which was written, "Speed. 12 Tribes with variations." Then, in another hand, "by Mr. Robert Browning, Senr." Within, on the title page, was inscribed in Mr. Snellgrove's writing, "A. G. Snellgrove, presented by Mr. Rt. Browning. Paris 1856." The book consists of 152 pages, ruled in pencil. It traces the genealogy of the twelve patriarchs and their successors, from Adam. The names of the males are indicated by red

circles, and the females by yellow diamonds. A cross indicates marriage. The genealogies are recorded as set forth by various authors, among whom are mentioned Daniel Benham, Burrington, Bishop Clayton, Speed, Calmet, Dr. A. Clark, Berry, Torniel, Da Vence, P. Lamy, Sicard, Dr. Hiram, Le Clerc, Houbigant, Sacy and Bedford. So the compilation runs through all the 152 pages, giving variations of names, attempts at harmonising, unclassified names, and so forth.

*Advice to the Poor - Gratis - No. 3.*



*Oh my good woman! - Don't bring it near me!! -*

*Rt Browning*





From drawings by Robert Browning, Sr.

DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE VARYING EMOTIONS





Drawn by Josephine A. Meyer, from a photograph

ROBERT BROWNING—THE POET'S FATHER

"And here," said Mr. Snellgrove, "is another book by Mr. Browning senior. It is entitled 'Nomenclator.' It is in two volumes, the first extending from Genesis to Chronicles, and the second from Chronicles to Malachi."

Each of these volumes was similar to the one already described. The two volumes together contain 160 pages. "Nomenclator" consists of a series of genealogies beginning with Adam and ending with Zerubbabel in the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. The same coloring is adopted as in the case of the Twelve Tribes, with the addition of blue and green by way of further distinctions; and the volume is also inscribed in Mr. Snellgrove's handwriting, "A. G. Snellgrove. Presented by Rt. Browning, November 1856, Paris." On the title page is an analysis of I Chronicles from Rev. Joseph Jones's chronological view of the Bible, 1836. In all three manuscript volumes the principal names are entered in capitals, neatly penned. The books are a monument of untiring patience, of minute accuracy, and of colossal devotion.

"I have pleasure," said Mr. Snellgrove, "in handing over these volumes to the Browning Settlement."

"Mr. Browning, Senior," he continued, "was a man of many parts. He had a singularly facile pencil. He was endowed with gifts which, so far as rapidity of execution is concerned, would have made a first-rate 'lightning cartoonist' of him, and for genius of caricature would have ranked him with Hogarth or Cruikshank or F. Carruthers Gould. As my father and old Mr. Browning were such close friends, their two families were closely in touch. Mr. Browning used to bring baskets of apples and other fruit from his orchard to our house, and I well remember the boyish delight with which this cornucopia was welcomed.

"On these visits Mr. Browning used to take me on his knee and tell me many things. He also often used to amuse the children by turning out a

large number of sketches—some fifty or sixty of which were once in the possession of our family. Most of these, I am sorry to say, have been destroyed or lost. Here, however," he said, "are seven separate sketches and four of a series which I have succeeded in preserving. Three of them, entitled 'Disappointed,' 'Suspicion,' and 'Satisfaction,' and one without a title, are in pencil; the rest in ink—one colored, in addition. The series is entitled 'Advice to the Poor—Gratis,' Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Many of these sketches were done by Mr. Browning while I was sitting on his knee. So you can imagine the extraordinary facility of his sketching powers."

In this connection one may remember that the poet told his future wife that his father at night "sits studying my works—illustrating them (I will bring you drawings to make you laugh)." Miss Barrett replied, "I was showing to-day your father's drawings, and my brothers and Arabel besides admired them very much, on the right ground." One would give a great deal to see the son thus illustrated by the father.

"I also vividly remember the mother of the poet," Mr. Snellgrove continued. "She was a terrible martyr to neuralgia. She suffered from it for years. I often used to meet Mr. and Mrs. Browning out for a walk when she was bowed with pain and could scarcely speak to any one. She was remarkably loving towards children, and you can imagine how extreme the pain must have been when she passed us without notice.

"Some critics," said the old gentleman with a smile, "will not allow that there can be genius in any pure Englishman, and are therefore casting about to find an explanation of the Browning genius in some alien strain.

"Now, I have here a letter from the sister of the poet, dated from 29 De Vere Gardens, W., 3rd April '90, and signed 'Sarianna Browning.' Miss Browning wrote: 'You must remember my father's florid complexion and light blue eyes, with Roman nose

and sanguine temperament. I have often heard the people in Paris remark "C'est un Anglais" as he passed. My brother and I inherited my mother's pale complexion—I, alone, her dark eyes—and her neuralgia. My brother had grey eyes, and when a young boy had golden hair, though it soon grew dark. Our skins were very white, which made our paleness more conspicuous. I fully confirm," proceeded Mr. Snellgrove, "Miss Browning's statement as to her father's complexion. There was no sign or trace of anything suggestive of Semitic or other foreign admixture.

"I have yet another letter from Miss Browning, written some time in 1866, the envelope dated July 23d, from which you can gather how close was the friendship which united the two families." The letter and envelope were black-edged. Both bore the Browning crest. The letter was dated 19 Warwick Crescent, Upper Westbourne Terrace.

"Here," proceeded Mr. Snellgrove, "is yet another letter from Miss Sarianna Browning, addressed to my father, 'Anthony Snellgrove, Esq., Bank of England, London, Angleterre.' The postmarks give the dates August 25th and 26th, presumably 1861. The letter itself is undated. It was written, as you will see, just after the death of Mrs. Browning, and describes the effect upon her desolate husband. It runs as follows:

ST. ENOGAT, près Dinard, Ile et Vilaine.  
MY DEAR MR. SNELLGROVE,

I ought to have replied to your kind letter before now, but I have been so unwell, and so much occupied, that I delayed till a quieter moment. The loss of my dear sister (just as we were counting upon her spending the summer with us) was a sad blow, and was followed by great anxiety on account of my poor brother. Though enabled from the first to acknowledge with thankfulness the great goodness of God in her singularly sweet and painless dismissal from earth—her last words breathing love, blessings and happiness—yet his

bodily strength gave way, and caused us great uneasiness. He has given up his residence in Italy and is now staying with my father and myself in a secluded village near the sea-coast in Bretagne. The calmness and sea air have already done him great good, and I hope, by God's blessing, he will regain his usual health.

Our stay here will depend on the weather. After our return to Paris my brother will go to England, as he wishes his child to have a thoroughly English education. The little fellow is strong and rosy, and gallops on his poney over this beautiful coast with great glee. The sea is magnificent,—a succession of bays among rocks, with exquisite sands.

I have written to my uncle to give you, ten shillings for the schools—I forget whether I owe one year or two—if only one, keep the rest in advance; I will bear it in mind for the future.

My father is quite well, and joins me in kindest remembrance to you and yours. I trust you all enjoy good health.

Very truly yours,

SARIANNA BROWNING.

"You may be interested to know that Mr. Browning, Senior, used himself to write verses. Here are three stanzas of his, headed '124th Psalm, 8th verse. 10th October 1830'":

Oh Lord! we seek our help from Thee,

Whose power sun, moon and stars display:

Who made this earth and all we see—

Who guards and keeps us every day.

When with the morning light we rise—

And when the evening ends the day—

Accept our early sacrifice—

And the late homage that we pay.

Our songs of gratitude we raise

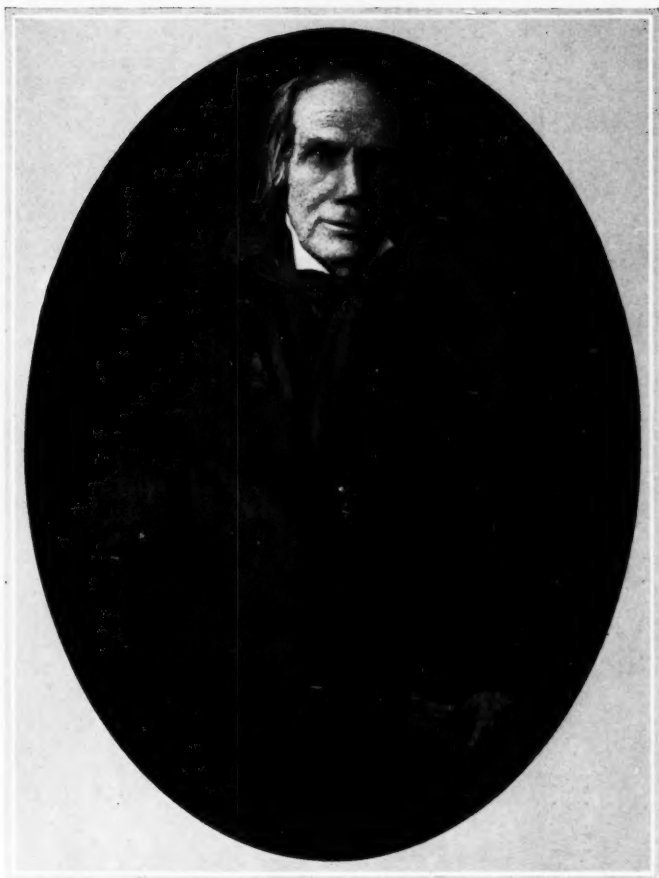
And claim protection thro' the night;

But though 't is only infant praise

God listens to it with delight.

R. B.

"I have told you these things," said Mr. Snellgrove as he rose to go, "that they may be put in print and preserved as a memory of a noble character and a beautiful life."



## THE LAST PICTURE OF HENRY CLAY

FOR over half a century this daguerrotype of Henry Clay has been in the possession of Mr. G. L. Reynolds of Auburn, N. Y., and it is only recently that he has consented to its being reproduced. During the last months of Clay's life, in 1852, Mr. Reynolds was an itinerant daguerrotype artist working (for the time being) in Lexington, Ky. It was most natural on his part to wish to make a likeness of the "big man" of the place, but a whim of the statesman's made this not entirely a simple matter.

Others had wished to get recent pictures from him, particularly a Boston sculptor who was engaged on a statue of him; but Clay persistently refused them, on the ground that there were earlier likenesses he preferred to have used for any such purpose. As the making of a daguerrotype required the subject to sit before the camera for a whole minute, Clay's willingness was essential. Mr. Reynolds at length hit upon the idea of enlisting the help of a man who had been a college mate and lifelong

friend of Clay's—General Coombs. With the matter put upon the grounds of friendship, particularly as the friend to be gratified was the General, Clay was graciousness itself, and went readily to Mr. Reynolds's studio for the sitting. He returned to Wash-

ington that very week, and died not long after. General Coombs was the only person for whom Mr. Reynolds made a copy of the picture here reproduced, which there is excellent reason to believe is the last one ever taken of Henry Clay.

## AN EARLY LETTER OF DANIEL WEBSTER'S

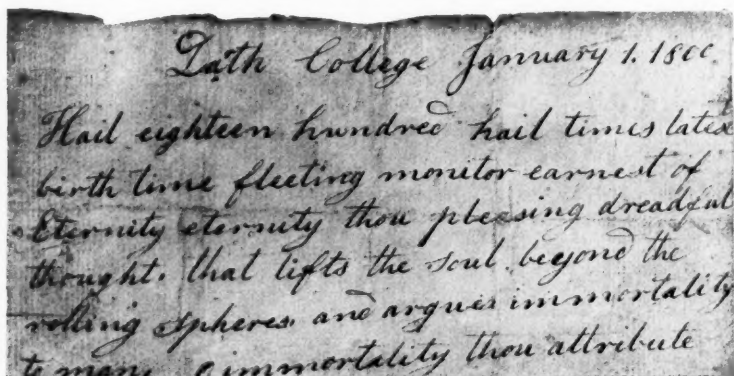
The hitherto unpublished letter of Webster's here given is a treasured heirloom in a well-known New England family, into whose keeping it has descended from an aged aunt, who died in the early seventies at her home village, Acworth, New Hampshire, not far from Salisbury, Webster's birth-place. Close by is Boscawen, where he received most of his preparatory training under the tutelage of Parson Wood; and a bit to the northward lies Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College, his *alma mater*, where this letter was written.

Upon its contents, other memorials already published throw a few rays of light. The recipient, addressed indifferently as "John," "Flavel" and "Carey," is probably the friend thus alluded to in another contemporary letter: "Carey writes to Ripley that he shall leave his school in Salem in April."

His ill-health, mentioned in the closing sentences, is an oft-recurring burden of woe in his other letters of

this period, in which he rings the usual changes on "the bourne whence no traveller returns," "the narrow house," "*hic jacet*" etc. Small wonder, then, that here, in wishing John a happy New Year, he should suffer himself "to be carried far into a moral and metaphysical train of ideas." That his cynical resolution not to attend the New Year's ball was not altogether due to his devotion to scholastic duties, as he would have his correspondent believe, is inferable from a later letter to his heart's confessor, Bingham. From this it appears that a passing bit of petty gossip among the "college widows" of the village had turned Daniel for the time into the misogynist he appears to be.

Webster's early style, he himself tells us, was that of the eighteenth-century writers, decadent even then. "While in college," he says in his autobiography, "I delivered two or three addresses, which were published. I trust they are forgotten; they were



Dart College January 1. 1800

Hail eighteen hundred hail times later  
 birth time fleeting monitor earnest of  
 Eternity eternity thou pleasing dreadful  
 thought that lifts the soul beyond the  
 rolling spheres and argues immortality  
 to man. O immortality thou attribute

in very bad taste. I had not then learned that all true power in writing is in the idea, not in the style, an error into which the *ars rhetorica*, as it is usually taught, may easily lead stronger heads than mine."

Concerning the inaccuracies of form pervading this letter the expert can best speak. However, none written at this time—and perhaps at any time—could be taken as models of formal correctness. This Webster himself felt and naively confessed in a postscript to Bingham: "P. S. Look, I really have written this illegibly and incorrectly. Pray let no one see it. It is shameful enough to have done it, worse still to ask to have it hidden." But in spite of all, this letter is by no mean hand. In its emotional parts, where the orotund period soars in an ever larger spiral from one pivotal word, and in its quieter passages of analytic, almost syllogistic, reflection—in these two things at least one can discern the child as father to the man.

The letter, of which the following is a verbatim copy, is written on a two-sheet (four-page) folder, 7¼ inches high by 6¼ wide.

DARTH COLLEGE, January 1, 1800

Hail eighteen hundred hail times latest birth time fleeting monitor earnest of Eternity eternity thou pleasing dreadful thought, that lifts the soul beyond the rolling spheres, and argues immortality to man. O immortality thou attribute of God, thou attribute of him who bears Gods image man man all immortal hail. Man Heavens vice gerent on this rolling ball the delegate of power suprm for the Heavens arches spread the blue expanse for the earth yields her ever bounteous stores; for the bright phoebe rolls his brilliant car,

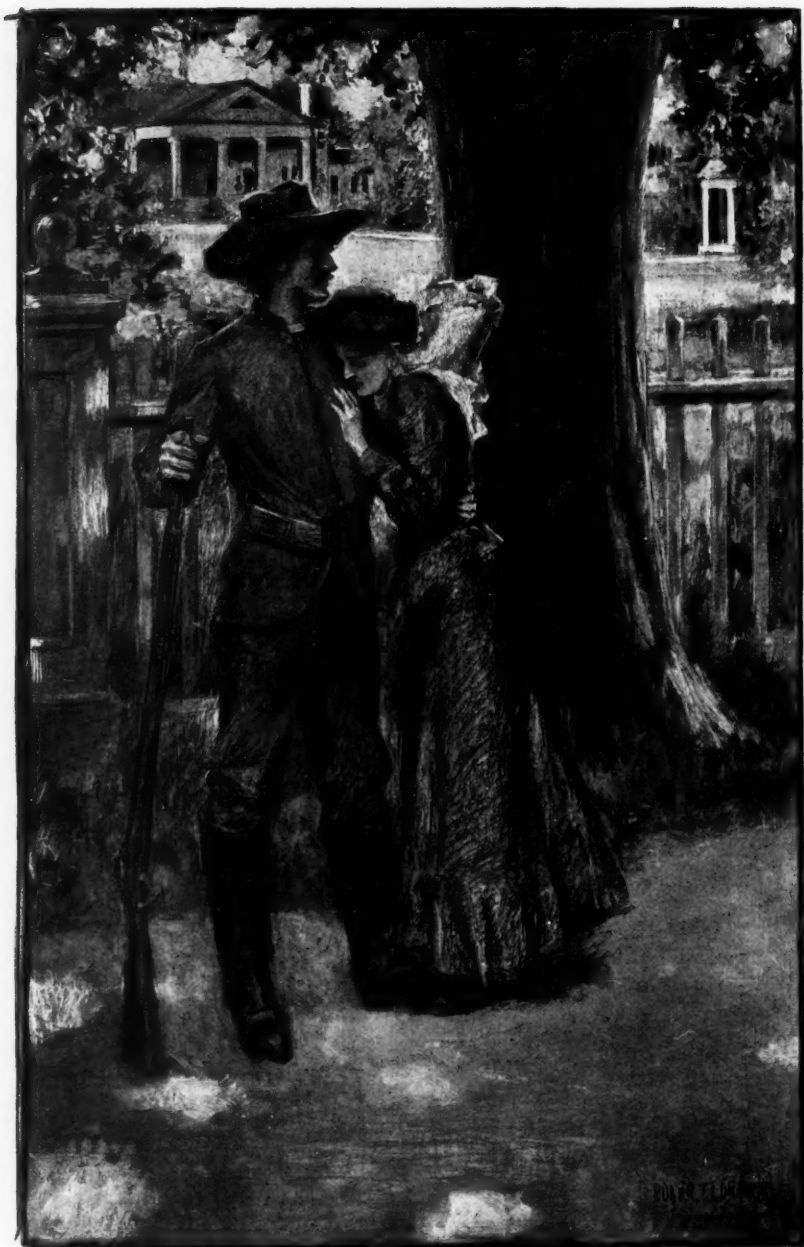
and time and nature wheel their course for thee—but no more—I have suffered my self to be carried far into a moral and metaphysical train of ideas when I met to wish you happy new year. *Happy new year* John, what means this saying which time has sanctioned is it to say, may fortune throu the coming year in pleasant places cast thy lot me thinks if scanned aright some other meaning ought to be affixed I ask in what does happiness consist hear what the poet says virtu alone is happiness below, if virtue then be happiness to wish more virtuous is to wish more happy, now to the point; I wish thee John more virtuous. I wish my self more virtuous, and through this medium wish us all more happy. 99 is now no more it then becomes us to enquire if the lost year has been improved aright, or been a chasm in existence, let's ask, since we are one year nearer to eternity are we to heaven, last evening John I spent abroad but no I'm wrong—I should have said improved—Time spent is loss loss irreparable, but time improved is gain, yes gain ineffable but how improved, you say, in Social intercourse in conversation mixed with friendly smiles, congenial complacency, and heavenly innocence this John I think is time improved, this smoothes the rough asperities of man, creates a love of virtue in his Soul, and makes him such a being as heaven designed him, but vain formalities the whims of fashion the effects of pride, the babblings of poor deluded world, chitchat of nonsense, these all are preternatural, time on these employed, must be time spent, most sadly spent. John to morrow evening is a ball. Shall I attend, or not. Let's hear what reason says she's the best guide, four years to studye two already past and more, how much obtained of useful science has knowledge shone her radiant rays around the is thy brain with wisdom fraught or in [a] word, hast thou the time to spare. These Flavel these are questions to the point thes must determine—I shall stay at home—my health is poor my eyes are weak, but you, I hope are well Heath balmy Goddess spreads as I hope, her vail around thee.

I am now called away. John farewell.—

DANIEL WEBSTER

are well Heath balmy Goddess spreads  
as I hope her vail around thee  
I am now called away John farewell  
tho—  
Daniel Webster





Drawn by Robert Edwards

DELORA TURNED AND HID HER FACE

See page 869

# THE SWORD IN THE MOUNTAINS

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

## CHAPTER IX

### SEED-WHEAT



THE Winchester mansion down in Chattanooga, with its beautiful young daughter, was headquarters for many military gayeties while

Bragg occupied the town during the summer of 1862 making ready to launch his Kentucky campaign. On the last day of July, Kirby Smith having come from Knoxville, the two generals held their consultations in the Crutchfield house: Smith was to take out his forces and make a demonstration against Cumberland Gap, while Bragg prepared at the proper moment to cross the Tennessee, Walden's Ridge and the mountains beyond and strike northward for the neutral State which was believed to be only waiting an opportunity to join her seceding sisters.

Champ Seacrest, newly made a lieutenant, was much at the home of his old playmate, and his sore young heart found what comfort it might, after the casting out of his father and the fiery denials of Delora, in the society of one who exemplified to perfection the exquisite, feminine type of loveliness most admired in her time and section. These two danced together, they rode together, and the reports which Delora had heard seemed somewhat justified.

Meantime, summer had deepened and waxed on the great plateau, all through the coming and going of

armed men, the dragging of cannons up steepes, and letting of them down corresponding declivities. The dwellers in the little cabins along the ridge, the owners of the better farms, these had not even wherewith to plant a crop, so that the season of plenty was to them little less pinching than the winter. In the midst of a drouth Vespasian announced that as soon as rain came, he must have seed to plant the one field from which he could expect any return of wheat, or they might go hungry next year. They tried to secure the grain through Abel Mims; they attempted to get seed from various neighbors, no better off than themselves; Vespasian was a marked man, against whom there had been a military summons out—he dared not go to Chattanooga, Salomy Jane was afraid to and in the end Delora went.

Alone, on foot, because old Nancy was hidden in the Gulf, the girl set out to make her way down to town and get, if possible, through Mrs. Winchester's good offices, the grain to plant a field of wheat which might feed their enemies instead of themselves.

Hardee's corps was camped north of the Tennessee behind Stringer's Ridge at the big, never-failing spring on the Squire Long place, and squarely across the road she must travel. When the girl came unexpectedly upon this camp she hesitated, skirted it and came into the highway beyond it, topping the rise of Stringer's Ridge and looking down upon the river whose bank was already alive with preparations for the start northward.

Early as it was, the morning began to be hot. Delora had borrowed from Salomy Jane a great slat sunbonnet, because its extra depth and wide skirt, almost like a cape, offered concealment as well as shelter from the sun. Always an oppressive thing to wear, it now became well-nigh intolerable. She pushed it back for a breath of air, and stood a moment fanning herself with its doubled stiffness. Flushed, bright-eyed, strung to a great tension of excitement and anxiety, beads of perspiration gemming her white forehead and the loosened tendrils of dark hair curled in little damp rings about it, she looked wonderfully appealing for so capable and independent a young woman.

A man riding a mule at breakneck speed overtook and passed her. She drew on her sunbonnet, but he had already turned and flung a glance across his shoulder to where she plodded in the dust. Her heart gave a sudden bound of fear, for the rider sat his mount in the same fashion she had noted in Champ's management of the black colt, and she saw that his saddle leathers displayed the single star. Her apprehensive glance was on this, so that the sultry black eyes of the cavalryman had time to take in the fresh morning beauty of her face before she pulled the disfiguring sunbonnet on and bent her head. In a moment he was off his mule and standing, hat in hand, at her side. It was a dark, fierce countenance that he turned upon the girl, but the voice in which he spoke was keyed to gentleness.

"Could I give you a lift? I hate mightily to ride and see a lady walking in this dust."

Delora glanced again at the animal and its saddle before replying with quiet dignity.

"Thank you, sir, I have n't much further to go, and I believe I'd as soon walk."

Martinez looked ruefully at Beck.

"I reckon you might be safer on your own two little feet," he murmured indulgently, "than on this beast and a cavalry saddle."

This should have closed the matter, but he lingered, stepping beside her, his mule's bridle-rein over his arm, the animal's travelling adding to their dusty discomfort.

"Come over to this side, and walk on the grass," he advised, touching her elbow gently. "It's a little better than the middle of the road, anyhow. I wish I had something fit to offer you to ride."

He warmed to her silence, instead of taking the hint and departing. She shot him a half-ruthful, half-humorous glance, which said as plainly as words that she recognized no responsibility upon him to provide for her journeyings.

"Pretty friendly on short acquaintance?" he answered it, with a deprecating grin. "Us boys get awful lonesome—poor devils, out defending the country for you ladies—I think you might afford to be a little friendly anyhow."

The humorous curve around Delora's mouth deepened.

"About friendly enough to ride your mule?" she inquired demurely, and shook her head.

"Well, old Beck is n't exactly a lady's mount, is she?" Martinez responded eagerly. "Back in Texas, where I come from, I've got the prettiest little white mare that ever you put your eyes on—gentle as a kitten—a baby could ride her. If I had her here, and the kind of a side-saddle they build out yonder, you'd be as safe on it as in a rocking-chair."

The man bent forward to get a glimpse of the round chin and smooth white throat in the depths of the sunbonnet-tunnel as she answered.

"I don't mind. I'm not used to riding."

It went against the grain of the fearless young horsewoman to intimate that she would be afraid of his lumbering old mule, or that she could not balance herself perfectly sitting sidewise on a cavalry saddle. Yet she was in haste to be rid of him and his insistent kindness, and it was with relief that she saw before her the squat little cottage of the ferryman.

Jane his wife would offer adequate protection; opposite this gateway the girl halted.

"Here's where I stop," she told the Texan, courteously but firmly. "Good bye, sir."

"Oh, say—you ain't a-going to quit me that a-way, are you?" wheedled Martinez, that bellowing, raucous voice of his scarcely to be recognized in its wooing cadences, his salient ugly face softened till it was not the black eyes alone that spoke adoration. "Well," reluctantly, "adios—if you must go. I'll see you again."

When Delora had let the boat cross twice, and fancied there was a clear time for her venture, she hurried down to find the small horse-power ferry crowded with troops crossing like herself to the Chattanooga side.

So far, there had been no guard to face; but Delora was aware there would be one at the landing, and she trembled when she thought of it. The wharf was covered with the same vehicles and movement that she had seen on the north shore of the river; these, preparing to cross. A little guard-house where the ferry landed was sentried; her heart leaped apprehensively at the suggestion. Then the next moment she noted leaning against its door, the black-eyed man. His mule was gone now, and he lounged at ease, but with so conscious an expression that she knew at once he had waited for her.

"What's your business in Chattanooga?" the man at the ferry landing inquired. He had given her the military salute, but he spoke sharply, as to a probable Union sympathizer, and she hastened to answer with as much calmness as she could command:

"I've come down from Walden's Ridge to get some seed-wheat."

"Name?"

"Delora Glenn."

The man reflected a moment: "Is your father living? Have you brothers?" he questioned. "Any men in your family in the army? Who's the head of the house?"

"I—no, I've got no father nor

brothers," Delora answered. Then reluctantly, "I live with Vespasian Seacrest."

"Huh," commented the man, "that's the Abolitionist that General Maxey had a guard out after once. What point in the town are you going to from here?"

"Straight to Mrs. Judge Winchester's. Will that do?"

"It'll do, if it's the truth," the man, hat in hand, replied to her. "But we've had a lot of trouble with the Abolitionists up your way, and I can't run the risk of your getting in here to hang around the Swims Jail. You've picked out a place to say you're going that's up in that direction. I reckon I'll have to send a guard with you, to see that you go where you say you're going."

"I shall be mighty glad to have you do so," Delora returned composedly.

"That's right—that's right," the man agreed. He looked about him. There was no one available at the moment. Martinez, who had been watching from a distance, now came forward.

"I'm off duty. Detail me, corporal," he prompted in a low tone.

The man at the ferry smiled understandingly, and added: "If I send you, Martinez, you'll have to take a musket," and he pointed with his thumb to where a number of guns were leaned within the sentry-box. "The captain said I was n't to allow a guard on the street without a gun."

It was evident that this feature was distasteful to Martinez; he secured the weapon with a poor grace, and stepped out beside Delora, gun on shoulder, but a strong determination in his heart to make a civil rather than a military matter of his escort. He shot a solicitous, sidelong glance at the girl's face as they crossed the wharf to pass up Market Street.

The unpaved, mud-gullied ways of the village were inch-deep in terracotta colored dust, through which, morning and evening clanked and rattled and rumbled, guns, caissons and baggage wagons, while men in uniform were everywhere.

"Fine morning," he offered deprecatingly, adding in a barely audible tone: "ain't mad at me, are you?"

Delora made mute but not unkind response, and they went on in silence through the groups of soldiers on the sidewalk in front of the small brick stores. Here the girl drew close to her escort and, as they turned to attack the steep, upward plunge of East Fourth Street, he was encouraged to try again with:

"Going to be hot to-day. Not that I mind it. She could n't beat old Texas, when it comes to heat."

"It's mostly level out in Texas, is n't it?" Delora said civilly.

"Tis where I live—I come from the plains," Martinez told her. "This is a mighty fine country about here. It's the first time I've been in among timbered mountains."

The girl's eyes kindled. That deathless passion of her people for their highlands was appealed to.

"If you could see this place when the soldiers are out of it, you'd think it was sightly," she said with a kinder glance than she had heretofore vouchsafed him. Then, mustering sudden resolution:

"You belong to the 8th Texas Rangers, don't you; and your name is—?"

"José Martinez, at your service," the Texan supplied promptly. "I won't ask more than your first in exchange, for I'd just as lief give you a second one, myself." And with this bit of exquisite cowboy badinage, they resumed their forward progress.

"My name is Glenn," the girl told him, offering him no first name to enshrine. "You—you spoke of—another man in the Rangers."

"Champ Seacrest," Martinez allowed reluctantly. Her interest in Seacrest was quite too marked. His own appreciation of Champ's attractions led him to swift jealousy.

"You must be acquainted with his sweetheart—Miss Winchester," he put in, with but the idlest intent to defend his little opportunity with a pretty girl. "By George, look at her now!" he exclaimed.

As they approached the big, stately mansion, sitting back with its great slope of lawn between it and the street, they had been aware of an activity about the front gate, orderlies in uniform, negroes with baskets, a vehicle which did much duty of a pleasurable nature at such times—the ambulance—drawn up beside a number of saddled horses. But as the black-eyed man spoke, the front doors opened, and Evelyn Belle, Dixie, Mrs. Winchester and the pretty wife of the doctor from Tupelo came down the steps escorted by various and solicitous cavaliers setting forth for a day's picnicking on Lookout. It was not at any of the others that Delora looked. Evelyn Belle came first, a home-made jockey cap sitting jauntily on her black curls, a white plume streaming quite forgetful of humble origin, for the blockade kept out imported luxuries, and the voluminous folds of her black velvet riding habit gathered up in one small hand, while beside her strode Champ Seacrest in his lieutenant's uniform.

"They look pretty nice," Martinez murmured, bringing that harsh, deep voice of his down again to the caressing half-whisper in which he had first addressed her. "But there ain't one of them there that looks as nice as you do. If I had my white mare here, I'd teach you to ride, and you'd make the rest of them look cheap, I tell you."

The girl with him stopped short and clutched his arm. In astonished delight at this contact, he failed for a moment to see the dismay and pain in her young face. Since the night she had denied him Delora had heard of Champ now and again as Evelyn Belle's most devoted cavalier; in secret she had wept over it, and given him up to the other girl—or so she believed. But now when she came face to face with the pair of them, gay, happy, secure in their position, while she, so poor and desolate and outcast came to beg a favor, she felt that up to this moment she had not known what parting—renunciation—was to mean.



"Wait," she whispered to the man beside her, half choking. "I don't want to go in while they're—while they're—oh, wait a minute."

Martinez puzzled, but ready, pushed a manly, protecting shoulder closer.

"Oh—we can't stand here!" Delora agonized. "They'll be coming down this way, and they'll—they'll see me."

Champ was lifting Evelyn Belle to Coley's back—Coley's! The dainty little woman went up light as a feather and, bred to the saddle from her earliest youth, sat her mount like a princess, laughing a little as the black colt pranced, flinching from the great sweeping folds of her riding skirt, and showed spirit. Champ carefully settled the velvet lengths and noted that the bridle reins went smoothly to her hand. As Delora stood, staring, he sprang to the back of a big bay charger, and he and Evelyn cantered side by side directly toward where Martinez and the girl from the mountains stood.

Wheat—what did it matter if all the world starved for bread?—She shrank back and fairly crouched against Martinez. Carefully taught young creature that she was, she had forgotten that he was human—male—a presuming young soldier, anything beyond a mere defence against this humiliating encounter.

They were coming on with the long smooth lope admired in the riding-horse of the South; Evelyn Belle's proudly crested young head with its streaming white plume rose and fell close beside Champ's fine, new shoulder-strap. The young beauty spoke to her escort lifting toward him a sudden liquid flash of dark eyes, a smile that was a swift revelation of small white teeth between scarlet lips. With an inarticulate exclamation, Delora turned and hid her face—anywhere—anything but to see and be seen by those two.

Her outstretched palm went against Martinez's waiting shoulder, her forehead drooped upon it instantly. With an uncontrollable impulse, the soldier

put a tense, powerful arm about her, and drew her close to his side. Then he faced his superior officer with that swift look of hate which reminded one always of the flattened ears and bared teeth with which the mountain lion of his region fronts its enemies.

The young lieutenant's glance took in the pair in all their seeming significance. His blue eyes blazed in his crimsoning face. A savage hand on the curb of his charger made the animal rear suddenly, and then the automatic touch of the spur sent him bounding forward at a thundering gallop.

"I beg your pardon," Champ said penitently, when he had reined in to find Coley neck and neck with the bay. "That was unforgivable—it might have caused you a serious accident. I—" he took the hat from his heated forehead—"I must have been crazy for the minute; but I hope you'll forgive it."

Evelyn Belle answered with a murmured word of sympathy.

"Martinez!" Seacrest spat out the name as though it tasted ill in his mouth. He was silent a moment. Then he added slowly: "He's been my chum since we left Texas. He and I and Sampson were detailed together. We've scouted these mountains and gone on all sorts of wild chases till we've earned the name of 'the three fools.' He's a good friend—he can be true to a man; but a woman! I wonder, if that girl knew, whether she'd—"

He broke off into helpless silence. Poor José's amatory lapses had so far furnished amusement for his two companions, and had their pathetic side too. It was a hot heart, and pitifully vulnerable; but the thought of Delora in such a connection brought a sort of sickness of rage and jealousy, out of which Champ roused himself to say:

"Miss Evelyn, I declare I'm ashamed of myself. Here you do me the honor to permit my escort, preferring me to half a dozen better men who would make themselves entertaining, and I treat you to an



exhibition like this! You ought to have me court-martialled."

And thereafter he put aside the gnawing shame and pain of what he had seen, and addressed himself to the social amenities of the occasion with such success that everybody save the girl who rode with him was deceived into believing him the gayest member of that light-hearted company which picnicked on old Lookout.

Delora stood with averted head, quivering, till the last of the cavalcade had cast its dust upon her—the mounted figures riding two and two, the rumbling ambulance, with Mrs. Winchester's profile at its window, and Doctor Huguenin's bushy gray whiskers showing beyond.

"What's the matter?" whispered Martinez. "Was it a lie you told the guard down there at the ferry? Don't you know these folks at all?"

"Oh, yes, I know them—I know them," moaned Delora, when she could speak at all. She was pulling herself free from the arm which released her unwillingly.

"Where are you going now?" inquired Martinez jealously.

"Back to the ferry—back home to the ridge—quick as I can get there." Delora panted out the sentences without much appreciation of what they meant. Her sense of defeat and suffering was almost physical in its intensity.

She turned, but stumbled so that Martinez had to pass his arm under hers and almost lift her along. Her eyes were blinded with tears; she scarcely saw the direction she was taking.

"Hold on," breathed her escort, stopping her when they had gone thus something more than a block. "Is there anything you wanted—honey? I know you're an Abolitionist—I know it now. It does n't matter a red cent to me."

"No—no," she told him, in that desolate hour glad of his kindness, glad of the support his arm gave her, clinging to him and trying hard to win back to some sanity of thought and purpose. "I came down to get a

little wheat to plant the big field, because we—next year, if it is n't planted now, I don't see what we'll eat. But I can't go back there. Don't ask me why. Mrs. Winchester's away for the day now anyhow—only let me get home."

Martinez's face hardened.

"No," he said sarcastically, "I'll not ask you why you can't get back to the house of Champ Seacrest's sweetheart—because I know. I reckon I might give a good guess at your first name now."

For some distance they walked in silence. Then the man's harsh voice asked: "What am I going to say to the guard at the river?"

"Tell him what you like," Delora returned lifelessly. "I'm not caring."

She pushed back her bonnet and glanced about like one aroused from sleep.

Martinez gave her a burning look. All this concern over the fickleness of another man was bitter to see and hear. But the drowned beauty of her face made its own appeal.

"Dolores," he whispered, using the name as his own people call it, "I'm going back to the mountains with you."

It was an idle assertion, born of impulse, and his own desire; Martinez knew he could not get away from his military duties thus on the eve of the army's departure; the girl knew it too, had she reflected, but the terror of the proffer made her stop and say doggedly:

"If you don't tell the guard at the ferry exactly what happened up there, I will." The Texan's leaning figure straightened with a start, he reddened stormily under the swart growth of beard.

"All right," he agreed bitterly. "Have your own way. If you don't want the help of a man that's ready to kiss the ground you walk on—if you'd rather he'd hate you—have it your own way. Women are devils anyhow—and what folks call good women are the worst!"

And the report he made at the ferry

sent a guard, other than himself, with the girl across the river and as far as the Foster place, where she was left with many admonitions, and the statement that her name and a description of her would be lodged at head-quarters, so that if she appeared in Chattanooga again, she would be promptly arrested.

## CHAPTER X

### ON TO KENTUCKY

From dusk of the 26th to dawn of the 27th of August, 1862, there was coming and going in the little mountain town, and Mrs. Winchester threw open her house for an all-night farewell reception. There was a lunch which a hungry man could eat standing, hot coffee, two black fiddlers in the front hall, and pretty girls in plenty for partners. They danced till morning, speeding one after another on the way that glory led.

Running down the porch steps after a hasty farewell that stuck in his throat because he had no creature of his own to say good-bye to, Champ found Sampson on the flea-bitten gray and Martinez on Beck, waiting for him at the gate. The Spaniard had shown a curiously quarrelsome disposition of late, and Sampson at first jeered him openly, bantering the two to fight, and professing a desire to put up money on the newly-made lieutenant. Then, the horrifying suggestion that the older man was jealous of Champ's promotion locked the other's lips, and held him in amazed silence while Martinez flung out one taunt after another.

"Well—did you say good-bye to her?" the latter now asked, as Champ caught Coley's bridle from the orderly and sprang into the saddle. "The three of us have got our work cut out this morning, and we can't afford to have the lieutenant coming back for another hug from his honey."

"Good Lord, shut up, José!" growled Sampson. "A joke's a joke; but when you get to bringing in a lady, why, it ain't so funny."

The Spaniard pulled Beck out so savagely that the mule opened her mouth and hung a pale, gray tongue to one side over her teeth—a trick she had when the bit was jerked. He regarded the two riding with him in the gray, dispiriting August dawn from under his heavy black brows. They were to ride ahead of their column that day and locate the camp for their chief's first night.

"Think just alike in the matter, don't ye?" suggested Martinez bitterly. "That's nice. Reckon you don't neither of ye want to ride with me any more. We've been chums—scouting and raiding together. Now, I reckon you and Samp'll pitch me out—is that it?"

"I have n't said anything of the sort," Champ said, controlling himself by a strong effort. "I think it's likely that since I've got my lieutenantcy I may not be detailed so much on scout duty—but when I am so detailed, there are no two men that I want with me but you and Samp; and when the thing calls for more than three, you two come first."

José looked at him hungrily.

"Well, that sounds all right," he commented at length; "but the good Lord knows you need n't hate me so. You've another girl—what's the matter with me? What's the matter with my—what's the matter with what I did?"

"I've got another girl," Champ repeated sarcastically; "and you've got—"

"All of 'em," supplied Martinez hardily, yet with a certain falling note in his voice. "You know that. Any kind of a petticoat can have me. You and Samp get your fun out of it—but, God—it's not always fun to me."

It was true, so far. The lank eldest of the trio had joined in the laugh at poor Martinez's expense, over the Spaniard's weakness where the equation of the eternal feminine came in. Now the young lieutenant looked around at his companion with the clean man's scorn for the one who can not guard his own soul, and was

surprised to see the black eyes swimming with moisture, bent upon hands that fumbled at the bridle rein.

"Oh, come—what's the use?" Champ rode close, at risk of Beck's heels. "I'll not be a dog in the manger. What she does does n't concern me. She's nothing to me. She never really cared for me, I know that. She gave me good reason to know it. If you'll not name this to me again, I'll never speak of it. We've got duties that come before these personal matters. I guess we can be men and go on to those duties together, just as we did before—it need n't make any difference."

"N—no," hesitated the honest sinner—"unless I see some chance with her—then—" Martinez's smouldering eyes flashed one curiously mingled glance over the young giant beside him; he shook his head. "Then I'd want you a long ways off. But I always told you that, Champ-eeen. You've gave me your word you'd never fool around any decent girl I'd set my heart on."

All day the people of Walden's watched this first great movement of the war which had come under their eyes. For more than a month there had been troops moving northward over their roads, but now, apparently, Bragg's entire army was making directly for Walden's itself; a terrifying sight, the more intelligent guessed that his object was beyond, that he merely meant to cross, go up past Cumberland Gap and so into Kentucky. There was coming and going on the bluffs there; women brought their children with a bit of something to eat in their hands and sat there watching the soldiers draw near. Afternoon saw the greater part of the host prepare to encamp near the foot of the ramparts, but the lighter mounted van was already on the slope, and those whose homes were now directly on the line of march retired to them in some confusion.

Delora watching with a group of other women, well hidden, near the top of the ascent, drew farther back in the shadow of the withered bushes.

Below on the bit of road they watched the going was fairly level, though men and horses showed the effect of the frightful climb. The highway lay empty and dusty. Then, from far down it came the cry of a bugle, which to the initiated would have heralded the troop that now rounded the rock, riding in orderly squads, two and two, a guidon dancing and fluttering on its long tail like a captive kite. Past they went at a walk, the jingle of accoutrements, the creak of saddle leather, the thudding of innumerable hoofs making a sound like those of nature, akin to the murmuring of the sea or the whispering of the forest.

There came a gap, and when Delora would have moved from her hiding-place, another bugle spoke from below, this time a sharp and querulous note that, had she known it, ordered the coming troop forward at greater speed to close up the gap. This time the horses were trotting when the men appeared, and the guidon jerked as though the captive kite were in a high wind. Guidon after guidon, troop after troop, with the bugles speaking down the line, they flowed past her hiding-place, till finally the heavy guns on their troglodytic carriages rode past in state—the emperors of war, with their attendant flambeau bearers, servants and ministers plodding in the dust at their wheels. Then came infantry—regiments, brigades, divisions, so that the earth and the air throbbed ceaselessly to the multitudinous murmur of many thousands of walking men—the patient tramp, tramp, of foot-soldiery on mother earth.

"Good Lord—how many men!" breathed Salomy Jane. "Anybody that fights the Southern Confederacy, when they've got as many soldier men as all that, don't show right good sense."

She turned to find Delora already striking into the by-road by which they had reached the point, Abel Mims following.

"Wait, I'm a-comin', Delory!" she cried, alarmed, and scuttled hastily after.

The three rangers, riding ahead of the columns, reached the point Champ had settled upon in his own mind for that first night's rest, about mid-afternoon, and were soon at work laying out the camp, sending men hither and yonder for wood and water, pitching tents and making all ready.

"Champ," the young Lieutenant turned to find Martinez at his shoulder, "I've got an errand to do that'll take a little more speed than old Beck has to offer. Want to lend me Coley?"

José had not failed to give the proper salute before addressing his superior, yet his tone was scarcely that of one entreating a favor. Champ guessed what use was to be made of the black colt, and his muscles stiffened. He would fain have said "No," yet he had said he would not play dog-in-the-manger—could he deny Martinez opportunity to push his suit? Dared he show himself jealous—and of José!

"Take him, if you want to," he said brusquely. "Jim has just fed—better give him time to eat."

"Oh, it's all right if I make it by sundown," Martinez said, swaggering, his hands in his pockets. "Much obliged to you."

Delora, for her part, could not stay alone in the house. She would have found it difficult to tell you what it was she expected or apprehended, but the mere fact that she knew Champ was among those moving atoms coming slowly but surely toward her was enough to double the beating of her heart and set the breath fluttering in her throat. The sun was going down behind Raccoon when she caught up her bonnet and, telling Salomy that she must get Abel Mims to come over and stay—or even Jane Godsey—darted away and sought that by-road where she had first encountered Champ riding Coley. Her feet unconsciously led her to the slim dogwood tree where she had stood that morning. There were unripened berries on the branches where the blossoms had flaunted. She looked toward the sun-

rise end from which her Sun-god had come; it showed her a dawn-pink rose of cumulus cloud, smitten by the fires of sunset from the west. Startled, almost believing that her imagination played her the trick of rebuilding that vanished dawn, she turned swiftly to gaze in the other direction. Down the green aisle of the summer wood, close-roofed with leafage, glowing like a tunnel under the sea with reflected light and emerald shadow, came the sound of galloping hoofs, and a rider presently appeared.

Over the approaching horse and man arched the thick-set growth; and behind them burned the low red fires of sunset, turning all the air to gold, so that little motes swam in it as though one were indeed beneath a sundown sea. She was neither dreaming nor distraught. That was Coley bringing his rider once more to meet her. This could only mean one thing, and she closed her eyes in a sort of swooning ecstasy at the thought. He had returned to her—it was all a mistake—he did not belong to someone else—he was not Evelyn Belle's lover. The girl's spirit shook its wings with eagerness to rise and fly to him. Oh, when he spoke again—when he should say—. She knew not what words would answer him, she only felt that she loved him and he was hers.

Then, the black horse was stopping close beside her hiding-place, its rider had seen the flutter of her blue dress; he leaped off and stood, hat in hand, breathing short, and looking down at her.

"I—I told you I was coming up to the mountains after you—. Are you—? Oh, forgive me!"

It was not Champ's voice. She opened her eyes with a start and looked up into Martinez's ugly, dark face, all softened and alight with feeling, his sultry black eyes glowing down into hers, full of a sort of ruthless derision at his own plight. She gripped the little tree beside her till it shook in her hold, seeking in her own mind for something reasonable to say.

"I—. You see everybody was bidding somebody good-bye down there in Chattanooga, and I had no sweetheart to say farewell to," he offered the excuse half smilingly; "so I just came up here to say good-bye to you. Dolores, you don't care whether I go or stay; you even despise the cause I'm fighting for; but you're the only creature that might care—a little. The sort of women I usually get mixed up with regard a soldier as something to be turned inside out for the money that's in him and thrown away. I felt as if I'd like to have a good woman say good-bye to me this time."

The mountain girl had need of all her people's stoicism. Her young face, so alive and glowing a moment ago, was white as paper now with the revulsion. She would forgive Champ and love him, despite his rebel gray, would she? Well, Champ was not here. He had stayed away where he belonged, where his real duties and interests were. More, he had sent this man to her—or let him come—on Coley—on Coley.

This last year of struggle, of bereavement, had ripened her womanly nature very fast. She was learning the lesson that crude youth needs, that the giving of pain must mean the suffering of it, that in the end striker and stricken are one. Yet, that Champ should have spoken of her to this man—should have speeded him to her as a lover, which she could not doubt, seeing him horsed as he was,—blinded her, and made her cruel.

It was dark when Martinez on Coley reached the camp, yet Sampson had a lantern and was working about the tethered animals. The Spaniard moved toward him with that cur-

ious, warped gait he had when he was a bit disgruntled—fiery, tormented creature, full of hate and suspicions, though yearning for love and approval,—he was plainly seeking some object upon which to vent the bitterness his late interview had poured into him.

"I've got my thanks to show that horse for what he carried me to," José swaggered to cover a sore heart.

"Hush," cautioned Sampson, "Champ's right over there."

"That so?" inquired Martinez loudly. "Champ—hey—Champ! Girl sent you a message, a sweet little message from home—want to hear it?"

Champ loomed suddenly out of the darkness which rimmed the circle of light the lantern made.

"No," he returned, his blue eyes shining, his tall form very erect; "I don't want any message from any girl that you go to see, Martinez," and he left the Ranger swearing.

"What's the use of raising Cain like that?" demanded Sampson in his usual dry, impersonal tone. "Champ'll let you alone if you'll let him alone. You've picked on him for a month and more. I'm not asking why, because I don't want to know. You say it's because he gives himself airs over his shoulder straps—and you know mighty well that's a lie. I reckon you and me and Champ will never ride again, three fools, like we used to; but for the sake of what was, I wish you'd let him alone."

"Shut up—you old idiot!" muttered Martinez, working away furiously with curry-comb and brush. But he administered the reproof spiritlessly and made no attempt to follow it up with a blow as he would have done in olden times.

#### NOTICE

*In connection with the sale of Putnam's Magazine to the Atlantic Monthly Company and the merger of Putnam's with the Atlantic, the concluding chapters of Miss MacGowan's story will not be printed in serial form. Readers who have followed the story thus far and desire to read its conclusion are requested to make application (by postcard) to the publishers. A pamphlet containing the concluding chapters will be forwarded, without charge, to each subscriber applying for it, as soon as the material is put in type for publication in book form. The book itself is expected to be ready some time in the autumn.*



## ROSES OF PAESTUM

You brought to Paestum roses,  
And in Poseidon's plain  
A crumbling wall encloses,  
You made them bloom again  
About his mighty fane.  
Each temple with your dower  
Was decked a lovely bower.

Red roses, yea, you brought them,  
And roses white as snow,  
And like Greek gardeners taught them  
To stand in many a row  
And their sweet scents to throw.  
Virgil, Ausonius,  
Did see and smell them thus.

From love's most secret places  
You brought them all with you  
That in these wide waste spaces  
Gardens might spring anew  
And with pink petals strew  
The sultry azure floor  
Thetis' white feet explore.

Perchance those frowning mountains  
Seeing, shall cease to frown,  
And from their rock-sealed fountains  
Clear crystal streams send down  
To lave that roseate crown  
And keep those roses fair  
Your love has planted there.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

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## A SEER AND SOME DOERS

By H. W. BOYNTON

The Court of Louis XIV has been pretty well preserved for us in letters and memoirs. The amours of the King in particular have been wont to receive the loving attention of all chroniclers, fair or foul. The temperament of the court historian is a peculiar one—two parts gossip to one part hero-worshipper. He (or more commonly she) dearly relishes the piquant association of racy incident and overwhelming title.

The greater the name the more delightful the scandal, seems to be the motto.

The books of the late "Arvède Barine" (Mme. Charles Vincens) are among the best of their kind. She had the Gallic love of gossip, the detail of court intrigue fascinated her, but she did not allow herself to become absorbed in the pursuit of such small game. Doubtless she was all the more interested in her human subjects



because they moved in the glitter of court life; but she was chiefly interested in them because they were human. If the white light of thrones beat upon their humanity, so much the better. Her study\* of "Madame," the King's sister-in-law, is not a study in scandal, though there is mention of matters scandalous enough, in all conscience. Her main purpose is to paint for us a striking and in many ways pathetic figure which moved for half a century in the court of the great Louis.

Elizabeth Charlotte, commonly called "Liselotte," was daughter of Carl-Ludwig, Elector of the Palatinate. Before his accession, that unlucky country had at last been fairly laid waste, and he was the poorest as well as the stingiest of German princes. As his marriage with Liselotte's mother was progressively uncongenial, he presently took to himself a second wife. It was from a strange double ménage that the young Princess escaped, at nineteen, to become the Duchesse d'Orleans, wife of the French King's foppish brother. A more important matter to her, she became the King's intimate friend and companion, and would appear to have been the only woman with whom he ever maintained a harmless intimacy: malice suggests the extreme homeliness of Liselotte as having some bearing upon his virtue even in this instance. He seems never to have had any other feeling for her than friendship. Liselotte (so at least believes her biographer) did not come so well out of the life-long encounter. Her feeling for the King, always a complicated one, approached continually nearer the verge of passion as the ugly woman grew uglier and older. His connection with Mme. de Maintenon roused the royal Madame to a fury of jealousy—and so put an end to whatever happiness there could be in her own relation to Louis. From that time on, she knew herself to be supplanted and superfluous at court,

yet could not bring herself to leave it. The absurd aspect of the situation is that she had always remained thoroughly German in sympathy, hated French cookery and French manners, and utterly failed to understand the French character. Yet she would not go to Germany—or anywhere else away from the King. Year after year she lived near him, half a hermitess, but never quite withdrawn from his world. She was by him, and had gentle words from him, when he died.

Madame was not in all ways an admirable person. Mme. Vincens has painted her faults frankly—a foul-mouthed, mannish, lying, incredibly tight-fisted old party. She despised marriage, and had no desire to be a mother. On the other hand, she was loyal to her father and her native country, as well as to her debauched husband and her adopted King. And when she found herself a mother she shirked none of the duties and missed few of the pleasures of motherhood. If her son the Regent was no better than he should have been, it was not because the poor old Liselotte had not done what she could to make him a decent man. She had her bitter sorrows: Mme. Vincens has shown her through them all a person not always amiable, but always valiant and full-blooded in an age of petty trickery and malice. One feels for her something of what the young Emerson felt for Montaigne. His faults "ought doubtless to turn him out of doors, but his robustness, I do embrace with both arms. It is wild and savory as sweet fern."

Perhaps our most unfavorable thought of Emerson is that he had the coldness and inhumanity of the fanatic; and it is toward correcting this unlucky impression that we ought to be most glad of the transcripts from his early journals\* which have at last been published. It is true that in these very records he more than once accuses himself of this character:

\* "Madame, Mother of the Regent: 1652-1722." By Arvède Barine. Translated by Jeanne Mairet (Madame Charles Bigot). Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1909.

\* "Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson." With Annotations. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes, 1820-1832. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1909.

"Look next," he cries mournfully at eighteen, "from the history of my intellect to the history of my heart. A blank, my lord. I have not the kind affections of a pigeon. Ungenerous and selfish, cautious and cold, I yet wish to be romantic; have not sufficient feeling to speak a natural hearty welcome to a friend or stranger and yet send abroad wishes and fancies of a friendship with a man I never knew." This is all very sad, but a glance at the preceding pages shows that the boy had made an equally thoroughgoing case against the history of his intellect. "Wasted capacity," "indolence," "worthiness of the bauble and the rattle"—such he announces as his fatal characteristics.

The allusion to his "fancies of friendship with a man he never knew" bears upon the single and odd romance of his youth, fragmentarily recorded in these pages. When he was a Harvard Junior (at seventeen) the experience began with the vision of "a strange face in the Freshman class whom I should like to know very much." The face produces "singular sensations" in the upper-classman: he resolves to make the Freshman's acquaintance. Later in the year we find an india-ink sketch of young Gay, with some doggerel verses in which Emerson asserts his own inferiority, and says he can "defy the morrow" if he can "claim thy heart." Yet it is plain that Emerson never made any attempt to know the object of his imaginary friendship. Two years later, in confessing that "the ardor of his college friendship for—is nearly extinct," he says that "to this day, our glance at meeting is not that of indifferent persons." But he has had discouraging reports of the other's "pursuits and character," and congratulates himself that he has "preserved the terms which kept alive so much sentiment rather than a more familiar intercourse which I feared would end in indifference." Young Gay became a successful and highly respected physician in Boston—lived all his life within twenty miles of Emerson, who, say his editors,

"was always interested to hear of him,"—yet they never met.

Emerson makes little mention of his other fellow-undergraduates, but there are evidences in these journals that he played his part in the undergraduate life. His room-mate was a lively young Southerner, and both were members of a literary society, very small and select, of which Emerson seems to have been an active member. He was also member of a convivial club called "The Conventicle," and a song he wrote for it in his Junior year is preserved here. It is written to the tune of "Derry down" and ends:

"Let the earth and the Nations to  
havoc go soon,  
And the world tumble upward to  
mix with the moon;  
Old Harvard shall smile at the rare  
conflagration,  
The Conventicle standing her pledge  
of salvation."

At twenty-six Emerson married a girl of eighteen, with whom he had fallen in love in quite the ordinary way. He addressed sundry verses to her which were just as bad as the average effusion under similar conditions. She proved consumptive, and died after a very few years, during which Emerson cared for her with the utmost tenderness and devotion. The story of this relation, and of his relations with his family, is pretty fully told in these volumes.

But Emerson must remain to us, after all, essentially a writing person; and a large part of our interest in these early records must lie in the question of their literary promise. That was an age of precocity. The number and range of books which the young diarist reads and ponders is amazing to the modern eye, but might be paralleled among his contemporaries. But none of them can have written quite as he did. Writing is his recreation: he does a deal of experimenting, and much of the product is crude. But an extraordinary amount of it is forcible and characteristic—as for example the essay on

"Compensation," or the verses called "To-day," written at twenty—as spirited and Emersonian a strain as was ever heard later. On all accounts we must be glad that the editors changed their original plan to exclude all this material by beginning with the journals written after 1833. Later volumes of the publication must be looked for with eagerness by many readers.

Mr. Parker's book of *Recollections*\* does not profess to be a formal biography. "I have not painted a portrait," he says; "I have only made studies." As a series of studies toward a portrait, by one who knew Cleveland intimately both in public and in private life, the book furnishes perhaps all that ought to be attempted at this time. It is clear that the portrait, when it comes to be painted, will show a man deficient in the cleverness and spectacular powers which suffice the demagogue and are necessary to the advancement of most public men. Cleveland had no quickness of wit, and little even of that "sense of humor" which we have come near erecting into a national god. His was the success of the honest and painstaking plodder in public affairs, whom no man can turn aside from the path which he laboriously hews out for himself. It is not the brilliancy, but the "steadiness and nobility of a Great Public Character" which the memorialist rightly declares to be his theme.

His first personal glimpses of Cleveland were had in 1888, when Mr. Parker was engaged to compile at very short notice a Campaign Text-Book of the Democratic Party, for use in the campaign which had already begun. He was installed in a room in the White House just across the hall from that in which the President worked. It was the hottest part of a Washington summer: Mr. Parker was under pressure and worked late. "Gasping for air, in an oppressive atmosphere, when I would step into

the hall, during the hours around midnight, in the hope, generally futile, of catching some stray breath of air, it so happened once that as I looked across the hall to the half-open door turned toward mine, I saw reflected upon its polished surface the hand of a man busily writing." He found by questioning the watchman that the President generally worked till about three in the morning. Later he learned the reason for this unremitting toil. Cleveland let no official utterance go from him without the most careful preparation—gave no official judgment that was not based on thorough study of the facts at first hand. This determination to found even the least of his executive acts upon personal knowledge and opinion had its complement in his absolute unwillingness to gain the support of press or legislative body by the manipulation which most men in modern public life have no difficulty in reconciling with their consciences. He would not throw to legislators or newspaper men the bait of social intimacy. He incurred in consequence some private enmity and public misrepresentation; but his independence was ingrained, and he never repented of it. Not long before his death he stated his principle in the matter: "If an official, with a duty to the whole public, so far forgets his own dignity or that of his great office [as] to court some part of the people by appeals to that vanity which, for reasons I could never understand, wants to shine with a reflected light, retribution is certain to come when power has gone, if not before. . . . I am really thankful that the efforts to create an unconscious, but effective, censorship of the press never had encouragement from me at any point in my public career." Mr. Parker's book contains a great deal of valuable comment, as well as interesting fact, in connection with Cleveland's public and private life. If there is one sentence in the book which sums up more than any other the rock upon which the statesman's career was founded, it is this: "He would

\* "Recollections of Grover Cleveland." By George F. Parker, A.M., LL.D. New York: The Century Co. 1909.

neither court any man, not permit any man to court or flatter him."

"Recollections" is a less apt title for Dr. Gladden's book\* than for Mr. Parker's. Both the continuity and the personal nature of its reminiscences would seem to constitute it a true autobiography. Events in which he has had a part, and the part he has had in them, supply his theme. To put it frankly, Dr. Gladden has just the degree of egotism which is essential to the autobiographer. Cleveland lacked it: his was the temperament which made little of past achievement—shrank, at least, from all appearance of dwelling upon it. Fortunately, all men are not so constituted, or we should lack one of the most engaging forms of literature. Dr. Gladden, almost exactly a contemporary of Cleveland's, has been one of the most active men of his time; and his account of life as he has seen and lived it is a narrative full of the color and vigor which belong to the personal method. As clergyman, editor, man of letters and publicist, he has fought the good fight throughout a long career, and may well look backward upon his varied achievement as that of a faithful servant.

He came of the same early American stock from which sprang the other prominent men with whom we are here dealing. Professor Faust of Cornell has just made out a strong case for the public servants among us who are of German descent. Professor Matthews of Columbia is assuring us that the future is certain to convict us of folly in clinging to the "Anglo-Saxon" superstition—that not only the Teuton and the Latin immigrant is going to prove good for our system, but the Magyar and the Slav. In the meantime we may excuse ourselves for taking a certain satisfaction in the continued effectiveness of the early colonial blood. Cleveland, like Emerson, was descended from a long line of New

England parsons. Dr. Gladden traces his descent to an early Plymouth settler. His grandfathers on both sides were country shoemakers; his father and mother were both country school-teachers. Mr. Bigelow's father was a store-keeper and farmer in Bristol (later Malden), New York.

Dr. Gladden was brought up on a farm—or rather several farms—and was released from an apprenticeship by a farmer uncle because of his strong bent for books. To his subsequent career at Williams College, as a minister, as religious editor of the *Independent*, as again a pastor, with ever-widening public influence, at Springfield, Columbus, and elsewhere, we can here only allude with respect. Among the public movements in which he has been active, we may mention those toward freedom from the tyranny of creeds, harmony between capital and labor, and municipal ownership of all business activities connected with the public service. The variety of interests discussed may be judged from the fact that separate chapters are given to Reconstruction, Newspaper Ethics, the Industrial Revolution, the Municipal Problem, the question of "tainted money," and so on. The present writer has found himself particularly interested in the chapter on "Newspaper Ethics." It seems that Dr. Gladden resigned his editorship of the *Independent* because he could not agree with the policy of the paper with regard to "reading notices"—advertising matter introduced as editorial or contributed matter. Since that day, thirty-five years ago, the grosser forms of this abuse have been abandoned; but editors and publishers still conspire to deceive the public with puffs printed as criticism. No doubt the *Independent* has learned better, but many a daily paper still stultifies itself and makes its "literary page" a thing of mockery, by this kind of dishonesty.

If the buoyancy of Dr. Gladden's book, as the work of a man past his three-score and ten, is a striking

\* "Recollections by Washington Gladden." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1909.

thing, the force and vivacity of Mr. Bigelow's "Retrospections"\* are greatly more impressive. This chronicler was born in 1817, and was therefore Thoreau's exact contemporary, and two years younger than Lowell. Since then all the "modern improvements" upon which we plume ourselves have been made; Mr. Bigelow rehearses some of them in his "Prelude":

"In those days the 'gray goose quill' was the universal implement of the ready writer. The pen of steel or gold was a secret of the future.

"There were no telegraphs or telephones, defying space and time.

"Neither steam nor electricity as a power had entered into successful competition with the horse or the ox.

"The oceans as yet were vexed only by the same capricious and elemental and mechanical forces as those which wrecked St. Paul some nineteen centuries before on the island of Melita.

"We are already beginning to navigate the air, and with greater speed than anything but birds had then ever attained in locomotion either by land or water.

"Our houses were lighted at night only by tallow dips.

"The most powerful explosives then known, for purposes of either war or peace, would prove about as valueless for the protection of a city or for resisting a siege at the present day as a pair of spectacles."

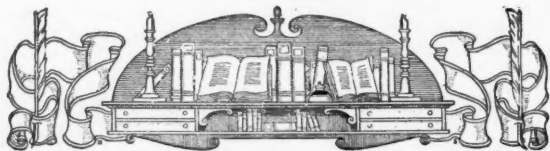
In the social and political developments which have taken place during this same period, Mr. Bigelow has had an active part. Fortunately, he seems to have been born with a secretarial instinct, which has helped him to accumulate a mass of documents relating to important

public affairs in which he was involved. These three volumes, which bring us to the end of his mission to France (1867), represent rather selection and arrangement of such documentary material than a consecutive narrative. That is, instead of writing something about the period involved with the aid of these data, he has preferred to give the papers themselves—letters, magazine articles, speeches, etc.—with an occasional commentary. But they are so arranged as to present in themselves a pretty continuous story of American affairs up to the end of our difficulties with France after the war—difficulties through which Mr. Bigelow himself in large part engineered us.

As Bryant's partner in the proprietorship and editorship of the New York *Evening Post*, Mr. Bigelow had reached a position of large influence before Seward chose him to represent America in Paris, first as consul, and later as full minister. And even earlier he had been a successful lawyer—a man who evidently had it in him to succeed in whatever he might undertake.

To the general reader not the least interesting, because the most personal, part of the work may be found in the first fifty pages or so of the first of these three big volumes—pages which give the nonagenarian's reminiscences of his childhood and boyhood. But there is nothing in the ensuing text which can properly be called superfluous or incongruous with his purpose "to give only what navigators would term the headlands" of his life, with "more or less contemporary vouchers." It is to be hoped that Mr. Bigelow will be able to carry on in person this very remarkable record, according to the purpose expressed in his "Prelude" to these volumes.

\* "Retrospections of an Active Life." By John Bigelow. 1817-1867. 3 vols. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1909.







## The Lounger



CERTAIN London publishers have made a great to-do in the trade by issuing popular copyright books at seven pence (fourteen cents) a volume. Six-penny novels had not proved successful, but it was for Messrs. Nelson to add the penny and make them profitable. Now Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have followed suit and they are reissuing some of their most popular six-shilling novels in seven-penny form. "Elizabeth and her German Garden," "Forest Lovers" and the "House of Mirth" are among those to appear in these editions. They are bound in cloth and present an excellent appearance. We have not got to the seven-penny price or its equivalent over here yet. The reprints from popular copyright novels that are marketed by Messrs. Grosset & Dunlap are listed at fifty cents, but in some of the department stores they are sold for less. These books are, to all intents and purposes, the same as the dollar and a half editions. Whether they can be made anything like as good as this and sold for fifteen cents remains to be seen. I never like to say a thing cannot be done until it has been proved that it cannot. The things that have often seemed to be the most likely to succeed have failed; so I shall wait and see whether any one over here is bold enough to publish popular fiction at fifteen cents, or even twenty-five, before I say that it cannot be done profitably.



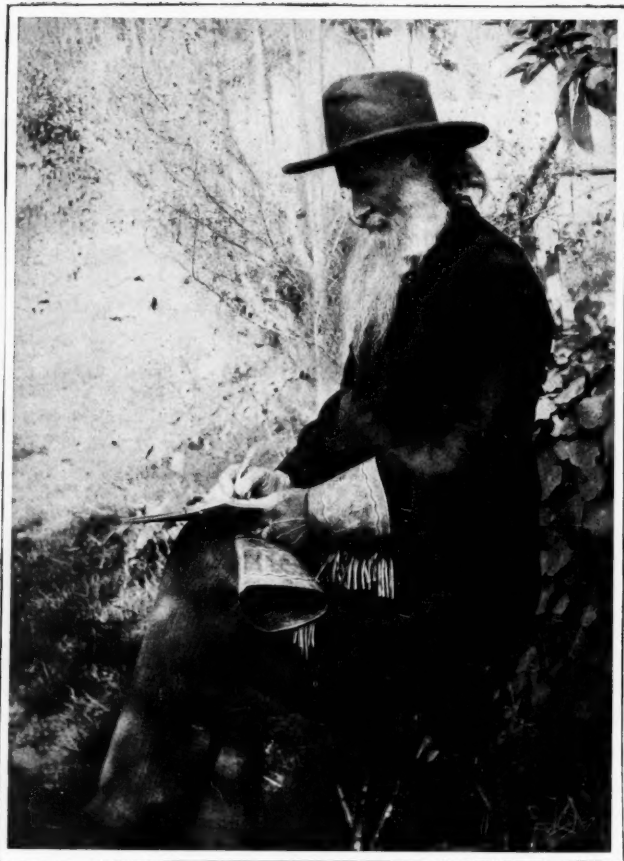
The London publishers do not seem to know just where they are "at," in the matter of the retail price of books. The juggling was begun a year or less ago and still continues.

Mr. Heinemann, who is nothing if not ingenious, has hit upon the plan of publishing an ordinary six-shilling novel in two volumes at from two to three shillings net each. It is still to be proved how practical this plan will be. Other publishers continue the two-shilling novel, and still others announce new copyright fiction at sixpence-halfpenny. Fortunately our publishing affairs appear to be in a more settled condition—a dollar and a half for a full-fledged novel when first published, and fifty cents when it has passed its first youth. Experiments have been tried with lower prices, but as a rule they have not proved successful.



Joaquin Miller always had a curious and original way of doing things, and he still has. I have before me the first volume of his complete poems, called the "Bear Edition," which consists entirely of Introduction, written by the poet himself. It is interesting, if eccentric, and consists of recollections of his early life, his visit abroad, what the foreign press said about his poems, fragments from his journals, selections of poems "Preferred by London," "Lines that Papa Liked," "Poems that Pleased Mother," and so forth. Mr. Miller seems surprised, as well as pained, that he has not been taken more seriously. "Had I melted into my surroundings, instead of reading and writing continually, life had not been so dismal; but I lived among the stars an abstemious ghost." Because he was a poet, people did not think that he could be a man of affairs. "Was Lowell a bad diplomatist because he was a good poet?" asks





MR. JOAQUIN MILLER IN THE WOODS NEAR HIS CABIN IN CALIFORNIA

Mr. Miller. "Is Gladstone less great because of his three hundred books and pamphlets? The truth is, there never will be a great general, judge, lawyer, anything, without being at heart, at least, a great poet." Miller has never found the appreciation in this country that he found abroad, though he is a genuine poet and has written genuine poetry. It would be hard to find anything finer of the sort than his "Songs of the Sierras." In these he is at his best, and it is at his best that a poet should be judged.

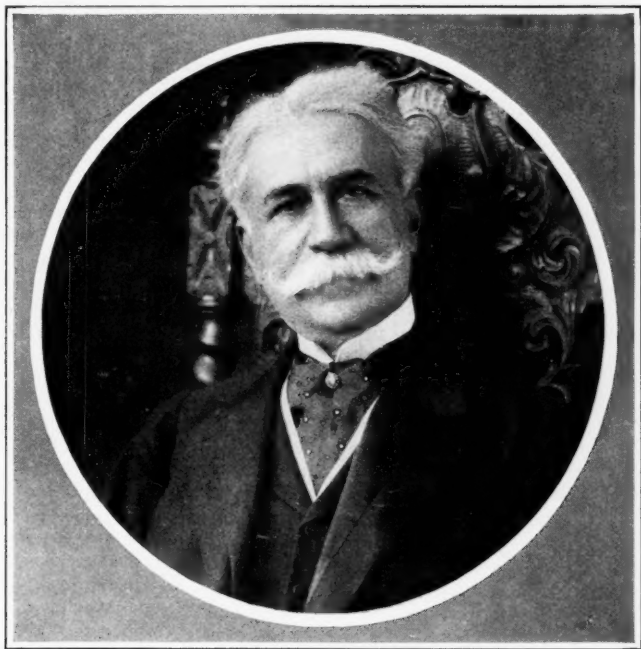


Literature and diplomacy alike are losers by the death of Senhor

Joaquim Nabuco, Brazilian Ambassador to the United States since 1905. Though only sixty years old, he was a veteran of the successful struggle of a generation ago for the abolition of slavery in his own country, and was Minister to England from 1900 until he came to Washington as Ambassador. In Portuguese he had written his own memoirs, and a life of his father, which was in effect a history of the Empire under Dom Pedro; in Paris, in impeccable French, he had published a volume of "Pensées Détachées et Souvenirs"; and in English he had preserved in pamphlet form three addresses on Camoens delivered respectively at Yale, at

Vassar and at Cornell University, and an address at Chicago University on "The Approach of the Two Americas"—a cause he had ever at heart. Poet, patriot and man of af-

says Peter Simple (as Mr. Herford calls himself, for the purposes of this volume), "'How small the world is!' Such people have never been round the earth, and form their idea from



THE LATE SENHOR JOAQUIM NABUCO

fairs, he had the advantage, as a diplomat, of a face and figure of distinction and a manner of unusual charm.



Years ago I sent to Elizabeth of the German Garden a copy of Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden." "Just the sort of book I like," she acknowledged: "entertainment without instruction." I am reminded of this characterization by Oliver Herford's "Simple Jography." It is the only geography I ever read through at a sitting. Think of reading an entire text-book through while dining in a restaurant! "We often hear people remark,"

the miniature globes used in schools." The author contributes some clever drawings of his own; but the frontispiece portrait of Peter Simple, pleasantly reminiscent of the Campbell's Soups advertisements, is from the pen of R. Moseley; the picture of "A Scientist" is our old friend Dr. Munyon, in his impressive You-can-be-saved attitude; and the infantile drawings showing "A Busy Day" in certain great cities are "imitated from Cecilia Loftus." The book itself is plainly imitated from "Wisdom While You Wait" and other English skits by E. V. Lucas and Charles L. Graves; but it is a perfectly fair imitation, or adaptation, and just as amusing as if the idea were wholly original. Mr. Herford

has at least an original way of putting things, as when he speaks of Noah's having landed his water-wagon on an Asiatic jag; and of France as "the greatest millinery power on earth." The occasional French phrases, by the

said, about to abandon novel-writing because she feels that her work is not appreciated. I hope that this is only a temporary annoyance and that this clever writer will not make her threat good. She writes too well and too

entertainingly to leave the field to less clever and less entertaining writers. It is with the reviewers that Frank Danby quarrels. She says that they ignore her and where they do review her books they are unfair.

I am not announcing my retirement in order to advance the interests of a new book. I am not going to publish another line, although I do not say that I shall give up writing. One usually writes for one of two reasons, either for money or for fame. Now, my tastes are extraordinarily simple and I certainly do not want money. You can guess, therefore, why I have written.

But I find there is no possibility of fame for me because of the unfairness of the reviewers. You must either beg for notices or advertise yourself into notoriety. For twenty years I have

written in the hope of appealing to literary England, but I find I have not done so. My books have not had a single review in *The Spectator*, *The Saturday Review*, *The Academy*, or the other journals which claim to criticise the country's literature. I have come to the conclusion that it is not worth writing any more.

My last book, "An Incomplete Etonian," has been treated disgracefully, not having had one serious review, despite the fact that it has had a large sale.



MRS. JULIA FRANKAU

way, would be none the worse for a little correcting; but the book would be no funnier if they were impeccable. It is not a good thing to read while eating; but if one is going to read, I know no book that would interfere less with his digestion than "The Simple Jography."

25

Mrs. Frankau, who writes over the pen name Frank Danby, is, so it is

If this writer had half of Miss Corelli's pluck she would snap her fingers at the reviewers and go on writing. Perhaps she would have Miss Corelli's pluck if she had that lady's luck.

22

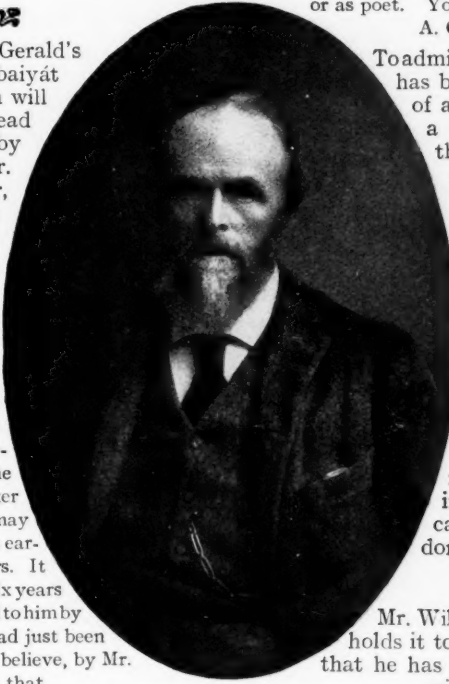
Admirers of FitzGerald's version of the Rubaiyát of Omar Khayyám will be interested to read this letter written by Swinburne to Mr. Clement Shorter, and printed by the latter in *The Sphere*, of London:

THE PINES, PUTNEY  
HILL, S.W.,  
March 4, 1896.

DEAR MR. S.,—I am sorry that I must—with many thanks—decline the invitation of the Omar Khayyám Club. As to the immortal tent-maker himself, I believe I may claim to be one of his earliest English believers. It is upwards of thirty-six years since I was introduced to him by D. G. Rossetti, who had just been introduced himself, I believe, by Mr. Whitley Stokes. At that time the first and best edition of FitzGerald's wonderful version was being sold off at a penny a copy, having proved hopelessly unsalable at the published price of one shilling. We invested, I should think, in hardly less than sixpennyworth apiece, and on returning to the stall next day for more found that we had sent up the market to the sinfully extravagant sum of two-pence, an imposition which evoked from Rossetti a fervent and impressive remonstrance. Not so very long afterwards, if I mistake not, the price of a copy was thirty shillings. It is the only edition worth having, as FitzGerald, like the ass of genius he was, cut out of later editions the crowning stanza which is the core or kernel of the whole. As to the greatness of the poem I can say no more than I have tried to say

in print. I know none to be compared with it for power, pathos and beauty, in the same line of thought and work, except possibly Ecclesiastes; and magnificent as that is, I can hardly think the author comparable to Omar either as philosopher or as poet. Yours very truly,

A. C. SWINBURNE.



WILLIAM DE MORGAN

To admire the Rubaiyát has become so much of a fashion, if not a fad, nowadays, that one is almost ashamed to express an admiration for its inspired lines. "Culture clubs and half-baked intellectuals have gushed" over it to such an extent that they have almost vulgarized it, while the imitators and caricaturists have done the rest.

22

Mr. William de Morgan holds it to be a grievance that he has been accredited with seventy years when he has but

sixty-five. Other complaints he utters at the end of his new novel, "It Never Can Happen Again." By the way, it seems to me a pity that an author of the simplicity of Mr. de Morgan should choose such affected titles. "John Vance" was plain enough; but "Alice for Short," "Somehow Good" and "It Never Can Happen Again" strike me as being rather sensational as well as affected. However, there is nothing affected or sensational about Mr. de Morgan's work. Here is the closing paragraph of the "backword," if I may so describe it, appended to the new story:

I may add that if the readers of this novel want anything altered in it, it shall

rate—she wasn't her sister at all. Not so much as a half-sister. And she wasn't a Deceased Wife, by hypothesis. Q. E. D. So what was Kate?" Mrs. Athelstan Taylor looked perplexed—evidently thought Kate must have been hard put to it to be there at all.

"Wouldn't Dr. Bañam . . ." she began.

" . . . What my young friend Bob calls 'make a great ass of himself/about it?'" The Rector filled out the question, and added: "My dear, he can't."

"Why not?"

"Because his Creator has anticipated him." The Rector seemed happy over this. His wife did not feel quite certain she understood it. But she was sure it was time to light her candle, and that, broadly speaking, the curtain might fall.

"It has been a strange story," said she, in a sort of generally forgiving, conclusive way.

"It has!" repeated Athelstan Taylor. "And not a pleasant one! Anyhow, it's one consolation, that it never can happen again."

"Wouldn't Dr. Bañam . . .?" she began.  
The Rector filled out the question  
"What my ~~friend~~ young friend  
Bob calls 'make a great ass  
of himself?'"

"Really, for rich, he is your  
Bishop! But I suppose that's  
the sort of thing I meant"

"My dear, he can't!"

"Why not?"

etc

AUTHOR'S PROOF CORRECTIONS ON LAST PAGE OF "IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN"

be done in the second edition, provided that they are unanimous and that it will leave the text consecutive.

22

New York seems to have gone dancing mad during the past season. There is no kind of a dancer that has not been seen here in public. Isidora Duncan set the ball a-rolling. When she and her pupils danced at the Metropolitan Opera House every nook and cranny of that huge building was filled with her admirers. Then came Maud Allan, also an American dancer, who had made her success in England, and did virtually the same sort of thing that Miss Duncan had done. It was said that Miss Allan's draperies were so thin and diaphanous that the authorities of certain English towns forbade her to dance before their citizens, especially as Salome. This may have accounted for the size of the audience that greeted her first appearance at Carnegie Hall, and her second appearance, when the Salome dance was on the program. The conservative atmosphere of the hall dedicated to music by Mr. Carnegie must have had its effect upon Miss Allan, for she might have repeated her dances in a Sunday-school with perfect propriety. Dancing is so popular that the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House have introduced Mademoiselle Pavlowa, the famous Russian dancer in the hope of retrieving some of their losses. Mad-

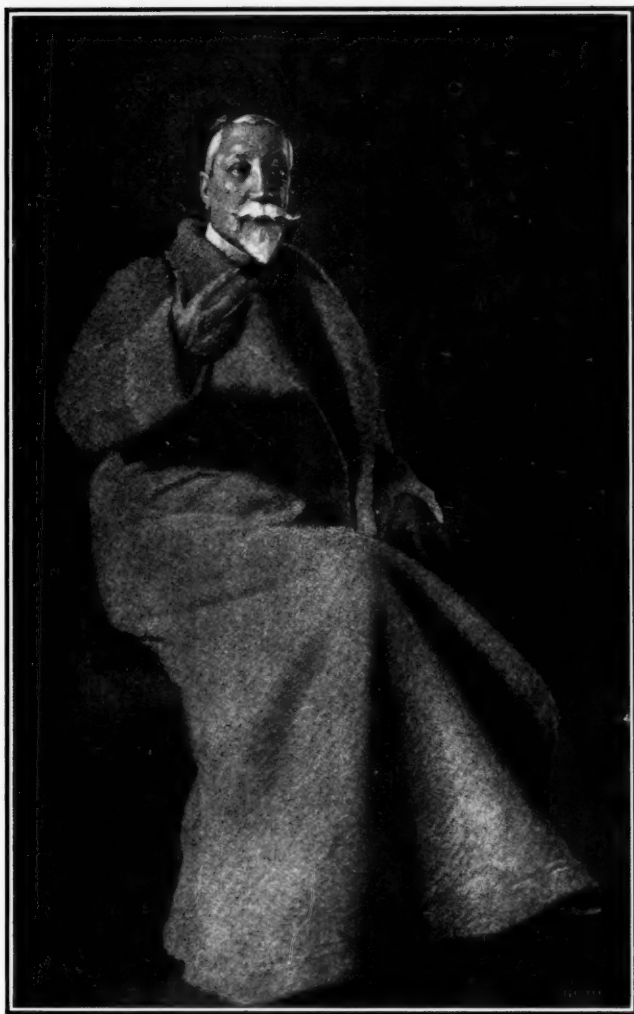
emoiselle Pavlowa and M. Mordkin have turned out to be a splendid drawing card. The Duncan and Allan type of dancing I find interesting for one or two numbers, but when it comes to a whole evening, there is not enough variety to hold my attention. Neither of these two dancers did I find as graceful as Miss Gertrude Hoffman, when she danced Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" on the Victoria Roof Garden.

22

England is working hard to get a national theatre. Our New Theatre has made it envious, though it is not exactly what would be called a national theatre, in the sense that the Théâtre Français is. There is a plenty of money in England; the only question is, how to get it for this purpose.

22

This portrait of M. Anatole France is taken from *Vanity Fair*, and is supposed to be more or less of a caricature; yet it is the most satisfactory likeness of the famous author that I have ever seen. Jacques Anatole Thibault is the real name of this writer, but he prefers to be called Anatole France, and has made the name known wherever modern French literature is read. Only recently have we had a complete and uniform edition in English of M. France's writings. *Vanity Fair* calls him "the



From a *Vanity Fair* cartoon

#### ANATOLE FRANCE

greatest writer in Christendom to-day." I am not sure that I can say "Amen" to this, but that he is the greatest writer in France to-day is a safe statement. His novels are undoubtedly his most popular writings, but his life of Jeanne d'Arc will be his monument. I understand that M. France has been invited to come

to this country to lecture at our universities, but is too much of a Frenchman to venture so far from Paris.



Mr. Walter Winans lives in the country, but, apart from horses and shooting, he does not go in for the



usual sports of English country life. As he is an American, it is interesting to read what *Vanity Fair*, an English journal, has to say about him:

He is a past master of all the sportsman's arts; he probably knows more about stalking than anyone living, and has shot nearly 2000 wild boar and deer. For the last ten years Mr. Winans's harness horses and hacks have practically swept the board at the English horse shows, and he holds the single-horse and pair-horse record for amateur drivers. He has won numerous trotting races as far afield as Vienna. Mr. Winans, however, is a good deal more than a finesportsman. He is a sculptor who has exhibited at the Paris Salon; some of his work is to be seen in the Royal Academy this year, and he has written various admirable books on rifle- and revolver shooting, illustrated by his own pencil.

He is Vice-President of the National Rifle Association, and holds that every able-bodied man should learn to handle a rifle. If one-twentieth part of the time now spent on useless games were devoted to rifle-shooting, our country would be invincible. The battles of the future, he says, will not be won on our playgrounds, but in our deer-forests and on our rifle-ranges.

22

I cannot say that I think that this

reproduction from a colored supplement to the London *World* is particularly pretty, though it is rather amusing. It is called "His Majesty's Servants," and is by the clever "Spy," whose work has been made familiar through the cartoons in *Vanity Fair*.



From a *Vanity Fair* cartoon.

WALTER WINANS

The actress in the foreground is Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who has made a great success abroad in Clyde Fitch's play, "The Woman in the Case." As to the title of the picture, "His Majesty's Servants," it dates back to the time of Charles I, when patents were granted to certain London theatres. These patents are still held by these theatres or their successors which possess a certain prestige over more recent playhouses. Actors and actresses who have played important rôles in these theatres are entitled to be called "His Majesty's Servants."

22

An ingenious daily newspaper in New York has discovered that the Boston Public Library maintains a "Fictitious Narrative" list, and that it has recently added to it the titles of Dr. Cook's published writings. Having learned to suspect that if you see it in a newspaper, it is n't so, I wrote

to Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, the Librarian, and told him the clipping which I enclosed was interesting if true. "But is it true?" I asked. He replies:

This library has no "fictitious narrative" list, nor does it use any such classification. Of course it does not attempt to determine officially the validity of travelers' tales nor to classify authors as "fakers," either politely or otherwise; nor does it compile any "book of newspaper criticisms" to be used by it as a guide for determining the truth or untruth of statements contained in the books upon its shelves. The article you send me was based upon one written by a reporter connected with a Boston paper. Certainly there are a few well-known instances of fictitious books of travel. These, unless manifestly fiction, like the stories of

Munchausen, are taken at their face value and classed by us as "travel" without comment. Dr. Cook's books are treated no differently from the rest. Time usually determines literary values, without our intervention. A few books of travel which are known to be fictitious were pointed out to the reporter in response to his questions, and he, by bringing references to Dr. Cook's productions without much discrimination, made, out of a limited amount of material, what would be called, I suppose, an interesting newspaper "story." This evidently attracted the attention of the New York newspaper, which gets out of it more than it originally contained, and seems to suppose that we carry a sort of literary "black list" of rather limited extent. One of the books (not Cook's), which is referred to in the article, has within its covers a few newspaper clippings relating to it. This becomes, in the news-



From *The World*, London

#### HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

The people represented in this picture, from left to right, are: Gertie Millar (*Our Miss Gibbs*), Irene Vanbrugh (*The Thief*), Edmund Payne (*Our Miss Gibbs*), George Alexander (*The Thief*), H. B. Irving (*The Lyon's Mail*), Violet Vanbrugh (*The Woman in the Case*), George Grossmith, Jr. (*Our Miss Gibbs*), Lewis Waller (*Sir Walter Raleigh*), Sir Herbert Tree (*Trilby*), Weedon Grossmith (*Mr. Preedy and the Countess*) and Arthur Bouchier (*Making a Gentleman*).



Photograph by Langill

FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

paper article, "a book of newspaper criticisms."



Mrs. Shinn, whose work as an illus-

trator is familiar not only to all readers of this magazine, but to the readers of almost all the other magazines in the country, made a reputation for herself over the name of



From the Painting by Everett Shinn

KATHERINE DUPONT IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE"

Florence Scovel. She was still very young when she married Everett Shinn, himself a brilliant and original artist. Undoubtedly the most popular book that has ever been adorned with her quaint, refined and gently humorous sketches is "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Every one knows the illustrations in that widely read story, yet all may not have noticed, or remembered, the artist's name.



Miss Josephine Lazarus, who died some weeks ago, was known to her friends as a writer of rare quality. Unfortunately, she wrote very little. She was not obliged to write, and she was too modest to appreciate the value of her literary work. In the early days of the *Critic* she was one of its most valued contributors. Her

judgment on books was sane and lucid; there was nothing slap-dash about her work; she read carefully and she wrote carefully. While her tastes were scholarly, she had also a keen sense of what the public was interested in. It was she who told me first of the *Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff*, which she had read in the French, seeing in it all the elements of a popular success; and it was her copy of the book that I borrowed for Mrs. Serrano to translate. Miss Lazarus was the sister of Miss Emma Lazarus, the poet, who died several years ago, some of whose most striking poems were published in the *Critic*—among them, "The Banner of the Jew," which made a profound impression, and was to the Hebrews what Julia Ward Howe's "Battle-Hymn of the Republic" is to her countrymen.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the author of "Studies in Wives," published this spring, is a sister of Hilaire Belloc, M.P., the author of a long and varied list of books, including the "Bad

burning one, though no more so than if the "studies" were in "husbands."



Early in February, a Member of



From the oil portrait by Edward Hughes

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

Children's Book of Beasts," "The Path to Rome" and "A Change in the Cabinet." Mrs. Lowndes herself has a number of books to her credit, among them "The Philosophy of the Marquise," a novel in dialogue, "Barbara Rebell" and "The Heart of Penelope." Perhaps the most discussed of her books is "The Uttermost Farthing." The "Studies in Wives" has not been out long enough to be very much talked about. The question treated is undoubtedly a

Congress introduced a bill appropriating \$20,000 for the erection of a monument to J. Summerfield Staples of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. To the American people the name is unknown, nor does there seem to be any particular reason why it should be preserved. In the darkest days of the Civil War, the President and the Members of his Cabinet thought it would be well for them to employ substitutes to take the places in the army which they themselves might



Designed by Victor David Brenner

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#### LINCOLN AND THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

have filled, had duty pointed in that direction. Young Staples was picked out to represent Mr. Lincoln on the tented field, and the records show that he rendered satisfactorily the services required of him throughout the war. But why, in the name of all that is topsy-turvy, should a grateful republic spend \$20,000 in commemorating his wholly undistinguished military career? Thousands of deeds of gallantry were performed in those dark days which the most extravagantly patriotic legislators have never dreamt of spending government money to celebrate; and to make a national hero of a man, not because he himself did anything noteworthy, but because great deeds were done by someone who paid him to take his place, would savor strongly of opera-bouffe.



The Gorham Company has made a bronze tablet containing the full

text of the Gettysburg Address—one of the great masterpieces of English literature. The tablet is ornamented with a *bas relief* of Abraham Lincoln designed by Mr. Victor David Brenner, the sculptor, whose name is already identified with that of the author of the address by the one-cent piece of 1909, the portrait of which was reproduced (very much enlarged) in PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE for October. The design for the tablet is, if anything, better than that for the coin.

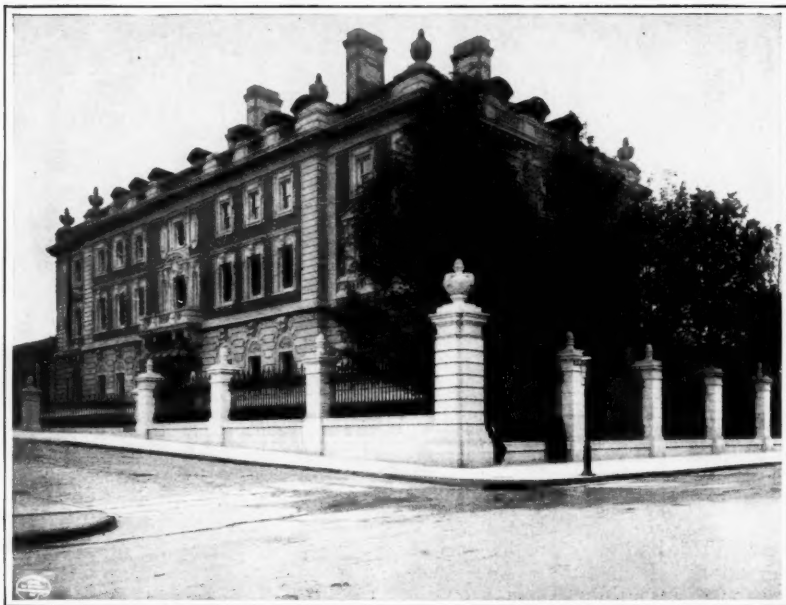


The Musset letters have been a disappointment. Of the seventy-nine love-letters which remained unread for forty years, none seem to have any great value to the public or to the poet's greatest admirers. Though her name was carefully cut from the letters, the lady to whom they were addressed has been identified as the wife of his brother Paul. Love-mak-



ing and the writing of love-letters was a matter of little moment to Alfred de Musset. It was as easy for him to make love to more than one woman at the same time as it is dangerous for

thirteen times before it was accepted. I cannot but think that Mr. Henry is joking. If the story that he says was returned thirteen times was as good as any of his stories that have



Designed by Babb, Cook & Willard

RESIDENCE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE—FIFTH AVENUE, NINETIETH AND NINETY-FIRST STREETS

most men to do so. Men of his temperament are more tolerable in history than in real life. We read in Mr. Francis Gribble's "George Sand and Her Lovers" that while that much-loved woman was nursing him and paying his expenses in Venice, he was spending her money on another woman; but then, Madame Sand was carrying on a flirtation with the doctor at Musset's bedside—a flirtation that ended in an elopement.



I have been told that the first story that Mr. O. Henry sent to a magazine was accepted. In an interview in the *New York Times*, he said that his first story was returned

been printed, it would have been simply impossible for it to be returned thirteen times, or even three times. One editor might have returned it, possibly two, because room could not be made for it at the time Mr. Henry wanted it published; but that any editor would decline it because he did not think it good enough to publish, is a reflection on the intelligence of editors that I resent. Editors are too eager for good stories to decline any that come their way, unless a prohibitive price is attached to them, or they happen to be on some subject that they prefer not to have discussed in their pages. I don't think that Mary E. Wilkins Freeman had any trouble in disposing of her stories,

even before she was as well-known as she is to-day. I know that Mrs. Burnett had no trouble in disposing of hers, when she was an unknown girl of seventeen.



Physicians are discovering that exaggeration in the speech of our young girls is having a bad effect on their nervous systems, and Mr. Bok seems to agree with them. For a girl to say that she is "crazy mad" over her new gown, that a certain man is "perfectly killing," that she "almost died" over a funny story, that she talked "until she was black in the face," may seem the harmless exaggeration of girlhood speech, but he thinks it is much more. I cannot

the habit of it, and saner adjectives are unknown to her vocabulary. It is unfortunately considered smart to exaggerate, but it really is n't; it is only stupid.



New York has long been the Mecca of American millionaires, men of letters and men of war—if soldiers as well as battleships may be so termed. Not to go back so far as General Winfield Scott, the two great Northern leaders in the Civil War—General Grant and General Sherman—both brought their *lares* and *penates* to Manhattan. Hither have come Mark Twain and Mr. Howells, following Bigelow and Curtis and Stedman and Stoddard and Taylor. And



Designed by Morris Hebert

RESIDENCE OF CHARLES M. SCHWAB—RIVERSIDE DRIVE, SEVENTY-THIRD  
AND SEVENTY-FOURTH STREETS

think that these exaggerations so much affect a girl's nervous system as they do her mental calibre. If she allows herself this extravagant and foolish mode of expression, she gets

here we find, also, leaders in the world of affairs—miners, manufacturers and financiers from all parts of the country, Morgans, Hills, Harrimans, Carnegies, Rockefellers and Clarks. Some



Designed by Trowbridge & Livingston

RESIDENCE OF HENRY PHIPPS—FIFTH AVENUE AND EIGHTY-SEVENTH STREET

of these build stately mansions, while others content themselves with modest dwellings than the Vanderbilts affect. As it happens, three of the handsomest houses in New York are to be credited to the steel magnates who have come here from Pittsburgh—Mr. Schwab, who has a whole "block" to himself, on the west side; Mr. Carnegie, who occupies the Fifth-Avenue end of an uptown east-side block facing Central Park; and Mr. Phipps, whose white marble palace a few streets farther down the Avenue is regarded by many as the handsomest house in the city. It is supposed that Mr. Henry C. Frick—another steel man—will replace with a great private house the monumental Lenox Library building, which he has bought. While the fortunes founded on iron ore have done so much for New York architecture, it remained for a "copper king" to disfigure Fifth Avenue with what is at once the ugliest and most pretentious habitation in town—still unfinished,

though already old, from an American point of view. It was of this monstrosity, by the way, that Mr. Wallace Irwin, in "Senator Copper's House," sang,

What shall I do that will make me look proudest?—  
Build me a house that will holler the loudest.



It will be interesting to know what sort of a pianist Max Darewski, the twelve-year-old boy who took the gold and silver medals at the London Academy of Music in pianoforte playing, counterpoint and harmony, will develop into. It is just as likely as not that he is one of those much talked of infant prodigies who do not, when they reach maturity, prove to be in the ranks of the world's great musicians. His success seems to have been largely a matter of memory. To win his medals he had to memorize nearly two million notes in a little over a month.

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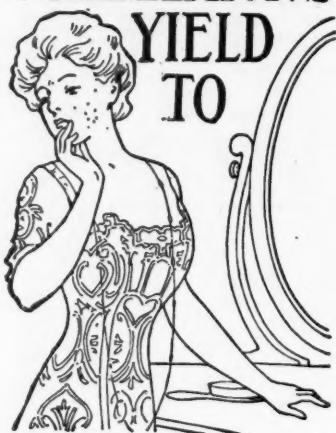
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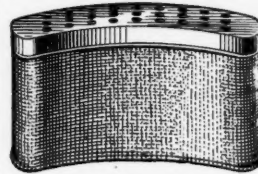


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